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SIDNEY.

XXIII.

"Oh, pray, Sidney," said Mrs. Paul, "don't look so forlorn; I have no patience with people who look forlorn. Sally will do well enough. I don't know why in the world she should keep Katherine with her all the time. It's just like Sally to monopolize any one. You do very well, my dear, but you are not Katherine."

Mrs. Paul was in Scarlett's hands, sitting before her mirror, holding her head very straight, and looking sidewise at Sidney.

"Alan said aunt Sally was not so well this morning," Sidney answered, with persistent anxiety in her face.

"Well, never mind!" cried Mrs. Paul. "Scarlett, have you no sense? That puff is crooked. She'll be all right in a day or two; don't be foolish, Sidney. Now, can't you persuade Katherine to come over? I don't want you, if she can come. Besides, there is nothing of any consequence the matter with Sally; so cheer up at once; do you hear me?" It was unpleasant to have Sidney low-spirited, and so she took the trouble to administer comfort. "I tell you she will be well in a day or two, child. So go and see if you can't induce Katherine to come in for a while."

Sidney's life was too full of real things, just now, for her to be hurt, or indeed aware that Mrs. Paul had very decidedly and completely dropped her. The fact was, the older woman had

found an absorbing interest in Katherine Townsend, who told her bitter truths with a charming air, and refused to do as she was bid with a high-handed indifference as perfect as her own. Katherine had captured all her affection and her pride. Sidney was stupid, Mrs. Paul declared; and instead of making herself miserable over the failure of her plan to marry the girl to Mr. Steele, or furthering her project of bringing dismay to Major Lee by encouraging Alan's suit, she gave herself up to the thoughts of John's marriage. Her one desire was to put an end to the folly of *The Independent Press*, and make her son bring his wife home.

"He never can support you, my dear," she told Katherine; "and though I love you, I won't be dictated to by Johnny. He has got to come to his senses, if he wants me to continue his income."

Outwardly, Mrs. Paul had made a truce with her son, and, by many contemptuous allusions to himself and his plans, she tried to restore her old supremacy; but things were not the same. During his dutiful weekly visits he listened silently, as of old, to her sneers, but there was a new look in his face, which made her always conscious of that dreadful scene between them. Even her praise of Katherine did not move him to any friendliness, and he scarcely replied to the entreaty, disguised as a command, that he should live at home after his marriage. Indeed, Mrs. Paul

could think of nothing but this homecoming, and took every opportunity to urge it upon Katherine as well as John. So it was really very annoying to have Sally Lee take it into her head to fall ill at such a time, and claim Kate so constantly.

"I am tired to death of hearing about Sally," she announced, as Katherine was about to leave her, on Sunday afternoon, to go over to the other house. "I wish she would get well, or — or do without you!"

John looked at his mother with that interested and impersonal curiosity which struck upon her heart afresh each time she saw him, but Katherine was ready with a reply.

"How frank you are, dear Mrs. Paul! As for me, I am afraid I try to hide my selfishness; I am such a coward that I assume a virtue. But I shall have you for an example now."

"My dear," returned Mrs. Paul, with a wicked smile, "do not be discouraged: you are very much like me; we may even be taken for each other."

"Do you think," cried Katherine, with a laugh, "that the recording angel can make any such mistake? *You* should warn him, really."

"Lord, Kate!" said John, as they left the house, and Katherine's impertinence sobered into anxiety, and a little self-contempt as well, "how you do talk to her!"

"The worst of it is," she confessed, "that what she said is true. I am like her. Oh, dear! why am I not good, like Miss Sally, or true, like Sidney? John, Sidney is so strange. She spoke to me yesterday about love and death; I suppose anxiety about her aunt put it into her mind. It is dreadful that she should be so morbid. Why can't she take life as we do, and let the future alone?"

"Yes," he answered, looking at her with simple and honest tenderness, "life is a first-rate thing, and the major —

I'm fond of him, you know, Kate, but really he is an old fool? And for him to have taught Sidney all that trash — it's too bad!"

"Besides," Katherine went on, "there is heaven. I never think of death unless I think of heaven?"

John nodded. "Of course," he said, in his comfortable, matter-of-fact way; "but I never do think of death, anyhow. — unless I have a fit of indigestion, — though I'm sure I hope I'm prepared for it; but it is morbid to think about it."

Nevertheless, with that word they fell into silence, as though the inevitable shadow had laid a solemn finger upon their happy lips.

Sidney was indeed anxious about Miss Sally, but there had been no thought of her aunt in the one or two troubled words of death and love which she had ventured to say to Katherine. Her mind was dwelling constantly upon those words of Alan's. She felt a trembling exultation as of escape from a great calamity, but there was a consciousness in her face that declared that at last the calm of her life had been broken.

Major Lee saw a change in her, and was quick, although Sidney had told him nothing, to connect it with Alan. The little reserve in the doctor's manner gave the old man a sense of relief and assurance, but he wished that Sidney had seen fit to confide in him; and yet he felt, regretfully, that it would scarcely have been proper for her to do so. In his absorption in his daughter, he was the last person to be affected by Miss Sally's illness. To him it meant, for the most part, that Alan seemed to find it necessary to make a great many visits, and that his own meals had not the punctuality to which he was accustomed. With scrupulous exactness he asked Sidney every day about her aunt, but her knowledge was almost as vague as his. This was partly because it pained her to hear bad news, and so she did not often inquire of Katherine or of the

doctor; but mostly because she kept out of Alan's way as much as she possibly could. Once he had met her in the library, and had told her briefly of Robert's broken engagement. "I thought," he ended, "that you ought to know about it. Miss Sally wishes to explain to the major, when she gets well, the real reason that it is broken off; she told me so the other day. I am only to tell him now that the engagement is at an end. But you ought to know the truth, so that you need not see Mr. Steele when he comes to ask for her. Susan says he comes two or three times a day."

His face puzzled her. "Why do you speak so fiercely? Are you angry with Mr. Steele?"

"Angry?" cried Alan. "I despise him! I am done with him!"

"But why?"

"Why did he do it, do you mean? Because he—I can hardly speak of him!—he felt that he did not love her."

"Well?" she questioned gravely.

"He did a dishonorable thing, Sidney; to break his engagement was dishonorable."

"Was it?" with a doubtful look.

"Why, Alan, I should call it dishonorable not to have told aunt Sally?"

"I despair of making you understand life," he said, love so impatient in his eyes—for hope had grown again, after that first dismay—that the young woman, in sudden terror, left him, without the question she had meant to ask of Miss Sally's condition.

Alan's pity and tenderness were giving Miss Sally a joy which she had never known before, and her small confidences came as naturally to her lips as though the young man had been her brother. "Alan understands," she said to herself, with a sigh of comfort and relief. He never made her feel how foolish she was, she thought, although, of course, he was so much wiser than

she. To her timid suggestion that for such symptoms as hers her manual prescribed coffee, the two hundredth potency, he listened with "as much respect as if she had been—Mrs. Paul!" He never even smiled, when she said, looking up at him with wistful entreaty that he would be patient with her, that the little pills in the vial labeled 1 were for certain disorders of the left side of the body, and those in the vial labeled 2 for indispositions of the right side. It was curious to see with what gentle pertinacity she clung to her belief in the manual, although admitting, with a contradiction which in its entire unconsciousness was distinctively feminine, that Alan knew far more than did the writer of her beloved volume. It was on the third or fourth day after she had been taken ill that she had managed to say to the young man, in a hoarse voice, that she had something to tell him when they were alone. So the doctor was instant to send Katherine out of the room, upon some excuse, and then to take Miss Sally's little hot hand and wait for whatever she might have to say. She looked up at him appealingly, and with a face upon which a veil of years seemed suddenly to have fallen.

"Where is Mr. Steele?" she said.

Alan flushed. "I do not know, Miss Sally."

"I'm afraid he is not happy," she went on, apparently taking for granted the doctor's knowledge of the broken engagement; "but he was so good. Alan, so good and kind to me. And he did just what was right. It would have been cruel to have deceived me, when I trusted him." Alan was silent. "But what I wanted to say was, that I'm afraid Mortimer would n't understand, and—and I don't want him to know that it was Mr. Steele who—who did it. You know what I mean, Alan. I'll explain, when I get well; but will you just tell Mortimer now that I—that I did n't want to get married? He won't

blame me. He'll think I am — *wise*." She smiled a little as she spoke, and closed her eyes, as though she were tired; but in a moment she looked up brightly. "Will you please give Mr. Steele my love, Alan?"

If Miss Sally had been able to think, she must have had enough worldly wisdom to see the apparent connection between her illness and her broken engagement, and to have explained her honest and mortifying relief. As it was, she concerned herself only with facts; and the little plea made for her old lover, she fell asleep.

Alan, with a brevity which concealed the truth, told the major that Miss Sally desired him to know she had felt it best that her engagement with Mr. Steele should come to an end, and the major received it as briefly. "I have no doubt my sister acts wisely in this matter." He would not let Alan fancy that he could blame a woman of his own house, but he was annoyed at what he thought of as Miss Sally's changeableness. He made up his mind that he would speak of this to Sarah as soon as she was about again.

There are some persons whose place in the world is so small that it is not easy to fancy they may die, and Major Lee had never thought of his sister in connection with anything so great as death. It was only Alan who saw how seriously ill she was.

One day, — Miss Sally had been sick for more than a week, and the household had fallen into that acceptance of discomfort which comes with an illness which promises to be long, — Sidney met the doctor on the staircase, just after he had left her aunt's room. He looked troubled, and for a moment did not seem to notice her; then his face brightened, in spite of his anxiety.

"I want to see you a moment, Sidney. Come into the library, won't you?"

"I am just going to aunt Sally," she

answered quickly. She was on the first landing, where the great square window, with a fan-light over its many little leaded panes, opened outwards, and let a flood of June scents and sunshine pour down into the dusky silence of the hall. She did not look up at him, as he stood on the step above her, his hand resting on the stair rail, and his serious eyes searching her face.

"Then sit down here." He pointed to the broad cushioned seat that ran across the window. "I want to ask you about Miss Sally."

Sidney sat down, reluctantly; but she looked away from him at a trailing spray of woodbine which had crept along the window-sill. One hand, with upturned palm, lay idly in her lap, and the other plucked at the leaves of the vine.

"I am really alarmed about Miss Sally," said Alan. "I want to ask the major to let me bring in some other doctor, so that we may consult. I don't know whom he would prefer, and I must not wait until evening to see him. I thought you might tell me whom he would like to have me call in?"

Sidney had had no experience with sickness, and she did not have the heart-sinking with which one hears that a consultation must be called. On the contrary, she was so much relieved that Alan had chosen this instead of that other subject that she looked directly at him. "I am sure she is better, Alan: she does not talk so much; you said she talked because she was feverish."

"She is a good deal worse," he answered decidedly; "to tell you the truth, I am very anxious about her."

Sidney's face whitened. "Is she going to die?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"I hope not, — I hope not!" cried the young man. "But we must do all we can; and so I want to call in some one else."

Sidney nodded; she could not speak. Alan looked up and down the stairs,

and over his shoulder into the garden. Then, leaning forward, he took her hand in a quick grasp.

"Sidney, have you thought, — have you thought again?" The speechless reproach in her eyes could not silence him. "I had not meant to say anything just now; but — oh, Sidney?" He felt the protest of her silence. "I can't help it. I — I love you, and I can't help telling you about it; perhaps it will teach you to care — a little?"

"Alan," said the girl, her voice trembling, "won't you please let go of my hand?"

He released it, but he lifted it to his lips and kissed her soft white wrist with sudden passion and instant compunction. "Oh, Sidney, I ought not to have done that. I won't do it again — yet."

A kiss is a wonderful thing. Sidney turned white and red; her eyes filled, and her breath came in a sob in her round throat. For a moment neither of them had any words. The sun, pouring in through the great window, fell in a pool of gold at the foot of the bare, dark staircase, where a jug of roses stood on a spindle-legged table; the tarnished gilt of the picture-frames along the wall showed in straight glimmering lines; all was so still down in the dusky hall, one could see the motes floating in the long bar of sunshine.

"Sidney?" he entreated softly.

She glanced at him hurriedly, and then out at the fragrant tangle of the garden.

"I've been thinking ever since," she said, with simple directness, "and it has seemed to me that you did n't know what you were saying, and I felt as though I wanted to tell you how foolish you were, Alan." She was so earnest that he smiled. "I felt as though you had not understood, you had not thought, how dreadful it was to care for any one. And I — I thought I would explain to you. Oh, listen to me, — don't interrupt me! Oh, Alan, love is so terrible!"

"No, you mean that sorrow is terrible," he protested. "Love is only good and beautiful."

"There would be no sorrow if there were no love. Love means grief; it means fear. Oh, truly I do not see how sane people can deliberately invite such suffering by loving each other."

"But, Sidney," he interposed, "we don't keep thinking of death all the time; it is n't natural — it isn't" —

"Oh, but, Alan," she cried, her voice breaking, "death is coming, whether we think of it or not. Why, it seems to me, if some being from another world could look down at us, and see us actually *planning* our grief and misery, arranging for it by loving each other, it would be horrible, but it would be — it would be almost something to laugh at! And yet — that is just what you would do."

The young man looked at her in despair; for a moment he knew not how to oppose to this calm reality, which life studiously ignores, that passion of unreason called love.

"To teach any one to love," Sidney went on, "seems to me selfish; indeed, it does. How could I, *if* I cared for you, — how could I let you love me, when I know that it would mean, some time, sorrow or fear for you? We are such friends, you and I, I can't bear to think that you might suffer, I can't bear to make you unhappy." She had risen, and stood looking down at him, her face quivering with tears. "Oh, how can people bear life? Father is the only person in the world I love, and when I think, when I remember, that perhaps he will — he will — Oh, I cannot say it! When I know that I fear *that*, then I say to myself, I will suffer only *once*; sorrow shall never come to me again. Alan, Alan, I do not love you, and I never will love you; and I would not, for anything this world could offer me!"

Even as he listened, he knew in his

soul that this terrified, entreating woman loved him; he knew it with a pain about his heart that made his face gray. He could not speak, except to say, brokenly, "It is nothing; do not be alarmed."

Sidney, in the terror of ignorance, knew not what to say or do. "What is it? Oh — Alan! what is the matter?"

He caught his breath, and tried to speak, to reassure her, but could only motion with his hand, as though to say again, "*It is nothing*;" and then, almost before Sidney realized that it had come, the attack had ended, although his breath was still labored and his face haggard.

In that instant, Alan Crossan came face to face with great realities. The physician claimed the consciousness of the lover. He thought, in a sudden flash of intelligence, that he knew what this increasing pain and hurrying breath foretold. It meant that he had asked Sidney to give him what might be only a few months of happiness, and at the cost of lasting grief to her. He could not collect his thoughts enough to reply to her, with this horrible spasm still lingering at his heart, yet he knew that he exulted and resigned at once.

A moment later, he answered her, his beautiful dark eyes radiant with gladness: "My own Sidney, you are not right, not right; love is worth the cost. One does not think of the end with the hope of many years together. But if there may not be many years, then it is not for you to withhold it; it is for me to resign it. So don't grieve; I will not let you love me, Sidney."

XXIV.

Until that day when he had promised Sidney that she should not love him, Alan had felt incapable of delivering Miss Sally's message to Robert. He had seen his old friend once or twice in the

street, or coming out of the major's gate, and had given him some stern, brief greeting, but nothing more; no encouragement, no reproof, no reproach. He knew where Robert was staying, and had been careful to avoid that part of the town. Such avoidance was really, although the doctor did not know it, the protest of a possibility, the fear that he might forgive him. But after those moments with Sidney upon the landing of the stairs, after his glimpse of death and life and love together, Alan entered into that exalted silence which accompanies the glory of renunciation, and in which a man girds himself with joy for any duty.

So, towards evening, still very much weakened by that terrible pain about his heart, he went to find Mr. Steele, that he might tell him what Miss Sally had said. When he reached Robert's door, a new, or rather a very old, tenderness had begun to assert itself in his heart. "Poor Bob!" he said to himself once; adding fiercely, "He deserves all he gets!"

Robert was sitting listlessly at his desk. He looked up, as the doctor entered, with a terrified question in his eyes. "No," said Alan curtly, "but she's worse. I am here — she sent me here to say that you did right, and you were 'always kind and good,' " — Robert dropped his head into his hands, and Alan, with satisfaction, observed that at every word the iron entered deeper into his soul, — "'kind and good,' she said; and she sent her love to you."

"She is going to die?" the other asked, at last.

"Probably." And then silence.

After a while Robert looked up. "I thank you for coming." His face was so changed and strained, so haggard, and, worse than all, so stamped by the relief which he had sought, that something blurred Alan's eyes for one quick instant.

"My God, Steele! *why* did you do it?" he demanded.

"I had no right to deceive her," Robert answered. "She was going to marry me because she thought I loved her. I did not love her. I had to tell her so." There was no question in his voice; only dull despair that the inevitable should have fallen upon him.

"I cannot grasp it!" Alan cried; and then, remembering, "So this is what you asked my advice about, and I spoke of the picture or the jewel?"

The other assented, absently. He had no thought of sharing his responsibility.

Alan struggled with instinct and affection. Robert had been dishonorable, but—he was Robert! "Bob, I know you meant what was right; I—I understand, old fellow, but I can't forget it, ever, nor forgive it. You must have a friend who is greater than I. You must let me go, Bob."

Robert Steele's lack-lustre eyes stared blankly at the emotion in the doctor's face. "Very well," he said.

It was a comment upon the power of that moment which had so shaken Alan's soul, that he felt no repulsion as he saw this betrayal of the return to weakness and vice. He grasped the listless hand of the miserable man before him, and held it hard in his. "I will trust your motives so long as I live, but I detest the expression of them."

He turned as though to leave him; he was too much moved even to warn or entreat him to shake off the habit which was fastening upon him again. His hand was on the door, when Robert, smiling dully, spoke: "I've gone back to hell, Alan. It is retribution; it is just."

"You shall not go back to hell!" cried the other. "I will not let you go!"

He turned, and came again to Robert's side. Neither of the men spoke: Alan because he could not; but the other, his head bowed upon his hands, was apparently as indifferent to silence as he had been to words. At last the doctor began to speak, and told him, pitifully and truly, all about Miss Sally,

and how little hope he had. Yet Alan had to learn, as many another eager and forgiving soul has learned, with tears, that forgiveness may not sweep away the fact; a good deed and a bad deed have, equally, the permanence of the past. His friend seemed to listen, but made no comment. Alan's tenderness, even his remorse for his harshness, could make no difference to Robert in this stress of fate. He had wounded, insulted, humiliated, the woman who had trusted him, and now she was dying. He scarcely noticed when Alan left him, with that speechless sympathy of the grasp of a hand which is better than brave words.

The drift of circumstances in these June days brought Miss Sally into the very centre of her small world; and when her patient feet went down into the valley of death every one's thoughts were upon her. Perhaps it is the possibilities of the Great Silence which so dignify the most insignificant living thing. Miss Sally had never, in all her useful life, commanded such respect as now when her usefulness was drawing to an end. Her dignity silenced even Mrs. Paul, sitting alone in her big drawing-room, and forgetting to rail at neglect which once would have infuriated her; for of course Sidney could not leave her aunt, and Katherine was always at the major's when not giving a lesson. Once Mrs. Paul had cried out impatiently at Sally's selfishness in keeping her; but Katherine's quick indignation had silenced, even while it delighted, the old woman.

Katherine still kept up her teaching, to the annoyance of Mrs. Paul, and the great but protesting admiration of Mrs. Paul's son. To be sure, there was one pupil less, as Eliza Jennings had ceased to experiment upon the organ with twenty-two stops. Katherine had told John that Eliza had dropped her, but she did not see fit to add why. Indeed, it would have needed a more subtle mind

than Katherine Townsend's to have understood why it was that, under all her amusement at the silly little milliner, under her laughter at having been dismissed "without a character," there was a feeling very much like anger when she reflected that Eliza had said she was "in love with Mr. Paul." This was far below the surface. Katherine's mind and heart were too full, while Miss Sally lay dying, to give way to such folly; whereas Eliza had nothing to keep her thoughts from preying upon her own humiliation. Her little freckled face tingled whenever her eyes rested on her organ, which she absolutely refused to open. In vain did her mother implore her to play the hymns with which it was their custom to end every Sunday evening, or to practice "just a bit, to keep your hand in, 'Liza."

"No, ma'am," returned her daughter sternly. "I ain't got any music in me, nowadays."

She said this with such a bitter look that Mrs. Jennings almost wept. Indeed, Eliza's disappointment, which took the form of filial disapproval, wore so upon her mother that Mrs. Jennings' face really looked thinner; her small, twinkling eyes, rimmed with red, grew larger, and their short lashes held very often a glitter of tears. Both mother and daughter had heard that Mr. Paul was to marry Miss Townsend. Mrs. Jennings did not attempt to conceal her anger and spite, but the little milliner set her lips and fell into stony silences, which terrified her mother. Everything had come to an end. Eliza told herself. To be sure, she still occasionally saw John Paul's burly figure lounging across the bridge and hurrying towards Red Lane; but what was that to her, if he loved "Another"? So she let her mother take the toll, and turned her eyes away, lest she might have to say good-afternoon. She had nothing now — this in the diary in violet ink and underlined — "to live for." So, as one will fill a

vacant life with anything, she thought much of Job Todd.

One day, — it was towards the middle of June, — Mrs. Jennings was more than usually unhappy about her daughter. Eliza had been very morose for two days. That morning she had eaten her breakfast in silence, and then had started out for a walk, — at least so her mother supposed; but Eliza vouchsafed no information concerning her plans, although Mrs. Jennings had hinted timidly that the gooseberries and black currants ought to be picked, and she did n't know but what Eliza would like to do it? Eliza, however, ignored the veiled entreaty that she should help her mother in the tiresome task. So Mrs. Jennings, when she was alone, with a sigh which seemed to struggle up from the soles of her feet, took her shining tin bucket, and went out into the garden to do the work herself. The black-currant bushes stood in a row along one of the winding paths, and although it was inconvenient to peer through the leaves, Mrs. Jennings, sitting on the ground and holding the pail between her knees, could still keep an eye on the toll-house window, in case any one wanted to change a nickel. Again she sighed: she wished Eliza could have stayed at home just this once. The soft roughness of the musky leaves was still gleaming with dew, and when she began to pluck the black shining clusters, her hand and sleeve were wet. There was a bush of big pink flowers beside her, which Mrs. Jennings called "piano-roses," that had the pungent scent of peach kernels; she glanced at them as one regards, listlessly, an outgrown interest; then she stopped to smell a spray of lad's love, and stick it in her bosom. But it was habit rather than any enjoyment of the summer sights and scents. On her fat left hand the narrow thread of her wedding ring was sunk deep into the flesh. Mrs. Jennings' eyes filled as she looked at it. "I do believe I'll get thim," she thought;

looking as unhappy as a very stout woman may. (It is strange what poignant misery this thought of lessening weight indicates in a large person.) But her self-pity never reproached Eliza.

The hot sunshine and the glitter of the river below, the glow of her poppies and lady's-slippers, and even the loaded branches of her black currants failed to cheer her. She picked the fruit with dreary steadiness, winking away her tears now and then, and thinking all the while of Eliza.

The hour among the currant-bushes seemed very long to Mrs. Jennings, and she was glad at last to go back into the house, and begin to make her jam and jelly. Still Eliza did not come home. Mrs. Jennings was not an imaginative person, but her trouble because of her daughter's trouble, and her forlorn dismay at being disapproved of during the last two months, had made her really quite nervous; that is, if nerves are ever found in such depths of flesh. At all events, she began to be tremulous and frightened; she glanced often out of the window, along the footpath of the bridge, and once or twice she walked to the little gate, and, shading her eyes with her hands, looked up and down the dusty white road. But there was no sign of Eliza. She found herself remembering with cruel persistency that winter afternoon when the handsome gentleman had jumped from the bridge into the river, because a poor girl had tried to take her own life. Mrs. Jennings shivered and gasped, and went back into her spotlessly clean little kitchen to stir the black-currant jam. Once she heard a noise upon the bridge, and rushed breathless to the toll-window, with a horrible vision of her Eliza being borne home, drowned! Her slow, unused imagination showed her the dripping, clinging garments, the loosened hair, even that strange sneer with which, through their half-closed eyes, the dead sometimes regard the living. She was expe-

riencing that quickening of the mind which comes under the spur of terror or grief; indeed, her anxiety had brought a sort of refinement into her face. The noise, however, was only because a flock of sheep was being driven to the shambles. She stood and watched them, staring into the gloom of the covered bridge. Dusky lines of sunshine stretched down into the darkness from the small barred windows in the roof; they were so clearly defined that the poor silly sheep, trampling and running, leaped over them, one after another. In the past this had often diverted Mrs. Jennings, but it could not divert her now.

The drove of sheep came out into the glare of sunshine, a cloud of dust following them up the road; and then all was still again, — only the splash of the river and the slow bubble of the jam in the kitchen.

Mrs. Jennings could not stand the strain. She dropped into the big rocking-chair, and burst into tears. Rocking and sobbing, she did not hear Eliza enter; but when the little milliner spoke, the change in her voice electrified her mother.

"Ma," said Eliza; then she put her hand behind her, and thrust forward, bashful and uncomfortable, Job Todd.

"La!" gasped Mrs. Jennings.

"Yes," returned Eliza gleefully. "Job's building, 'way up at the end of Red Lane, an' I was walking up there, an' — an' then I coaxed him to come here to dinner."

"Thank the Lord!" said Mrs. Jennings devoutly. "That's just right. An' he shall have the best dinner he ever had in his life."

Job protested, but suffered her to put him in the chair she promptly vacated for him; he then accepted Eliza's offer of cake, and received a fan from Mrs. Jennings' hand. The two women said nothing to each other, but both beamed with happiness, and seemed to consider Job Todd an object of the tenderest

solicitude. Apparently, they thought that he had been through such an exhausting morning that he needed refreshment and repose. Eliza told her mother to hurry and get dinner, "and," she added, "I'll play the organ, so Job can rest." Eliza blushed so prettily as she assumed this air of proprietorship that Mrs. Jennings, before she prepared the dinner, even before she removed the kettles of jam and jelly from the stove, slowly and heavily knelt down by the dresser in the kitchen, and, hiding her face in her hands, breathed a very humble and grateful prayer.

That was a great day at the toll-house. Job spent the whole afternoon in the sitting-room, rocking vehemently in the big chair, or sitting on the horse-hair sofa, at Eliza's side. Once or twice, Mrs. Jennings, first coughing outside the door, ventured to enter, just to see her darling's happiness, and to assure herself that she was forgiven. In Mrs. Jennings' circle, the formality of asking and receiving pardon is not often observed.

In Eliza's mind, however, the end for which this whole blissful day had been created was the manner in which the evening was to be spent. By dint of entreaties and a little pouting, she persuaded Job to go with her to tell Miss Katherine Townsend the great news. "I want her to know it first of all," she confessed, sitting on Job's knee and hiding her face in his shoulder. Of course she did not explain why she wished Miss Townsend to be told, nor did she yield to Job's suggestion that it would be just as well the next night. She was shrewd enough to be perfectly certain that her plan must be carried out on this especial evening, or not at all. This first day was an occasion so solemn, so important, so uncomfortable, that Job could be induced to bear almost anything. Tomorrow it would be quite different. So when, at Miss Townsend's door, Maria told them that her mistress was not at

home, Eliza had one moment of blank dismay, while Job's honest face began to brighten. But the milliner was equal to the occasion.

"Where is she?" she demanded, and Mr. Todd's jaw dropped.

Maria mournfully directed her to Major Lee's house, adding that somebody was sick there, and —

"Never mind," said Eliza; "we're just going to the door," and, taking Job's arm, she marched off triumphantly.

"Well, now, do ye know, really, it seems to me," observed her lover, "I ain't sure but what it would be as well to just fetch up with a walk, 'stead of making a call, 'Liza?" This with a tender look; but Eliza was firm.

It was quite dark when they reached Major Lee's, and under the heavy shadows of the ailantus the unlighted house looked blank and forbidding. There had been no thought of lights in the library, that night, or in the hall; only in the dining-room, where the little group about the table spoke in hushed voices, and fell into long silences.

Miss Sally was very ill; Miss Sally was dying. Alan had told Major Lee so, and Katherine. He could not tell Sidney yet; he would not let her give up hope. He had come down from Miss Sally's room for a cup of tea, and Sidney had slipped upstairs to her aunt as he entered. Major Lee was pacing restlessly up and down. Katherine and John sat silently watching Alan, as he hurriedly ate and drank.

It was just then that little Susan, trembling in a way that told her terror as well as her grief, pushed the door open and looked into the room. It was a comfort to see the people, Susan thought, now, while Miss Sally lay dying upstairs, even if it were only to say there was somebody waiting at the door. "If it had been any one else that was — that was — dyin', Miss Sally would n't 'a' let a girl sit all alone in that big kitchen," she thought, with a sob, looking

fearfully over her shoulder at the shadows on the staircase.

"Miss Townsend," she said, "there's a lady and gentleman to see you, and they won't come in."

"To see me?" Katherine answered, surprised, and rising.

"Shall I not go for you?" John asked, with that lowered voice which is the tribute of life to death; but she shook her head.

She waited for Susan to follow her with a lamp, and then went to the front door, which the servant, uncertain of the character of these callers, had closed, leaving them standing on the porch.

Neither Job nor Eliza could see the anxiety in Katherine's face, for she had taken the lamp from Susan, and was holding it so that the light fell only upon her visitors; but the man was more sensitive than the woman, and felt instinctively that they had made a mistake in coming. He shifted from one foot to the other, and would have shrunk behind his sweetheart, had she permitted it. But Eliza had no intention of permitting it. She put her little rough hand upon his arm and pulled him forward.

"Miss Townsend," she said, an unusual glitter in her eyes and a hint of boldness in her voice, "we came, Job and me, to tell you—to tell you"—Eliza hung her head.

"Yes, Eliza?" Katherine answered, guessing the news at once, but too sad and too absorbed to express the pleasure which she really felt.

"We are engaged!" burst out Eliza. "Miss Townsend, we're engaged, and we expect to be married."

"Eliza would come to tell you," Job objected feebly.

"She knew I would be glad to hear it," said Katherine; and then she added some kind and pleasant things, and Eliza, to her great surprise, felt all the old love and respect come back with a rush.

"You are real good, Miss Townsend," she declared, and squeezed her teacher's hand between her own. "Ain't she good, Job?"

"I was always saying that," Job answered gallantly, feeling really very happy.

Katherine was honestly glad of little Eliza's happiness, but she was astounded to find something beside gladness in her heart; was it possible that it was relief? "Well," she thought, listening to Job's clumsy praises of his betrothed, "after all, there is nothing which can surprise one so much as to discover one's own possibilities. Heaven knows what crime I may be capable of, if I have resented Eliza's nonsense!"

She smiled at the lovers in the kindest way, and then, with a word of there being sickness in the house, dismissed them; for it was evident that Eliza was willing to linger for further display of her joy.

Katherine stood in the doorway a moment, holding the lamp high above her head, so that her guests might see their way across the courtyard to the gate; but as she turned to go into the house, she was startled to see a dark figure approach her from the distant end of the piazza.

"Who is it?" she said quickly; and then, "Cousin Robert!"

"How is she now?" he said hoarsely. His face was wrung and torn by suffering, and the tears sprang to Katherine's eyes.

"Oh, have you been out here all alone? Come in,—come in."

He shook his head. "Is it over? Is she dead?"

"No,—oh, no!" cried Katherine.

"She is dying,—I know that; Alan told me."

Katherine could not answer him, for tears.

"I have killed her, Kate," he said dully.

"Dear cousin Robert," she entreated,

"don't stay here in the darkness; come in, and wait and pray with us. We all love her, and while there is life, you know" — She forgot that John Paul was within, — John Paul, who had called this agonized soul "a man too contemptible for contempt." "Come in, — come in; don't stay out here by yourself. *She* would be grieved to have you suffer so."

"She would grieve?" His voice broke into a cry. "At least she is spared that." And then he turned back into the night.

XXV.

Sidney had said, very quietly, that she would sit up with Miss Sally that night. Heretofore, Katherine and Scarlett had divided the watching between them, and for the last two nights Alan had not left the house; but it was a matter of course to every one that Sidney should rest, and, so far as the others knew, she had done so. At least, she had gone to her room. But Sidney was living too intensely, easily to lose herself in sleep. She was leaving her old life to go out into a wider living, and she found Death standing on the threshold. Love did not oppose him, but human instinct did. Her neglect of her aunt, of the pitiful little love which was drifting away from her, stung her with intolerable impatience. She had that helpless impulse to go back into the past which comes with the sense of duty left undone; and the consciousness of the futility of such an impulse is almost anger. It *could* not be too late. She must do something, say something, *now*! Yet, there being no love in her heart, this effort was, although she was not aware of it, for her own relief rather than for Miss Sally's happiness. Again and again, before the dull stupor drowned her aunt's unfailing tenderness, Sidney had tried, in broken, hesitating words, to say, "I am sorry — forgive me." But Miss Sally never seemed to understand; she was

only feebly concerned that her darling should be sorry about anything. That Sidney could blame herself because she had neglected her aunt was not credible to Miss Sally, whose life had been too full of the gladness of giving to realize that there had been no receiving in it.

As Sidney watched the relentless days carry her opportunity away from her, the pain of self-knowledge grew unbearable. Alan had told her she was selfish? Oh, he had not known how selfish she was; no one knew it but herself. The burden of a human soul fell upon her, — the knowledge of good and evil.

Her remorse filled her with a mysterious fear. It was something outside herself, terrible, inescapable; with it was an insistent suggestion of some different line of conduct, which confused her by its contradiction of all which had been the purpose of her life. What was this impulse to self-sacrifice against which she had always opposed herself, as one who beats against an unseen wind? To turn and advance with it might be peace, for setting herself against it had brought dismay; but the recognition of such an impulse filled her with the terror of the Unknown.

She saw the unloveliness of selfishness, and was quick to turn away from it, with an æsthetic perception of the beauty of holiness. Goodness commended itself to her; she would be good, she would be unselfish. She could not comprehend why, this resolution made, pain should still dominate her consciousness. Anger and fear lifted her out of herself; it was the same tumult of emotion which had clamored in her soul when Love had first whispered to her.

Miss Sally's dim realization of Sidney's pain was too indistinct even for her sweet forgiveness, which would have protested that there was nothing to forgive. She liked just to rest, she said, and let Sidney read the daily chapter in the Bible to her; or, sometimes, to listen to a word or two from Mr. Brown, who

came often, in these last few days, to see her. It was Mr. Brown's presence which pointed out the future to Miss Sally.

"Why, am I very sick, Alan?" she said, in her little weak voice.

"We are anxious, dear Miss Sally," the young man answered tenderly.

She looked up at him and smiled. "Don't be worried," she said, with the old instinct to make other people comfortable; and then, later, as though half asleep, "I thought — that I had all the world, Alan — but I seem — I seem to have eternity, instead." And with great content Miss Sally went down into the shadows.

All that last day, except in the paroxysms of coughing, she had seemed to Sidney to sleep. But it was a strange sleep; and when she roused a little from it, there was no loving look, no murmur of thanks, even when Alan gave her medicine, or when Katherine slipped a bit of ice between her lips.

John Paul stayed very late, that night. Little Susan sat trembling in the kitchen until twelve. The major walked softly and restlessly through the halls, and up and down stairs. Katherine, worn out with watching, had fallen asleep on the broad seat of the first landing, her head resting on a cushion the major had brought her from the library. Alan, quite without hope, sat outside Miss Sally's door; Sidney was within. Everything was tingling with the intensest life to the girl; the dark silence of the stately old house was palpitating with the thoughts of birth and death; the procession of the years had left luminous touches upon the very walls. Everything thrilled with life; the house was alive, and this drama of death was its soul. Sidney was living as she had never lived before; every nerve was tense with terror, not of death, but of life.

As she sat by Miss Sally's bedside, she watched the yellow blur of the night-lamp in the darkness of the further

corner, or glanced at the terrible whiteness of the face upon the pillow; and to each — to darkness, and to death, and to her own stress of life — her soul cried out, *What are you?* The slow hours drifted into each other, marked only by Alan entering or departing, or by Major Lee pausing in the doorway to glance silently, first at his daughter, and then at the small, motionless figure upon the bed.

It had rained early in the night, and now the breath of the wet flowers down in the garden was fresh and cool. Sidney went over to the window, and looked out at the distant darkness of the dawn. The silent night was a hush of breathless expectancy. The gray sky, the stars fading as the east lifted and whitened, the misty outlines of sleeping houses, were all waiting; and for what? Death! She knelt down by the window, resting her face upon her folded arms. Alan was in the next room. What if it were Alan lying there upon the bed, without words, or motion, or remembrance; Alan who was waiting death; Alan who would be — nothing? Down below, the wall between the two gardens began to loom out of the crystal dark; one by one, as though to some unheard call, the trees shaped themselves in the mist. How strangely one were night and day; how all life grew out of death! Human existence, like an endless spiral touching light and darkness, life and death, stretches into eternity: a blossom falls; a seed ripens; another flower blows — to die! Over and over, the pastime of eternity enacts itself, and the heartbreak of the world gathers into one word, "Why?" Yet with the majesty of an inevitable certainty proceeds the universe. Men's cries and wonders echo far into the past, and accompany the present; yet all the while the perfection of detail never falters, — seedtime and harvest, night and day, life and death.

A Lombardy poplar, close to the house,

swayed and shivered in the night wind. Sidney felt rather than saw that flying quiver of its leaves which is a voice made visible. Each smallest leaf obeyed in beauty the same law that orders star systems, scattered thick as dust in the vast silences of space. How all things are only one thing!

What were those words she had read to her aunt? "*All things work together for good.*" What if that were true? What if one could believe it for life and death as well as for the leaf and star? They do work together, surely, — each grows out of the other; but suppose it were for good, suppose it were with some sort of purpose? "Working together for good"? They would be part of a plan, then; there would be a meaning somewhere. It would not matter whether the meaning were understood. The good need not be a human good; it might be an infinite and unknowable good, one which needed men's pain for its perfection; but to think that there was a good somewhere! To feel *that* would make up, perhaps, for grief and for death; one's own death, — yes, surely, a thousand times! "*The Eternal God is thy refuge.*" A purpose, — if there were such a thing, — seen or unseen, would be a refuge. But the Dominant Will which enacts its own tragedy forever is caprice, — traveling without motive, in the circle of eternity! Yet if it were true, — just suppose it were true, and all things did work together for good, all things did have some purpose and meaning, — then one could be content to cease, just as that star dropped out of darkness into the growing brightness behind the edge of the world. But if one loved the star? Would it be enough that it were swallowed up in light, swallowed up in what was itself, if it should not dawn again? Suppose it were Alan lying there, would it be enough to say, The Eternal God is my refuge? That is, there is an Eternal Meaning in it all — if it were Alan?

The bank of mist in the east melted into filmy bars; they throbbed as though they hung before some beating heart of light; the bushes in the garden grew out of the shadows like soft balls of darkness, and the Virginia creeper, hanging from the lintel of the window, showed in wavering streamers black against the sky. Sidney strained her eyes down into the gloom; surely, over against the evergreen hedge, where the tall lilies stood, there was a gleam of white? The garden was very still; not a tremor of air stirred the motionless leaves, or the roses on the lattice below the window; but there was a wandering perfume from the white trumpets of the petunias in Miss Sally's border, and then a breath of the keen sweetness of mignonette brushed her cheek, and she seemed to hear Alan's voice, as she heard it once before in the fragrance of mignonette: "Do you love me, Sidney?" What if it were Alan?

Oh, if there were a refuge! But is there anything that is eternal? Endless desire, endless restlessness, or call it the pain of life, — for is not life desire? Oh, weariness of longing which is the expression of the universe, which is eternal! And the deepest longing is for a meaning. Conduct is not everlasting; conduct is only expediency, the deepest and most subtle selfishness; her father had shown her that beyond a doubt. But expediency is necessity, in one way; or call it Right. "All things work together." Is not conduct part of all? — conduct, and the perception of right, and the pain of sin, and the mystery of love, and that demand of the soul for *Something* which would explain all things, the Eternal Meaning of all. To see a meaning would be to find a refuge; yes, it would be like arms in which one rested and trusted.

What is this which beckons to the stars, or lifts the sweetness from the flowers? What is this which makes

the thought of Alan flash into her brain? What is it which moulds the rain into a drop in the heart of that rose, and brings the instant remembrance of Miss Sally's love of roses to burn Sidney's eyes with tears and lay upon her heart the burden of regret? All working together; all one; an eternal — what? Force? All these were force, and force is *one*, and "force is the energy of a cause." Who said that? Never mind, now; Sidney could not stop for verification, with her hand upon a fact.

Like a person walking in the dark, through perilous places, she had put her hand upon something, firm and sure; she knew not what, but she clung to it. If Miss Sally had spoken to her at that moment, Sidney would not have heard her.

After all, it was this oneness, this cause, — her father stopped at the energy, — which people called eternal, which they chose to name God; that was all. They might as well have named it anything, or left it without a name. It meant nothing; there is no such thing as justice or pity behind phenomena; so how could it help her, how could it comfort her, to admit the unity of the force which produces at once pity and the suffering which calls it forth? But if there were a Purpose, a Meaning, in the expression of this Force, — and phenomena is its expression? Ah, if? Surely then we might be content not to speak of it as it affected humanity; we might be content to leave out such definitions and limitations as "pity" and "justice." That it *was* would be enough. But why should such a Meaning seem so much to her? Only that her soul claimed it; was not this very claiming an expression of it? Might not Death belong to it, and life belong to it; would not love be in it; would not all things be *It*? If this were so, then it was the explanation and the mystery, the certainty and the doubt, the meaning of all things, the refuge and the Eternal God!

The clouds across the east had caught the light upon their rippling gray, and turned to fire. It seemed as though, far up above the world, a wind without noise was blowing across flames. She turned to look at Miss Sally. All was still; the sick woman was sleeping in the profoundest quiet. "That is good for her," Sidney thought, with a strange reverence for her own tenderness, which was not hers, except as she was part of the Eternal Meaning, as she was one with her aunt herself.

The dawn had transfigured Miss Sally's face with a light which thrilled Sidney like a touch out of the darkness. Outside, the brightness in the east widened and spread until the whole sky was a luminous shadow, which began to flush and glow, and along the eastern hills a film of gold rose like a mist across the flames. The Cause; the Meaning; which was always; which was strong; which was right, — at least inevitable. If it were Alan going out into blankness, that is going back into this mystery, or Cause, to be part of it forever, as he had been part of it always, but not to be Alan always, would it seem right? No. "right" was not the word; she could find no word. But the pain would be part of the mystery, part of the Eternal Purpose, and so, bearable. Sorrow worked together with joy in the Meaning of all things, and therefore could be borne. But one could not use little words, little human words like "right" and "justice," to make it seem worth while to suffer. Oh, just to rest upon a certain Purpose! — that would be enough. A Refuge. Yes, yes, but what terror! It did not make life less terrible; it only filled it with confidence and peace. It made it worth living, if it were lived struggling for oneness with the Eternal Purpose, of which sorrow was as much a part as joy, death as life.

Back over the evergreens there was a rim of gold. Sidney held her breath

and looked. How quickly, how greatly, it grew, pushed up from the darkness into the wide spaces of the endless air, fuller and rounder, the whole generous, beautiful soul of light! A bird over by the white lilies twittered, and another answered, and then another, and another. The Eternal: for the sun, for the birds, for her. The Eternal was that exquisite pain of joy in the beauty of the dawn; it was the passion of desire for itself; it was the instinct of selfishness, the terror of remorse: it was her Refuge. "I don't know how," she heard herself saying in a sobbing breath; "but that I want a Meaning proves it, — it is the *want*!"

Does not the hunger of the body declare that there is bread? Even so the hunger of the soul implies immortal food! She did not speak of love, for love was swallowed up in that of which it is only one single expression.

Outside, the world was waking to its old story of disappointment and continual hope, but Sidney, standing in the golden light, saw a new heaven and a new earth. A thread of smoke went up

from one of the chimneys of the tenelements beyond Mrs. Paul's house. The salutation of the dawn smote like a finger of flame upon countless windows, gray a moment before, and beckoned men out to their labor. The splendor of the dawn, the small needs of living, the swaying and murmuring of far-off seas, the flute in a bird's throat, the melting back into It all which we call death, the consciousness of Itself which we call life, — all were one. Sidney looked down at the smile of her garden, and then at the silent, smiling face upon the pillow; as she did so, her father entered. He stopped an instant at Miss Sally's side, and touched her hand; the look upon his face turned Sidney white. "Father?"

"My darling," he said in a whisper, "she is dead."

He would have taken Sidney in his arms, but she put her hands upon his breast, and breathed rather than spoke. "No, not dead, — there is no death. Life and death are one; the Eternal Purpose holds us all, always. Father — I have found God."

Margaret Deland.

THE USE AND LIMITS OF ACADEMIC CULTURE.

ALTHOUGH academic culture has long held a high place in the esteem of the American people, the conditions of their life have, naturally enough, made them in the main seekers for immediate results. They have had a work of pioneering to do, the like of which has never fallen to the lot of any civilized people. They have had to subjugate a rude nature, and bring a continent into a certain fitness for the uses of man. All this they have done with marvelous rapidity; at the same time they have preserved a good share of the spirit of culture. It is one of the most

beautiful incidents of the work done among a people that, though they have been on the very frontier of civilization for more than two centuries, they have retained a lively affection for high ideals of education. Everywhere they have carried with them into the wilderness an aspiration for more culture than their circumstances permitted them to attain. This is nowhere better shown than in the histories of schools, to which they have given not only money, but devotion, and both in a measure never known before. Although, in all their pioneering work, our people have main-

tained the ideal of education even more fixedly than their religious creeds, it is no matter for surprise that their schools have failed to serve the needs of the communities which so carefully cherished them. Their teachers, usually withdrawn in a singularly complete way from the life of their time, have become separated in interests from the society which supports them, and have made little effort to accommodate the training they give the youth to the requirements of the world. The youth just emerged from the seclusion of his college, where he has been in no wise fitted for the rough and tumble of active life, has been the subject of endless jesting in the newspapers. His shortcomings, it is true, have been painted in overhigh colors, but there has been much truth in the rude pictures. His training has not made him sharp at a bargain, his scraps of knowledge have little relation to the affairs in which his fellow-men are engaged, and at the outset of his career he has to unlearn many of the lessons which his schooling has taught him. In a few years he has usually lost all save the mere shadow of the information he gained during his academic life, and at best retains only the general enlargement which his scholastic career impressed upon him. At first, the ampler view of the world which general culture brings is of no distinct advantage to the youth; it serves him best only when he has won his place among men, and then is no longer referable to his college training.

In these ways it has come about that our colleges have gradually fallen into a certain disfavor with the masses of our people. Although new institutions of the name spring up on every hand, although the system of instruction in these schools has undergone and is still undergoing much improvement, they are less and less resorted to by our youth. Each year more find their way to the professions and other educated

callings through schools of a lower grade. They are led by a number of reasons to seek this shorter way to the walks of active life. From much questioning of parents who have selected these more immediate ways of education for their children, as well as of the youths who have themselves chosen this path, I have been led to conclusions which I find to be identical with those of my friends who have made similar inquiries. These are, in effect, that young men are turned away from our higher institutions of learning by the following-named considerations: first, that a college education costs more money than can be afforded for the training of a youth; second, that it requires so much time that a young man is belated in entering upon the practical duties of life; third, that the system of academic training is in general not of a nature to aid a student in most occupations, be they professional or other.

It will not do to dismiss these criticisms with the statement that they are in error, nor is it reasonable to conclude that it is the commercial spirit in our American people which is leading them from the ideals of culture, inducing them to set momentary gain against the interests of the higher education. Our people have clung to the theory of academic training through two centuries and a half of arduous struggle with the difficulties which have beset their efforts to found societies. If their ancient trust in the goodness of colleges is waning, it behooves those who have charge of such institutions to affirm it again, by all proper efforts to accommodate the work of these institutions to the needs of the people they should serve. Moreover, every unprejudiced observer of our colleges is convinced that there is a certain amount of truth in the objections which are urged to the work done in these schools. If he looks closely to their plans of education, he perceives that these plans were devised to meet a very

different condition of society from that which now exists. When the essential features of our schools of collegiate grade were determined, the only youths whose interests could be fitly served by a liberal education were those destined for the church, the law, the medical profession, and the few who were to pursue the career of independent gentlemen. Without the bounds of these occupations there were soldiers, sailors, clerks, and tradesmen, none of whom were usually supposed to require other than a very elementary education, save in the practical training for their respective callings.

This condition of society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries seems to us now as old as that of ancient Rome; in all that relates to the occupations of men, it is indeed much nearer to that olden day than to our own age. Within this century, the development of natural science and the mechanic arts has led to an increase in the scope of duty demanding a high intellectual training, greater than that attained in all the preceding centuries put together. Moreover, the larger part of the education and instruction required for these new and manifold vocations of the engineer, the tasks of railway administration, has found no place in our academic training. Recognizing these facts, the judicious critic sees the reasons for the rough judgment of the careful parent, of the judicious youth, who believe that the college costs too much, requires too much time, and does not fit a man for the work which he needs to do for a living. At the same time, the critical person will see abundant reasons why it is desirable to keep the training of our youths, whether their occupations are to lie within the limits of the ancient professions or in the newer field of educated labor, within academic walks, rather than to transfer it to purely technical schools.

There can be no question that there is an immediate practical advantage in

sending a boy of eighteen, who means to be an engineer or to devote his life to any of the applications of science to the arts, at once to the schools where the curriculum is designed to fit him for such work. Each hour of his exercises and all of the social influences of the place lead him straight forward to his purpose. At the end of three or four years his mind has been trained to activities of a thoroughly purposeful sort, and he goes forth to his task prepared as no ordinary college boy can be for definite employment. If our object in education were alone to make young men effective craftsmen of the better sort, no education could be better suited to this end, and for all but the gentlemen of leisure, divines, physicians, and jurists, the technical school, with its project of direct accomplishment, would afford the ideal system. There are doubtless many persons of intelligence who hold that, all things considered, this plan of turning the youth at once into channels of thought and action which he is to follow through his life is the best for his individual interests, as well as for those of the community which he is to serve. I have heard it maintained that the narrowing of the range of intellectual interests which this system brings about is advantageous, for the reason that the concentration which it secures makes it easier for the youth to win success; for he applies to one kind of thinking energy which, with a wider plan of education, might have been dissipated over many. A little consideration of the large problem of education will, I believe, convince any reasonable person that not only is this a narrow view of the province of education, and unjust to the youths who are cramped by its narrow conditions, but it is otherwise impolitic. There is no better point at which to set forth the essential principles of academic culture than this, for the demands of the practical man bring us to the essence of the whole matter.

No one can well question the statement that the moral and intellectual accomplishments of man afford the most precious heritage which it is the privilege and duty of each generation to transmit to its successors. All our material wealth, all the machinery by which that wealth is created or applied, are but dust beside this store of knowledge which has descended to us from the past or has been created in our time. Few of us can leave our children the gifts of fortune, fewer yet can hope to open to them the ways for great deeds; but to us all it is granted to make our offspring in some measure free to this great heritage, which they cannot share without being enriched and ennobled. Whoever fulfills this duty of transmitting the intellectual gains of men to his successors is faithful to one of the most serious obligations which comes to a man. Whoever fails in this duty thereby tends to break the succession of the best inheritances to which mankind has claim. Therefore we may hold that the first object of all true culture is to enfranchise the youth by showing him all that we can concerning the lofty thought and action of his predecessors, as well as the nature of the universe which has been revealed by their labors. This is a great and difficult task; one which should be approached reverently and executed carefully, without overmuch consideration of the debit and credit of the world's account-books. To do this work our schools of liberal culture have been instituted, or rather, we should say, evolved through centuries of experience.

The first object of an academic institution of the higher grade is to bring together into one society a sufficient number of teachers, each of whom has mastered some branch of learning to the point where he is an authority on that subject; to associate those men in the work of inquiry and instruction, so that the youth may be brought into immediate contact with the theory and practice of

the great divisions of learning. Libraries, museums, and laboratories are necessarily a part of the means which the school uses to accomplish its ends, but the essential feature of the instruction consists in its *personnel*. With two or three score of instructors, the greater part of the realm of knowledge may be properly represented in the teaching and research work of the college; if it be a true university, two or three hundred teachers are required. With such a body of men, at once skilled in the methods of inquiry and in the arts of the teacher, the school may, if its government be rightly constituted, hope to create a noble intellectual atmosphere. It has at least provided one half of the foundations on which a true academic life may be built. The other half of the life of a great school consists in a large body of young men who, by their previous training, have been brought to a state where they are fitted not only to receive instruction, but, by their intelligent sympathy and coöperation, to inspire their teachers in their tasks. From such a union of pupils and teachers arises the combination of knowledge and enthusiasm which constitutes the university spirit. It cannot be created by endowments; it cannot, indeed, be created at all; it must be developed, in most cases slowly, by a process of gradual accretion, such as leads to the formation of all complicated social conditions.

Where the association of fit teachers and students has led to the institution of a well-founded seat of general culture, we find an atmosphere peculiarly suited to secure the rapid intellectual and moral growth of young men. In part, these enlarging influences are due to personal contact with learned men who are devoting their lives to high ends; in part, it arises from association with a large body of youths of their own race, from whom they receive, through the thousand ways of daily intercourse, the best spirit of their time.

A large part of the student body consists of persons who have been more than a year under the control of the school, and who have acquired the tone of the institution from the teachers and from the preceding classes. The resident body of pupils in a good school of any grade may be likened to a great household, where every inmate so shares in giving and receiving influences that there is a common quality imparted to all who dwell beneath its roof. Only those who for years have seen the singular enlargement which this communal life gives to the youths of a great school can have any adequate conception of its value, not only to the individuals who immediately share it, but to the society and the state which in the end have the profit of the work. It has been my peculiar good fortune to spend more than a quarter of a century in intimate contact with the students of Harvard University. Each year I have seen a body of young men come to the institution, in the shape given them by their household education or the training of the fitting-schools. When they appear as members of the lower classes, they represent the whole range of family and school influences of our country. Some of them are already cultivated young persons, with the combined manliness and delicacy which good home training alone can insure; but the greater number of the matriculants are youths who, though of good parts, have had scanty contact with educated men, and are in much need of academic conditions for their enlargement. It is the greatest privilege of the teacher to see how, month by month, and often day by day, the good seed in these young men springs into life, under the forming conditions of their schooling. If it were possible to set before the reader a series of pictures which should show the usual stages of intellectual development of youths in their four years' life in this university, and against them to place a similar series

depicting the history of their playmates who had been nurtured on the scantier fare of real bread-winning life, we should have no further need to debate the value of academic training.

To accomplish its peculiar academic work, a school has to be in a measure separated from the motives of the society in which it dwells, which is in the main employed in bread-winning or less noble forms of getting on in the world. Such a school needs to consider knowledge as good in itself, without much reference to economic profit; while society must ever try acquirement mainly by the tests of utility. Herein lies the chief difficulty in the relation of our higher schools to the people who maintain them, either with money or pupils. The schools must adhere to their idea of learning for culture's sake, for the sake of the enlargement which it brings; the people must see to it that their children do not become, through their education, inapt for the work which life is to impose on them. So far as is consistent with their duty to education, the authorities of these schools should see to it that the methods of training and the subjects taught should fit the needs of the people whom the institutions are meant to serve. It seems to me that, without sacrificing any essential part of the objects or methods of academic culture, our institutions of higher education might meet all the new demands which the intelligent public would put upon them.

Considering only the greater colleges and universities of this country, it is evident that we may regard the professional schools which are grouped about them as not open to serious criticism by any intelligent person, however practical minded he may be. They take the least possible time and preliminary training to fit graduates for their callings. The most commercial-spirited critic is likely to find that they call for too little of either of these investments for the

return they are expected to make. It is against the curriculum and other features of the collegiate or strictly academic training that objections can be made. The question is, What, if anything, can be done to spare time and cost from this period of culture, and to make it better serve the needs of society? In order to approach this question in the best manner, we should first notice the fact that within thirty years all of our greater colleges have very much increased the difficulty of attaining admission to their lower classes. Within that time, Harvard University has required at least one year more of work preparatory to admission to its college course. As the period ordinarily required for attaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts is still four years, the result is that the academic life of the student is prolonged by that one fourth. It has been the expectation of those who have had a part in effecting this change that the preparatory schools would in some way manage to advance the work of their pupils, so that they should enter the college no older than before the change was made; but the fact is, these schools seem unable to bring American boys forward at the same rate that they are advanced in the German gymnasia or the public schools of England. The result is that the American boy matriculates at an average age of eighteen and a half, and graduates at the age of about twenty-two. At the same time, the professional schools have found it absolutely necessary to add at least one year to their course, and those which teach medicine should have at least four years' time for their work. Thus it comes about that the young man who proposes to add professional training to liberal culture is usually six or seven and twenty years of age before he has passed through Harvard College and its professional schools. Add to this the novitiate period, in which the young lawyer or doctor is forming the relations

which lead to profitable practice, and youth has passed before his life-work is fairly begun.

It needs no argument to show that the period of preparation cannot be shortened by taking time from the professional side of the student's work. If we accept the obligation of general culture, it is also unnecessary to argue that lawyers, or doctors, or engineers should have an academic training; therefore, if any gain in time can be made, it must be taken from the collegiate period. There are several ways in which we may reasonably hope to spare time from academic study without very seriously interfering with the objects of that culture: we may diminish the term of college work, at least in the case of those who have rapidly accomplished the objects of such training, by giving the degree of Bachelor of Arts to such persons, say in three years from the time they enter the first class, while retaining for others the academic period at four years; or we may allow the student who is sufficiently advanced in his general development profitably to undertake the task, to enter upon a part of his professional studies in the third year of his college course, and to complete one year of these studies before he gives himself altogether to such work. There is, indeed, the simpler, more practical, yet to the conservative minded less satisfactory project, which is to limit the academic period absolutely to three years; thus in appearance, at least, saving a year of time for professional training, and gaining a proportionally earlier entrance on technical duty.

There are many reasons why it seems to me much better to adopt either or both of the first-described methods, rather than the apparently simpler expedient of cutting away one fourth of the academic period, only a few of which can be noted here. By making the time of change from the academic to the professional training depend in a measure

on the natural parts or acquirements of the young man, we at once take a certain step to correct the injurious and dangerous notion that there is a definite term of years required to attain the culture represented by the Bachelor's degree; by expressing it in terms of accomplishment rather than by college years, we may secure a better understanding as to the purpose of such schooling. The variation in the development of our college boys at the beginning of their Junior year is very great: some of them have already gained all they imperatively need to obtain from academic work, and may be trusted to begin their professional training, with confidence that they will take with them into the new field of work the spirit which the college seeks to impart; others need ampler education; and in the case of those who do not intend to pursue professional studies, the usual academic term of four years is by no means too long for them to follow with profit.

There are many persons who fear that the introduction into college studies of courses of instruction which are evidently designed to fit men for professional pursuits will tend to break up the intellectual freedom of the youth by introducing the immediate ends of the craftsman where those of pure culture should prevail. But such criticism overlooks the fact that our higher professions, not only those of the old-time learning, but many modern occupations as well, demand for their training subjects and methods which lie well within the limits of academic teaching, and which may be pursued with equal profit by those who seek enlargement only and by those who intend to use them to economic ends. The only objection to the latter method is on account of the danger which it brings that the youth will approach the subject with money-getting for his main purpose; but few who know the quality of our young men will attach any importance to this fear. While it would clearly

be most unwise to make our colleges in any considerable way devote their training to professional ends, much would be gained by introducing into the college course as elective subjects a share of those more general studies which are necessary in the preparation of men for any liberal occupation. In the case of young men preparing for the law, the subjects of Evidence, Property, Constitutional Law, and Legal History would perhaps be suited to this end. In medicine, the subjects of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, including its physiological application, and *Materia Medica*, which are substantially the studies pursued in the Harvard Medical School during the first year of its course, would serve as well for academic teaching as a large part of the courses now taken by undergraduates in Harvard College. In the same way, a considerable portion of the education necessary for the equipment of persons who design following the various branches of engineering, architecture, or other callings demanding professional training could properly be distributed through the college course.

On this last point concerning the effect of the share of the professional motive which this project would introduce among our college students, I feel very sure, because I have had a good deal of practical experience in the matter; perhaps, indeed, more than has fallen to many of my fellow-teachers. For twenty years I have taught geology in Harvard College. This science lends itself to both academic and professional ends. It often happens that a student who first approaches the study with the object of culture alone finally determines to pursue it as a profession. At first, as I was deeply imbued with the notion of the difference between pure and applied science, having always valued academic training for its independence of gainful motives, I was doubtful concerning the effect of mingling this professional study with that designed for culture alone;

but in instances now to be numbered by scores I have seen nothing but good come from this course. The share of the gainful motive which enters into the work of the student is never sufficient to lead him away from the ends of enlargement; if he shows too much inclination to devote himself to one class of studies, a little discussion of the matter will bring him to see that his general education must not be neglected. It often happens that the ablest students, after a time in college, have satisfied their possibilities of culture for its own sake, and can no longer find comfort in endeavors which are not related to deeds they desire to accomplish in active life. To such persons, a choice of courses, pursued with the idea of the deeds they are to do, affords a real inspiration: they become more active minded, and through their quickening find their way to more true culture than they would have attained if their labor had been kept within the limits of the so-called pure studies. I am at length convinced against my original prejudices, the best possible way to well-founded conviction, that it would conduce to the academic development of the greater part of our college students to have a distinct professional motive fixed in their minds soon after they enter college.

It is clear that there is a great educational evil in the utter difference in the motives which characterize our colleges and professional schools. In the colleges it is best to have culture for the standard, and in the schools which fit a man for his occupation that fitness should be the object of the labor; but it is not reasonable to say to a youth, "You shall spend four years of pure developing study, with no mind for practical things, and then at once devote the remainder of your school time to pursuits where you must no longer consider culture as of any particular account." If a college education has value as a preparation for life, it certainly should manifest its

influence in the first steps which young men take towards their occupations. That the student should abandon all effort at enlargement as soon as he has received his degree as Bachelor of Arts, that he should devote all his time thenceforth to purely technical studies, seems to me a great blunder in our method of education. In large part, this abandonment of general culture in the professional stage of our schooling is due to the fact that the student arrives at these schools so late that he must devote all his time to the technical instruction they have to give. There is so much to be acquired in the technique of the professions that there is no room for study which may serve to widen his field of knowledge or deepen his sympathy with learning. If, however, the training which tends towards the chosen profession can be begun in the Sophomore year of the college course, and a year or a year and a half of the professional education be compassed before the young man enters on his more definite preparation for a career, we may hope that the habit of combining especial acquirement designed for bread-winning with learning gained for its own sake may become common.

If this combination of professional and culture work could be in any way contrived, all the interests of education would be much better served by our universities than at present. In place of seeking at first in the college to widen the student's field of view, so that he shall compass as much learning as possible, and then suddenly narrowing that field to matters which concern a single profession, we should have no strong line dividing the professional from the academic training, but men would mingle their tasks in a profitable way. In the colleges, the greater part of the work would have general culture for its particular end, but there would be a gradual increase in the amount of work which was related to occupations; in

the professional schools, this latter class of studies would predominate, but the former would remain to give variety and refreshment. If such a method could be devised, we might hope that the habit of maintaining in after-life an interest in other matters than bread-winning pursuits might become more general than it is at present; for we now provide a method of estoppel by which, so far as in us lies, we prevent the student from developing the interest in learning which the college course may have given him. In a sound plan of education, the life-work should be founded upon a very general training; it should not be suddenly imposed upon this general culture, but should be merged in it, in a way to create no surprise or break of continuity in the methods of thought and action. In our present methods we utterly depart from this rule in making a break between academic and professional education, which is damaging to the best interests of both classes of study.

Not the least of the advantages which would arise from this proposed combination of professional studies with the college work would be found in the greater union of interests between the several faculties of the university. The obvious tendency of our present methods is to separate the academic teachers from those who work in the professional schools as completely as though they belonged in entirely distinct institutions. They have no common interests, and their influence on each other, except through chance relations, is unimportant. This is a great evil, for it is an essential purpose of a university to bring its teachers as well as students into the closest relations, in order that from the association a spirit of broad culture may arise. The proposed system would favor this interaction, while the present system operates to prevent it.

We turn now to the question of the money cost of college training. There can be no question that this is a diffi-

culty which seriously besets the problem of education; it is more serious in this than in other countries, for the reason that in the United States we have come to rely upon these institutions for much of the enlargement which in other lands is secured in divers ways. In countries where there are great museums, a rich architecture, and abundant monuments of the past, there is a kind of culture which the public insensibly attains, which as yet is wanting in this continent. The desire, so common among our people, to secure a college education should be fostered in every way; for through it we may hope to obtain for them access to culture denied by their surroundings, though it is made particularly necessary by the intense nature of their commercial life. The amount of money available for the higher education in any community must, under the existing conditions of the distribution of wealth, always be small. To by far the greater number of households the cost of a college education is an impassable barrier to its use. To send a child to college makes it necessary for the parents to keep him from earning money until he is of man's estate. The tax which a college education puts upon the greater number of people, though serious at all times, has become more so in modern days. The cost of such education has increased within the last fifty years more rapidly than the gain in the average income of households. This is in part due to the higher standard of all the ideals of life among the youth of the colleges, and in part to the considerable increase in the charges for term bills, books, and laboratory apparatus.

The scale of living expenses in a college society is even more affected by social influences than it is in an ordinary community. The very element of sympathy of the youth with his mates which makes the contact of college life so educational tends to this end. The youths are insensibly and most naturally led to

adopt the habits of the place; they are apt to find a charm in connection with the men who, from the superior wealth and culture of the families from which they spring, may have an agreeable finish of manner as well as an acquaintance with the ways of the world, which is very attractive. Here arises a deal of unnecessary and unfit expense, which tells seriously on the family purse, or starts the youth on his career with a burden of debt. The only way out of the evil is through public opinion developed within the walls of the college, which is apt, there as elsewhere, to mend such ills. From all I can hear, I am inclined to believe that this disposition of the poorer young men to ape the rich is diminishing, if not disappearing, from our colleges. Certainly, in Harvard University there has been a great change, of late years, for the better in this regard. This may be due in part to the fact that, relatively, more men of moderate or narrow means resort to this school than in the years following the war. In part, the betterment is explained by the fact that in a large body of about two thousand youths the society is much divided, and the very rich keep so far to themselves and constitute so small a part of the whole corps that they no longer set the fashion of conduct. In larger measure, we may attribute the gain to the keener interest in study which has arisen from the extension of freedom in the choice of work, and the more definite relation of the school tasks to manly duty.

Much remains to be done to bring our greater colleges to the theory of plain living as the best foundation for high thinking. In this connection I may notice an interesting experiment now under trial at Harvard College, which promises to secure an advance towards this ideal. A society of officers and students, known as the Foxcroft Club, have, in a building granted by the college authorities, established a simple dining-

place, with a few good study rooms which contain a small collection of reference books. Here about one hundred students, who desire or need to practice economy, take their meals at a cost of from two to three dollars per week, according as they may choose their portions of food from a simple bill of fare. Having good study rooms at their disposal, they may take lodgings at a distance from the college, where rooms are cheap; they may also save the expense of lights, fire, and the dearer books they need to use. The association forms a natural self-supporting society, strong enough to uphold its members in their economic motives.

The great difficulty connected with the money cost of an academic training arises from the large sum charged for tuition in the greater colleges. In Harvard College this sum is one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, or about one third of the necessary expenses of the student. It is relatively as well as absolutely much greater than it was fifty years ago; that is, it now forms a larger part of the total required expenditure of the undergraduate than of old. The reason for the increase is found in the vast extension of the machinery of instruction, such as libraries, laboratories, and the salaries of instructors. It is now necessary to provide an average of one teacher for each ten students, counting the librarians and other members of the administration staff. The libraries, laboratories, and museums alone at the present time cost more than was required for the support of the whole school half a century ago. In a similar manner, the expenses of all our colleges and universities of a good grade have grown with their gain in numbers. While the gifts to these institutions have been great in amount, they have not been at all proportionate to the increase in their needs created by the advance in the system of education. Although in Harvard University the money available in scholarships,

or in other ways serving to reduce the expenses of students, amounts to more than sixty thousand dollars per year, only one twelfth of it can be promised to applicants before they have proved their ability to maintain a high rank in their studies. The chance of obtaining these ordinary scholarships seems to the student too remote to be reckoned on safely.

It would be much more useful to our colleges to have the gifts designed to aid poor students made directly available for reducing the tuition fee than given, as they now are, for scholarships. It is true, the rich as well as the poor would profit by the reduction; but the numerous collateral disadvantages of scholarships, particularly the evils which arise from the fact that candidates for such places are driven to strive for high rank, and are thus forced to take studies which may not be in the direction of their needed culture, go far to offset this objection. If the tuition fee of Harvard College could be reduced to fifty dollars per annum, it would each year open the doors of that institution to hundreds who now find themselves debarred from its advantages by lack of money. Unfortunately, the immediate loss of revenue from such a reduction would amount to the interest on

about two and a half million dollars. It is doubtful if the interests of the higher education would be served by overmuch diminution in the sacrifices which parents now have to make to procure it for their children. This clearly desirable academic culture should be open to those alone who have some natural fitness to receive such training, and are willing to strive for it; but no one familiar with the struggle of worthy youths to win a liberal education, or with the trials of parents to secure it for them, can doubt that the cost is far too high for the public good.

We may now briefly sum up the present conditions of our academic education with reference to the demands of the people. More attention should be given to the kinds of learning which relate to the work of the world; an order of study is required which will prepare young men for learned occupations at a less advanced age than at present; and, finally, a diminution in the money cost of the higher education is imperatively called for. If these demands receive a fair hearing, and are granted so far as is consistent with the needs of true culture, there is no reason to doubt that our colleges will maintain and affirm the hold which they have always had on the affections of our people.

N. S. Shaler.

MADAME CORNUEL AND MADAME DE COULANGES.

WE know how small a fragment is required by science in order to reconstruct the perfect organism, but what can literature do with only a handful of epigrams out of which to form a living, breathing woman?

Of Madame Cornuel, the wit *par excellence* of Louis XIV.'s court, little more remains to us than a few epigrammatic sayings, which, during that reign,

were in as general circulation as a national currency. Madame de Grignan, in Provence, receiving these *bon mots* through her mother's letters, finds them as charming as did the courtier who first drew them from the mint. Pomponne, the minister of state, "goes into fits of laughter over the epigrams," and begs he may not lose a single one. In fact, contemporary memoirs concern

themselves so exclusively with Madame Cornuel epigrammatically, and not personally, that what survives to us of her individual self is marvelously small. It is a shadow of a shade, a disembodied spirit, keen, shrewd, bright, but unsubstantial.

She was Anne Bigot, daughter of a certain intendant of M. de Guise, who, by virtue of his office, was styled Bigot de Guise. The family came originally from Orleans, and the M. Bigot in question, although he seems to have been involved in certain discreditable business matters, was very rich. He was nevertheless glad and proud to give his daughter to M. Cornuel, *trésorier de l'extraordinaire des guerres*, and brother of the better known President Cornuel.

Anne Bigot is said to have been remarkably pretty, and from her earliest years to have shown close observation, and that keen intelligence to which observation is the handmaid. She was very young when she attracted the attention of the elderly treasurer, — at the burial of his first wife, it is said, although some accounts substitute a rural *fête* as the place of meeting, when, in accordance with local custom, M. Cornuel gallantly removed the bouquet from Mademoiselle Bigot's corsage, to indicate the serious character of his intentions.

M. Cornuel, royal treasurer though he was, was generally esteemed foolish and weak-minded. In his family Madame Cornuel found two young girls of about her own age: Mademoiselle Le Gendre, the child of the first wife by a previous marriage, and M. Cornuel's own daughter, Margot, whom La Grande Mademoiselle mentions among the fine people collected at Forges. By a curious blunder, Mademoiselle Le Gendre is considered by La Houssaye to have been Anne Bigot's daughter; and he says that, having reached the age of forty-five, and finding her mother continue to neglect the duty of suitably marrying her, she reproached her with the same, and drew

from Madame Cornuel the bon mot that, at their age, the only proper sacraments were extreme unction and the viaticum. As the relationship of Mademoiselle Le Gendre to Madame Cornuel was then perfectly understood, this little slander is doubtless invented to supply a *mise en scène* for the epigram which survived without explanatory *entourage*.

The house containing these three young women, all very pretty and *éveillées*, was visited by the world of fashion; for they had, it is said, *bien de l'esprit*, and this *esprit* was a trifle mischievous, "which," explains some chronicler, "is what made it so agreeable."

In that gossip-loving, memoir-writing age, this is all that can be gleaned of the youth of the *bel esprit en titre* of the most brilliant court of Europe in the seventeenth century. The oblivion of time has effaced the blooming girl, but spared the bon mots. In that age, an epigram, acknowledged or anonymous, waited upon every public event, and the witty comments upon current incidents attributed to Madame Cornuel seem as abundant as if she had really delivered them upon official call. One may read the history of the period in her sayings, which are the plums in many a contemporary pudding; yet so impartially are her sarcasms distributed that, unaided by the facts of her personal story, it is impossible to discover her individual opinions upon any question of importance.

She was of the court, yet no historian of court life has ever materialized for us her delicate spirit, Ariel-like in subtlest swift appearing and vanishing. We have never seen a eulogy upon her costume at royal balls or at the king's "after suppers;" yet that she was present is evident from the aptness of her delicate personal criticisms of people who are so much better known to fame than she. That she did not lack for homage within that sacred circle is undoubted. Who could afford to be uncivil to a woman

who, La Feuillade said, "could have turned into ridicule even the battle of Rocroi itself, the finest thing which had occurred since the days of the Romans, had she so inclined"? In fact, her trenchant blade too often struck home not to have been aimed by one thoroughly conversant with the weak points in the armor of each courtier. Of the Comtesse de Fiesque, that best known figure among the ladies of the court of Anne of Austria and of the early years of the reign of Louis le Grand, — she who was styled "Madame la Comtesse" as the wife of the reigning Condé was "Madame la Princesse," the "one and only," — Madame Cornuel has some stinging words on record. She said the countess's beauty was preserved to so great an age, eighty-four years, because "she was salted down in folly," or, as another memoir-writer has it, "preserved in extravagance, as cherries in brandy."

It was this Madame la Comtesse who, Saint-Simon tells us, bought one of the large and very costly mirrors then just coming into fashion, saying to her friends, who knew her slender means and the extent to which she was pillaged by her servants, "I had a miserable bit of land, which yielded me only corn. I sold that, and bought this mirror instead. Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful glass?"

Madame Cornuel called Madame la Comtesse "a mill which ran by words;" and once, when the lady was defending a friend from the charge of being crazy, she said, "Ah, but you are like people who have eaten garlic."

When Madame de Guerchi, the Comtesse de Fiesque's daughter, died, it was said that the mother did not know whether to laugh or cry. Bussy-Rabutin surmises that "her fun was dearer to her than her children."

Of another courtier, one who was such by nature, and long identified with the etiquette of public royal ceremonies, — that Duc de Richelieu of whom Madame

de Sévigné has so much to say, — Madame Cornuel thought, "The duke *has* a good heart, but to administer so good a heart some judgment is required."

The Marquis d'Alleuys having recently paid her a visit, she remarked that he "looked like a dead man, and so changed that I was on the point of asking him if he had permission of the grave-digger to go to town."

Poor M. Jeanin de Castille, whom Bussy-Rabutin so cruelly ridiculed, Madame Cornuel said had been "born dead."

She wickedly hinted that the brave Marshal Duras, who commanded at Philipsburg, "was like an almanac, — he made so many predictions that he must sometimes hit the truth."

Madame de Lionne, wife of the secretary of state, Mazarin's most accomplished pupil in diplomacy, was a woman who would never have been tolerated in any other age or society. Madame Cornuel one day said, when called upon to admire her superb diamond ear-rings, "Ah, madame, your jewels remind me of the bacon in the mouse-trap."

This was the Madame de Lionne whom Madame de Sévigné crossed off her list of acquaintances, and whom society at last forced to retire to a convent, that retreat for assorted sinners. There, alas! she did not experience sanctification and final canonization, according to accepted programme, but she forsook it so soon as the public had forgiven (or forgotten) her misdeeds; and this was not long.

None of the faults and failings of humanity seem to have escaped those keenest eyes; yet Madame Cornuel's comments are those of a shrewd and not unkindly nature, rather than such shafts as poison when they wound. Madame de Sévigné says her bon mots were uttered "with abandon, and with that finest grain of malice which rendered them still more agreeable."

She seldom employed that form of

wit whose point lies in the inversion and torture of words. The spirit of epigram she conceived to be of organic growth, not a phantom materialized for a moment's amusement. Many of her bon mots are more delicately witty than those of Madame de Sévigné. In fact, the latter's brilliance was rather that of refined humor, while Madame Cornuel's wit is as keen as anything to be found in French literature.

The most famous and perhaps the best example of her wit was uttered upon the occasion of the death of France's great, perhaps her greatest, general, Marshal Turenne, who was killed at Salzbach, July 27, 1675. After this event Louis XIV. created eight marshals of France to repair the country's loss. Madame Cornuel called them "the small change for Turenne."

M. Gault-de-Saint-Germain says it is astonishing that this exquisite mot should have escaped Madame de Sévigné's notice, who was so fond of securing these airy nothings to inclose in her letters to Provence. Monmerqué, trying to supply the omission, quotes Madame de Sévigné herself as saying that "the king had changed a *louis d'or* into pieces of four *sous*." But her later editor calls this brusque compared with the *spirituelle* character of the Cornuel epigram, "which," he says, "has the tone of good society, and will never be forgotten."

Although in seventeenth-century France wit would have been considered tasteless and dull, if always and altogether free from double-entendre or doubtful suggestion, the bon mots of Madame Cornuel seem to wear the conventional coarseness as the fashionable dress of the day was worn, as a disguise, a mask, a mantle, which concealed nature even while it adorned it.

What license was permitted in the society of that day may be evidenced by the more familiar letters to her daughter of Madame de Sévigné, that thoroughly pure-souled, refined woman, — letters

which are found only in the complete editions of the correspondence, and carefully excluded from *Lettres Choiesies*. One wishes some fine prophetic modern perception of delicacy had been vouchsafed to the charming letter-writer and to the brilliant *bel esprit*. But there is enough on record of the true, uncontaminated mind of both women to show what lurked beneath disguise.

It is not necessary to revive these dead and forgotten epigrams to prove the quality of that keen wit which has lost its charm of immodesty for us nineteenth-century Anglo-Saxons. In 1670, they were most eagerly repeated, but we can, without their help, appreciate the esprit without reanimating the body of sin.

To explain many of Madame Cornuel's most witty comments upon current events requires that each mot be set in its appropriate surrounding of time and place and circumstance, making a little *historiette* for each.

It was she who gave the name of "Les Importants" to the cabal of that fair-haired darling of the people, the Duc de Beaufort, because "they were always saying they were going upon an affair of importance." The title clung to them for all time. Pasquinade, epigram, lampoon, assailed this party, whose opposition to the court was occasioned by the arrest and imprisonment of the son of the Vendômes for his championship of the oppressed queen of Louis XIII. Its second grievance was perhaps deeper, when the queen, become regent, turned her back upon the friends who had suffered in her cause, having no present need of their services. In return they gave her the Fronde, which turned out the sequel of Les Importants.

Of the best known squib upon this subject the following is a stanza: —

"Courir jour et nuit par la rue,
Sans affaire et sans dessein,
Faire aux farces le pied de grue,
Trancher du petit souverain ;

Avoir des brigands à sa suite,
Contrefaire les capitans,
Et des premiers prendre la fuite,
C'est ce que font Les Importants.

Fuir la vertu, suivre le vice,
Parler et rire à contretemps,
Au roi ne rendre aucune service,
C'est ce que font Les Importants."

Madame Cornuel called the Jansenists "Les Importants spirituels."

Another fruitful theme for epigram was the bloodless conquest of France's monarch by the discarded king of England, James II. Driven from his kingdom by the righteous wrath of his subjects, he landed in France in 1689, and was received in royal state and paid royal honors by Louis XIV.

"Le bel âme du roi se plait à jouer ce grand rôle," wrote some loyal ninny. Alas! all the woes which fell upon that sunny land of France at the opening of the next century may be traced in direct sequence to "ce grand rôle" of the king. Voltaire, too, said of this reception, "Never had our king appeared so great." James's brother, the equally detestable but more fortunate Charles, second of his name, had prophesied that he would not even make a good saint. The king of England used to say that James would lose his kingdom through zeal for religion, and his soul through love for base pleasures, since his taste rejected those of a refined nature.

The ex-king was soon established in the palace of Saint-Germain as a visiting sovereign, with a large pension, a royal household and court. "Old and tired" the curious pronounced him; the queen, "pale, with eyes that have wept much, but beautiful and black."

There were not wanting French eyes clear sighted enough to pierce the shallow waters of King James's mind. Louvois said, "There is a man who has left three kingdoms for a mass." The Paris populace received with acclamations so convenient a hook upon which to hang a jest. Madame de Sévigné, never among

the dim of vision, reports, "The king has a common mind; he relates all that has passed in England with an insensibility which kills one's sensibility for him. A good enough man, who takes part in all the pleasures of Versailles." At a later period, when the ex-king, dispatched to the ill-fated campaign in Ireland, with all the magnificence of a holiday regatta-fleet, was, *en route*, entertained in Brittany by the Duc de Chaulnes, governor of the province, Madame de Sévigné marveled that "he ate, this king of England, as if there were no Prince of Orange in the world."

Speedy and abundant was the crop of depreciatory verse which sprang in ground so meet for culture. It was said of the palace of Saint-Germain:—

"T is here that James the Second, king
Sans mistress, premier, everything,
Goes every day to early mass,
To preaching every night, alas!"

And thus his life passed, numbering *Ave Marias* on his beads.

Madame Cornuel said of him that "the Holy Ghost has eaten up his intellect, on account of his imbecility and his devotion."

There was a lampoon upon this theme, whose bitter satire is untranslatable, its point lying in the French rhymes:—

"Quand je veux rimer à Guillaume
Je trouve aussitôt un royaume,
Qu'il a su mettre sous les lois;
Mais quand je veux rimer à Jacques,
J'ai beau rêver, mordre mes doigts,
Je trouve qu'il a fait ses Pâques."

A much-quoted epigram of Madame Cornuel's was upon the appointment of the Marquis de Seignelai as minister to the king, upon the death of his father, Colbert, in 1689. The marquis was then only thirty-six years old, and Madame Cornuel, returning from Versailles, where Maintenon reigned, a queen uncrowned, said, "I have seen strange things,—love at the tomb, and ministers in the cradle."

De Seignelai never outgrew his youth,

but died when thirty-seven years old. On his death, his estate of Sceaux, embellished by the owner's taste for the fine arts, which had been cultivated during prolonged residence in Italy, was sold, and its beautiful pictures were scattered. Madame de Sévigné tells of a splendid fête, to which the famous one at Vaux, which sealed the doom of Fouquet, was but a village festival. When the end came, suddenly and ill timed, she exclaims, "What youth! what future! what possessions! Nothing wanting to his happiness! It would seem as if splendor itself were now dead."

Of all the magnificence of Sceaux, whose glory flamed up anew as scene of the little court of the Duchesse du Maine, nothing now remains save a solitary pedestal surmounted by a statue, mutilated and defaced. That other home of De Seignelai, the tomb in St. Eustache's church, masterpiece of Coysevox and Tubi, and executed from designs by Charles le Brun, has remained uninjured through the long succession of years of change and destruction.

Perhaps no public event in France during the reign of Louis le Grand gave rise to so many epigrams as did the king's rash creation of a large batch of chevaliers of the order of the Saint Esprit, in 1689. The full history of these appointments has probably never been made public. The wheel within wheel of royal diplomacy, of which, in its foreign relations, the state archives have preserved the record, makes it impossible to ascertain the tactics of the king. So curiously mixed was the list of candidates that in more than one instance the ribbon, when offered, was declined. We may be sure that Louis neither forgot nor forgave such insult.

Madame Cornuel said, "I do not know why the king is supposed not to love Paris, in view of the number of bourgeois chevaliers he has created."

Disputing one day with the Comte de Choiseul on the subject of these promo-

tions, she cried, "Take care, or I will nominate *your* comrades."

The order of the Saint Esprit was instituted by Henri III. to detach his nobles from the Huguenot party; no Protestants being admitted to membership therein.

Madame de Sévigné's lively account of the ceremony of investiture with the badge of the order, which took place at Versailles, January, 1689, has been so read and re-read, as a typical specimen of her style and talent for humorous description, that many of us are as familiar with the incidents of that *jour des rois* as if we too had been present with the court.

We know how the naked knees of the Maréchal de Bellefonds amused and amazed an audience unwonted to Highland garb, he having forgotten to tie down his *chausses de pays* with the necessary ribbons; and we see in vision M. de la Trousse, in all his splendor, with that unlucky wig awry and revealing what it should conceal, in spite of frantic efforts on the wearer's part to drag it into place.

Nor do we forget that encounter between M. de Montchevreuil and M. de Villars, who hooked themselves inextricably together, with such fury that lace, swords, ribbons, became interlaced, embarrassed, entangled. "All the little ultimate atoms" (*atomes crochés*) "which, according to Epicurus, form the elementary particles of matter and of all organized being, were so interlocked that no living hand could separate them; and the more they were meddled with, the more complicated grew the problem."

Through those delightful eyes of Madame de Sévigné, so penetrating, so bright, yet so softly sympathizing, we see all the ceremony, thus absurdly interrupted, and behold the climax, when chevalier from chevalier was rudely torn, the victor carrying off the spoils of gold lace and silver ribbon.

We do not wonder that Madame la

Dauphine cannot restrain her laughter at the good Hocquincourt, attired *à la Provençal* or *à la mode de Bretagne*, with those fatal chausses de pays, less roomy than desirable, and refusing to conceal the white undergarment. How fruitlessly he tugs at it, how vainly he entreats it to lie *perdu*!

It was a queer assemblage, the king's Chevaliers du Saint Esprit! The Comte de la Vauguyon, one of the number, was of humble birth, and rose to this elevated station through the good services of a *femme de chambre* of the queen mother.

Of M. de la Vauguyon and M. de Courtenay, Madame Cornuel said, upon their promotion, "The difference between them is that one can't have what he wants, and the other has what he does n't want."

Even Madame la Comtesse was moved to poetic expression, and in a burst of impromptu verse exclaimed:—

"Le roi dont la bonté le met à mille épreuves,
Pour soulager les chevaliers nouveaux,
En a dispensé vingt de porter des manteaux
Et trente de faire leur preuves."

The great Colbert himself was at times the butt of Madame Cornuel's wit. Being one day obliged to seek an audience of him, she became out of patience with his well-known and most annoying habit of never replying or giving mark of attention to what was addressed to him. "At least, sir," she begged, "have the goodness to give me some sign that you hear me." Detained in his antechamber, which was crowded to excess by persons seeking interview with the minister, she said she thought she "must be in hell,—it was so warm, and everybody appeared to be so discontented."

Madame Cornuel was treated with extraordinary rudeness by Berryer, lieutenant of police, in 1676, and obliged to await audience in a room filled with lackeys. A respectable man, entering, expressed his fears that she was very

uncomfortable. She replied, "Alas! I am well enough off *here*, since they are only his lackeys. I am not afraid of *them*."

On the occasion of the failure of the Abbé Polignac to bring with him from Rome the expected bulls to the Gallican Church, which the dying Pope Alexander VIII. was coquetting with death to avoid sending, Madame Cornuel said, "Ce ne sont pas des bulles. Ce sont des préambules,"—a bon mot whose point is lost in translation.

This Pope, dying at last, left all his personal fortune to his nephews, whereupon Pasquin said, "It would have been much better for the Church to be his niece than his daughter."

It is curious to note how much of contemporary history is connected with fashion and its nomenclature.

La palatine, a fichu of lace or muslin, took its name from the sturdy German Palatine princess, second wife of Monsieur, only brother of Louis XIV. Courageous, upright, neglected, unattractive, she was the secret critic of the court and commentator upon its manners; and her shocked sense of propriety, in view of the unveiled bosoms of the French ladies, is perpetuated in the name of this "airy nothing."

The *fontange* was so called from the beautiful, soulless Duchesse de Fontange, Louis XIV.'s last broken plaything. Her lovely locks of gold becoming loosened, on a hunting-party, the favorite bound the ringlets with her ribbon garter, their ends falling over her forehead in a shower of tiny curls. This improvised head-dress, christened *fontange* by the enamored king, became the fashion of the day, and, spreading to the provinces, was there carried to extravagant lengths. Women in Provence grew so infatuated with their beribboned ringlets that they made dying requests to be allowed to lie upon the bier with face uncovered and locks *à la fontange*.

Madame de Sévigné says, in a letter

to her daughter, "How stupid these women are, living or dead! It disgusts me with dying in Provence. Give me your word that you will not send for the hair-dresser for me when you fetch the undertaker."

Strange to say, long afterwards, the body of Madame de Sévigné was discovered, in the chapel of Castle Grignan, arrayed in the detested style, with be-ribboned hair, à la fontange.

A peculiar fashion of ornamenting the front of the dress with knots and loops of ribbons, called *échelles*, furnished Madame Cornuel with one of her most brilliant epigrams. To explain it requires the setting of a scene in seventeenth-century history.

In 1679, the Marquise de Brinvilliers and her henchwoman, La Voisin, were put on trial, on the charge of, poisoning, before a commission appointed by the king, and called *la chambre ardente*. Historians consider the trial and execution of these criminals as, in the main, just, although doubtless popular excitement exaggerated their guilt. The interest of the case, for us, lies in the accusations brought against some of the most distinguished names in France. Among the clients of Brinvilliers were many, moved by curiosity, who, by visiting her, brought upon themselves arrest, under charge of blackest crime. The most noted of those indicted were Olympia Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons, Marianne Mancini, Duchesse de Bouillon, and the Maréchal de Luxembourg, one of the greatest soldiers of his times. The Comtesse de Soissons, the only one of the three who, judged by subsequent history, could be supposed guilty of the crime charged, being warned of impending arrest, was urged to fly, if guilty. Louis XIV. said to Madame de Carignan, her mother-in-law, "Madame, I am well pleased that Madame la Comtesse has escaped. Perhaps, however, I shall have to give account for it to God and to my people."

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The trial of the other highly-born and over-curious woman was strange enough. The Duchesse de Bouillon was escorted to the court-room by the old and *ennuyéux* husband of whose attempted taking off she was accused. Her haughty mien and audacious answers have become historical, and put an end to further interrogation in her case. But subsequent exile taught the lady the cost of an epigram, and also a trait of character of the magnificent king.

The attitude of the royal commission towards the prisoners, and especially towards M. de Luxembourg, who voluntarily subjected himself to imprisonment and insult unparalleled, would be indeed mysterious but for the admission of La Reynie, lieutenant of police, a member of the commission. A colleague remonstrated with him for having introduced into a trial for attempted poisoning a charge of sorcery, — a crime with which the commission had no authority to deal. "I have my orders," said La Reynie, and, thus speaking, uttered that most terrible indictment against Louis XIV. and Louis's minister, Louvois. It is the gravest charge that history can bring against the Bourbon that, as head of the state, he could thus tamper with justice, and use his almost absolute powers to serve the purposes of personal interest or revenge in thus prejudging an innocent man, whose services to the state were recent and very great. One agrees with Madame Cornuel's remark, upon the conviction of Brinvilliers: "That was well so far, but they should have burnt judges and witnesses too."

La Reynie's wife, on one occasion, wore an "*échelle*" (ladder) trimming upon her gown, and it requires all the previous explanation to understand the savage point of Madame Cornuel's reply when she was called upon to admire it: "I wonder she does not wear the gibbet, too."

Of M. Cornuel there seems so little to be said that the fact of his official

position is almost all of personal history remaining to us.

His brother, President Cornuel, offered to adopt Margot, his niece, but the parents unwisely withdrew her from his care. Madame Cornuel's critic said, with great *naïveté*, "This they did, not foreseeing the great decline in *rentes* on l'Hôtel de Ville, in which M. Cornuel's riches chiefly consisted." President Cornuel would have made Margot his heir; and, in spite of the quarrel between the brothers, she received ten thousand crowns, under her uncle's will.

A solitary anecdote concerning Madame Cornuel's husband outlives the two centuries. When, one day, traveling with two young ladies, the carriage upset, and the party was withdrawn on the brink of a precipice, unharmed, M. Cornuel said, "In two minutes we should all have been of the same age."

Madame Cornuel lived to a great age, dying in 1693, eighty-seven years old. She was epigrammatic to the end. On paying a visit to M. de Montausier, who was very ill, his valet informed her that his master did not receive ladies in his present condition. "Nonsense!" she replied. "There is no question of sex at my age of eighty years."

Her epitaph, long anonymous, is now said to have been written by Titan du Tillet, and is found in the *Recueil des Pièces Curieuses*, published at the Hague in 1694. Its close and climax is an odd commentary upon French society morals. After eulogizing Madame Cornuel's charm of manner and finished grace of speech and discourse "seasoned with Attic salt," the poet sums up all the virtues of her who was visited by all the *élite* of worthy folks thus:—

"In one all attributes to blend,

She was of Ninon's self the friend."

Alas! to translate airy French epigrams into our lumbering, inflexible speech is to prove the truth of Madame de la Fayette's clever saying: "Those stupid translators are like ignorant lackeys,

who change into absurdities the messages with which they are entrusted."

In curious contrast to the vague shadow of Madame Cornuel is the gay, bright, sparkling personality of Madame de Coulanges, esteemed by her contemporaries, says Madame de Caylus, as only second to Madame Cornuel in esprit and in power of delicate epigram.

Yet Madame de Coulanges, while universally credited with witty sayings, has left so few on record that we are forced to take upon the word of her friends that wit which has evaporated in the course of two centuries. But of herself, "the leaf," "the fly," "the sylph," of Madame de Sévigné's playful masquerade, that gay, coquettish being, how vivid the image we receive from the letters of the period! She lives for us in such correspondence rather than in her own letters, which, although always graceful and playful, with an occasional epigrammatic flavor, yet hardly sustain the high reputation they enjoyed among admiring recipients.

Madame de Coulanges was the daughter of M. Gue de Bagnols, a member of the council and intendant at Lyons. She was niece of Madame Le Tellier, and consequently first cousin of Louvois. She was remarkably pretty. Madame de Villiers says no picture could reproduce the charm and vivacity of her countenance; and Madame de Caylus thus describes her: "An agreeable figure and mind, conversation full of brilliant and lively turns, and this style perfectly natural." She married Emmanuel de Coulanges, first cousin of Madame de Sévigné, and this relationship gave rise to the long and close intimacy which existed between the three persons. Coulanges was a *bon vivant*, a professional humorist, who supplied the epigrams (borrowed from other people) and the *chansons* (his own) which entertained the guests at the houses of his noble friends. He eulogized the

châteaux, the estates, the company, the good cheer; nothing exciting, on the whole, his genius more powerfully than the food of which he was the panegyrist. Take, for example, his triolet beginning,—

“Quel bœuf, quel veau, et quel mouton !”

As he says, with a fine burst of feeling, “There is nothing to equal a stomach that digests.”

It is marvelous that a woman of Madame de Coulanges’s fine spiritual fibre could have married a man who has been called “the epicurean pig.” Horace Walpole once exclaimed, indignantly, “You seem to take me for Coulanges, you describe eatables so feelingly !” La Bruyère sums up the sad results of such a life as that of the gay, *insouciant* Coulanges : “In general he who amuses the company does not make himself either loved or esteemed.”

In the days of Madame de Coulanges’s youth she entertained the true butterfly idea of life. When the Princesse des Ursins is appointed to great honor in Spain, Madame de Coulanges wonders how, at the age of sixty-five years, there can be anything left to enjoy. “I never, in comedies, fancied the elderly people, and the distaste clings to me in the theatre of the world.”

She was a member of that coterie to which Mesdames de Sévigné, de la Fayette, and de Sablé belonged, but her firm friendship with them was but one phase of her life. Through her intimacy with Madame de Maintenon, and possibly by reason of her connection with the Le Tellier family, she was established on a most desirable standing at court, and esteemed one of its most brilliant members. When the Dauphine, the bride of Monseigneur, arrived in Paris, in 1680, she expressed immediate and earnest desire to see Madame de Coulanges; telling her that she knew her already by her letters, and, having heard much of her personally, wished to judge for her-

self. Madame de Sévigné, who relates this incident, says that Madame de Coulanges sustained her reputation and blazed with epigrams. After dinner she was admitted to the cabinet, which implied great familiarity. Her friend adds, “But where can it lead? If not always thus honored, what heart-burnings !”

But Madame de Coulanges did sustain for many years the reputation she had acquired, and was the one person whose presence added the crowning joy to festivity. Her beauty, her wit, her joy in life, that very *insouciance* which banished, in her society, all thought of serious things, made her the pet, the idol, of a court which was used to enjoy and then discard all lovely things when the charm of novelty had vanished. Something of this she doubtless experienced, but it was after failing health had compelled her retirement from the favor she so long enjoyed. Madame de Sévigné finally said of her, “If she is attached to that country, the court, it is for the fleeting pleasure she gets there; she is not in the least the dupe of the sort of tenderness and friendship dispensed there.” She herself asserts, with some bitterness, in relation to a misunderstanding, “You do not know the court, if you think a note of justification will be read there, a note even of two lines, no matter what its importance.”

Madame de Coulanges had much native dignity, and would appear never to have traded upon her opportunities. Both her husband and herself would have gladly added to their small fortune, but her friends “gave her nothing but flattery and caresses.” She said, “I am more obliged to M. de Louvois for what he has *not* done than for the contrary.”

She was easily first for wit combined with personal charm in a society where such qualities held chief place. “*Finesse* and delicacy of thought distinguished her; always ready, appropriate, adorning with her own peculiar grace the veriest airy trifles, wrapping up the idea in the

thinnest disguise of cut filigree paper, the true genius of *sous-entendre* and double-meaning." So subtle were her turns of speech that her biographer remarks, "Flattery from her seemed dressed in thorns, and malice to be sugar-coated."

As a letter-writer she became famous even before and above the women of that time who have acquired greater reputation. M. Gault-de-Saint-Germain says there is no doubt that in this respect she was ranked more highly than Madame de Sévigné herself, and that the majority of persons acquainted with the style of both women would not have hesitated to give the palm to Madame de Coulanges; yet how inexplicable appears this verdict! Her personal charm shone for her contemporaries through phrase and expression, recalling the writer's grace and beauty; but this has vanished for us, and with clearer vision we reverse the seventeenth-century decision. Her friend, Madame de Sévigné, often writes of her odd and annoying epistolary habits. Her letters were written upon small bits of paper, which were called "sibylline leaves," *feuilles volantes*, and she insists that they interrupted the thread of the story, until "elles me font enrager. Je m'y brouille à tout moment. Je ne sais plus où j'en suis." Coulanges, on the contrary, liked "good sheets of paper, like those of our fathers' days, with easy room for details." Madame de Coulanges wrote like everybody else in the France of that day, in a sharp, thin, straggling hand. The Princesse de Tarente took time for writing; or would have done so, could she have found things always mislaid. "She mends her pens; her letters are a sort of embroidery, not done in a moment, with fine twirls and twists to the *D's* and *L's*." These ornaments were called the *lacs d'amour*. Coulanges once said, "I am revenged for all the bad jokes she [madame] has indulged in at my expense by the well-

founded hope that her correspondent can never read them."

The letters, when written, were "sealed on both sides, and tied with a bit of white floss silk."

Dividing with Madame Cornuel, as we have said, the honors of *bel esprit* en titre, although in the world's final judgment ranked below her, nothing could be more unlike than the character of their wit. Madame Cornuel's, like a blade kept bright by constant use, was keen, sharp, piercing, while Madame de Coulanges's *bon mots* were carefully studied, graceful inversions, a play upon words; French toys, whose dress of language claimed one's attention, perhaps holding it until the delicate spirit of the epigram had escaped. Once wishing to tell Madame de Grignan that she desired her friendship, she said, "I long too much for your reproaches, to merit them." Madame de Sévigné reports of her, when recovering from a severe illness, "The epigrams are beginning again." The Abbé Gobelin, her confessor as well as Madame de Maintenon's, said, "Every sin of that woman is an epigram."

Her *bon mots* were such as formed the current coin of society in her day. M. Gault-de-Saint-Germain says they were circulated by the Abbé Tetu and repeated by Madame de Coulanges's husband until they became flat and pointless.

On the death of Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, she remarked that there were only two trifles in the way of preaching his funeral discourse, — his life and his death. She described the contestants at the siege of Namur as making war very politely, and killing each other with the utmost good humor.

"Les passions sont horribles. Je ne les ai jamais tant haï que depuis qu'elles ne sont plus à mon usage. Cela est heureux."

In speaking of a friend whom she felt had deserted her, she said, "Ce

n'est pas la voir [the beloved one] que de s'en souvenir," which is a very good example of Madame de Coulanges's delicate humor. It was designed for an audience whose serious life-business it was to retail epigrams, when they could not make them, and who had exhausted the meanings to be evolved from word and phrase. The electric spark passed from lip to consciousness, emphasized and enlightened by sparkling eye, by smiling mouth, by speaking countenance. What can we make of that brilliant Psyche of wit, that butterfly pinned to the page of centuries-old story?

Coulanges well describes the humor of his day in speaking of bon mots "each more delicate and more *Françaises* than the other."

Madame de Coulanges was no doubt "coquette," a word in the vocabulary of the day almost synonymous with "pretty woman." Among her admirers were the absent-minded Brancas, Abbé Tetu, that Gallic Paul Pry, La Fare, and her cousin, the Marquis de la Trousse, with whom her friendship was strictly platonic, although the cause of great uneasiness to the gentleman's wife.

In 1676 she had a severe illness, when her life was in danger. In her delirium she reproached herself with strange expressions of condemnation, begging her husband's forgiveness with a passion of penitence which startled and perplexed her friends. It was like firing a cannon over still waters, bringing to the surface the evidence of crime which those quiet depths had held concealed. She was never "the leaf," "the fly," "the sylph," after that troubling of the waters, although not of the stuff of which *dévotés* are made.

Madame de Sévigné's letters contain all the details of this illness, which attacked Madame de Coulanges and her young lady-in-waiting, Beaujeu, with premonitory chills, at Versailles. We have not far to look for the cause, remembering the army of victims which

fell to celebrate, in true barbaric style, the magnificent king's triumph over nature in the creation of that palace and gardens. The two poor women underwent a terrible ordeal by doctors, and were promptly and frequently bled. The treatment — emetics, bleeding, sacraments — killed poor Beaujeu, while her mistress survived. "It is not so easy to die as one thinks." Madame de Coulanges returned from the dead, with that strange half-awakening, that is yet half-dreaming, which the Lazaruses bring back into this present world from their vision of the unseen. Writing to Madame de Grignan, she says, "Perhaps you would like to hear a bit of news from the other world. I am glad to be no longer dead, since you return this winter. I am in your house. I could not endure the house or bed where I was dead."

In the lapse of years Madame de Coulanges's friendship with Madame de Maintenon grew cool. Little by little, the court and its vanities were appreciated by her at their true value. She was temporarily infected by the mania for devotion, which, however, in her case proved only a *relevé*, while to so many others it formed the chief and only course. Her friendship with Ninon de l'Enclos, who numbered not a few virtuous women among her intimates, grew stronger as time went on. In 1698, she said, "The women run after Ninon now as folks of another kind ran after her formerly. How can people help hating old age, with such an example!"

But as time drew this reluctant victim towards the dreaded period of old age, it brought her, too, its own peculiar healing. Gradually and willingly her hand dropped the objects of her strong desire. Her period of devotion, her friends said, meant "giving a few hours less to the great world, and some hours more to her church or director." Her friends were horrified when, after a disastrous fire which drove the Coulanges from

their home, they took an apartment in the Temple, Rue des Tournelles, where her *media-noctu* of life was passed. A coterie, whose members were certainly a survival of the fittest of her wide circle of friends, still surrounded her with delicate flattery and assiduous attention, applauding her half-sad, half-mocking tirades against time and circumstance. A tender melancholy tinged her reminiscences of former pleasures; a *souçon* of malice gave point to her reflections upon court life.

Of Massillon, whose preaching at court had been extraordinarily successful, she said, "One sows in ungrateful soil, often, in sowing in the court; that is to say, people who are much touched by sermons are already converted, and others are waiting for grace. Often they wait without impatience, where impatience would be a great grace."

And again, "Ah, how could one wish to begin again all the visiting days; troubling one's self with events which do not concern one, alert as to journeys to Marly, treating them seriously, going to one side to speak of them with an air of gravity which makes people laugh who see things as they are!"

"T is the world, — that world which I think I love no more. Heaven grant that I do not deceive myself."

"My taste for solitude increases, or at least for small companies."

With years came also illness and a long period of invalidism. A curious picture of seventeenth-century medicine might be formed from the letters of the Coulanges. The wife's anomalous disease, for which classification was vainly sought, was evidently a trouble of the stomach, and "to establish the stomach" was the confessed aim of the doctors of the day. Madame de la Fayette congratulated herself upon having a fever for which a name was found. But Madame de Coulanges was never so happy. Many a quack fished in the depths of uncertainty, hoping to bring up some-

thing unmistakable upon which to found a diagnosis. Carette, the most notorious empiric of his times, was long physician-in-chief, and had many successors. Coulanges, who says of his wife's ill health, "Cela me donne du chagrin et m'envoie des tristes vapeurs à la tête," fondly dwells upon the number of bottles of Carette's elixir which Madame de Coulanges had taken. Carette gave place to Helvetius, and the patient survived them all, — doctors and their elixirs; outlived even her rosy little husband, of whom she said, "As my years increase, his diminish, so that I am now old enough to be his mother."

But, after all, Madame de Coulanges seems to have enjoyed in some degree this life, in spite of that invalidism, which, as in so many other cases, served as excuse for the non-performance of disagreeable duties. It was said of her that "feeble health, the natural and expected neglect of the court, loss of beauty, small means, did not embitter her. The more she put aside the world, the more it wanted her." Her house was still full of people, all giving advice, and in fact it was playfully called *ce bureau d'adresse*. In 1695, she writes: —

"No family, thanks to God, a distaste for fatiguing occupations, years a plenty, tolerably bad health, — all this keeps me in my chimney corner, with a pleasure which I prefer to all others which appear more sensible."

So attractive was her *salon* that Barillon, returned from his embassy in England, and spending the evening of his days by the chimney corners of his friends, said to Madame de Coulanges, "Madame, your house pleases me. I shall come here every evening when I am tired of my family." To which she replied, "Sir, I shall expect you to-morrow."

La Fare was one of the coterie for a time, but he left her as he left the Marquise de la Sablière, and Madame de Coulanges often said he had deceived her.

In constant attendance was the Abbé Tetu, that busy, important member of society, who was long so very young that "every year seemed to take off two." When he last appears in Madame de Coulanges's letters, he is accompanied by a lamentable train of ills.

Another friend was the Comte de Tréville, of whom Bossuet remarked, "He is a man all of a piece, — he has no joints;" a mot which brought out the response, "If I have no joints, he has no bones," in allusion to the bishop's well-known pliability. He was the devoted friend of all the great Jansenists, and wrote much upon disputed theological points, which he refused to make public. In the quiet of Madame de Coulanges's salon he read to a select few his essays on quietism, which his fair audience considered "the most beautiful things in the world," and felt honored in being thus distinguished.

Archbishop Le Tellier, too, came to the Rue des Tournelles, Louvois's brother, who exclaimed, when Fénelon, on receiving the see of Cambrai, gave up his benefices, "Monsieur, vous nous perdez." He was a violent, turbulent man, with a great fancy for good books, of which he collected in Holland and England a library of fifty thousand volumes, which he bequeathed to the abbey of St. Geneviève.

M. de Villeroi was devoted to the fair invalid. He was the subject of eulogy, of detraction, of admiration, of satire. Selected, for elegance of person and courtly grace, to dance with Monseigneur's bride, upon her arrival at Versailles, he acquitted himself so well that Madame de Sévigné wrote, "He danced so well, was so approved, so often talked of, was dressed in such appropriate colors, that one day the father [Louis XIV.], meeting him, said, 'I fear you want to make my son jealous. I advise you not to.'" But as a general he was not so fortunate, as the chanson written upon his reverses proves: —

"Villeroi,
Villeroi,
A très bien servi le roi
— Guillaume, Guillaume."

Saint-Simon says of him, "He was a man made to preside at a ball, to be judge at a *carrousel*, and (if he had had any voice) to have sung at the opera in the parts of kings and heroes. Perfect as to his dress and for setting the fashion, but having nothing else in him." He was styled "*Le Charmant*" by Madame de Coulanges.

The enumeration of the *habitués* of that salon in the Temple, adorned with Emmanuel de Coulanges's questionable collection of paintings, would be tedious. Among them were Brancas, the *distrain*, and Corbinelli, who, beginning his career by a disastrous connection with the affair of "the forged letter," which procured the Marquis de Vardes years of exile, was now the intimate friend and handy philosopher of the Sévigné coterie; La Rochefoucauld, who had given up war and intrigue for the placid composing of maxims in the society of sympathizing and clever women; the Cardinal d'Estrées, whose subsequent career in Spain and in Rome involved such a course of secret diplomacy and intrigue; "*Le bel Orondate*," which name had been given the Marquis de Villars on account of his good looks and fine manners. These men, with that brilliant galaxy of women who were so closely united, not only by sympathy of tastes, but by warmest personal friendship, made Madame de Coulanges's circle a representative one, embracing all that was best and brightest in the society of the day.

Meanwhile, M. Emmanuel de Coulanges led a life oddly distinct from that of his wife, although there was plenty of polite deference on the part of each for the other's tastes. She views him, his chansons, his raptures, his marvelous appetite, with a smile, half amused, half superior. "I found," she

writes, "on my return, an elderly child, surrounded by playthings and absorbed in delighted contemplation of his dolls." "I have nothing to present to him but an aged face, nothing new to show him; there is nothing unexpected to discover."

Coulanges felt for his wife an admiring friendship and that delicate anxiety proper to a husband *comme il faut*. Of her health he writes, "Her condition orders my journeys, and is my first solicitude, — a duty I am careful never to fail in; but it is she who begs me to go my own way, and my part is to walk therein prudently."

Thus gayly discharging his domestic duties, he speeds away to visit his better lodged noble friends. He said of himself, "*Je suis né pour le superflu, et jamais pour le nécessaire.*" And with that taste for *les poissons nobles* to which he confesses, he departs to Saint-Martin, estate of the Cardinal de Bouillon, with only the longing regret that Madame de Coulanges cannot see how much more he is at home there than the master of the house; and to Choisy — once Mademoiselle's beloved home, and exchanged for Meudon by her heir, the Grand Dauphin of France — he goes with Madame de Louvois, whom Coulanges calls "his other wife." There he appears as her *aide*, or first gentleman-in-waiting. Or, possibly, he goes to Chaulnes, where the duke and duchess, with his help, keep high state.

It was said that Coulanges's friends would never aid him in maintaining a table of his own, lest he fail to grace their boards. Even of his supernumerary spouse he says, "With all the tenderness in the world for me, the *beaux yeux de la cassette* so dazzle Madame de Louvois that she never sees the little presents she might make me." And with resignation he adds, "*Il faut s'en consoler, et mourir heureux au milieu de l'indigence.*" Thus, with true epicurean philosophy, he pursues his royal progress from château to château, and

writes to Madame de Sévigné letters so wonderfully detailed and picturesque that we almost assist ourselves at the splendors of high life in the seventeenth century. As a specimen of society at that period, he gives an amusing picture in his description of a fête given in Paris by the Duc de Chaulnes: —

"Meanwhile, the dirty spoons were collecting upon the plates, which had been used for one purpose or another; and having, unluckily, called for a *vive*, Madame de Saint-Germain put one of the finest on a plate to send me. I in vain declined sauce, but the lady, assuring me that the sauce was indispensable to the fish, deluged it with the liquid three times, with the help of the spoon fresh from her lovely mouth. Madame de la Salle never served a thing save with her ten fingers. In a word, I never saw more filth, and our good duke was dirtier than all the rest."

He sums up his calendar thus: "The house I know least of is that of Madame de Coulanges, which has its attractions, too."

Thus the tranquil years went on. Madame de Sévigné died, and Coulanges substituted as correspondent the Marquise d'Uxelles, classified as *femme amiable*, the ex-mistress of Louvois. Madame de Coulanges, up to 1704, wrote to Madame de Grignan letters which have been preserved. In the last of these she speaks of the visits of the Cardinal d'Estrées, and says she had been so impolite as to ask him not to carry them to so great an extreme. "My antiquity does not permit me to entertain company after nine o'clock in the evening, and our cardinal, who is more active and young than ever, does not trouble himself to find out what the hour is." Her friends were ceasing to pay her court for urgent reasons of their own, — rheumatism, violent dysentery, cruel colics, *très douloureux cancer*, gout, swollen limbs, and physicians, whether Carette, or Chambon, or that mysterious

Swiss who was credited with killing two patients of rank. These were causes against which protest was vain. When Madame de Sévigné died, Madame de Coulanges said, "I have no friend left." "Je ne m'en consolerais jamais. J'y pense sans fin et sans cesse." The Abbé Tetu, who was "really too young," found youth escape him and woes accumulate, until he became "like Job upon his dunghill." "It is like dwelling alone upon earth to see all whom one has known disappear. This only is certain, — no one will be here long." "On ne peut tenir à trop peu de choses."

But although "I am more solitary than ever, and believe I shall retire to some little desert, for the future is short for me," there were still habitués, old and new, of the salon of the Coulanges and of the old château of Ormessen, which became their country house. That new world of the court, which arose on the ashes of the old with the advent of the charming Duchesse de Bourgogne, is pictured in these later letters, and the interest attaching to the well-known names is carried forward to sons and daughters.

Madame de Coulanges lived until 1723, but after the death of Madame de Grignan, in 1705, there is no personal record. Coulanges, who died in 1716, wrote to the Marquise d'Uxelles, in 1705, a most characteristic letter, in which he incidentally mentioned, "Madame de Coulanges me tiennent fort au cœur," and that is the last record we have of her. She had repeated, in her customary half-jesting strain of moralizing, in her own last letter, "I find myself alone remaining of all the persons with whom I have passed my life. I dwell in solitude, and my existence is very far removed from that of the world." But after this there were still nineteen years of that old age which Madame de Coulanges so dreaded. Perhaps it is fortunate that silence rests on that last period. Now, though there is no pictured face to recall "the leaf," "the sylph," in living beauty, yet she is brought so vividly before us, if not through what she reveals of herself, still by her friends' voices, that it is difficult to remember, of a being so feminine, so graceful, so modern, that she lived and wrote and died nearly two centuries ago.

Ellen Terry Johnson.

FELICIA.

IV.

IN her leisure moments, of which she enjoyed some superfluity, Felicia meditated much on the unexpected interview in the Park, and in the course of the next week she evolved the idea that it would be desirable to draw out cousin Robert on the subject of the Kennetts, father and son. This astute design was frustrated. Hearing nothing from him or his wife, she undertook a pilgrimage to the Rectory. The fat old dog on the portico gave a gentle wheeze of recogni-

tion and a tap or two with his tail. As the bell clamored through the house, it had an indefinably hollow sound, and the maid appeared promptly at the door.

"I'm thankful to see you, Miss Felicia!" she exclaimed. "I'm too lunsome to live, with nobody to speak to but the old dog. You didn't know Mrs. Raymond was gone, yet alreatty? Oh, yes'm, since Chewsdays. She'd a telegram that her uncle Lucian is sick up in the country at his house, where her maw is visitin' him. An' her maw is worn out nursin' him. So Mrs.

Raymond left right away already. An' yesterday, Mr. Raymond got another gentleman to take the church next Sunday, an' went himselluf. They never wrote to you, ain't it? Mebbe they forgot it; they was so confused in their minds."

She looked at Felicia benignly from beneath her fluffy flaxen bangs, that innocently exaggerated the fashion, and almost obscured her blue eyes.

"Ach — how be-eu-ti-ful yez are the day!" she cried, rapturously. From the Irish cook at her last place she had secured certain choice idioms, which she had engrafted upon her German dialect with a unique effect that appealed delightfully to Felicia's sense of humor.

Our young lady returned home in puzzled cogitation. She realized that it was possible for Hugh Kennett to make rapid strides in forming acquaintance; in a few more such interviews as their last meeting, similar progress would place him on a footing of close friendship. She desired much to know who he was, what was his place in life, what were his surroundings, his associations, — not so much because of any distinct interest in him as from the wish to relinquish no element of entertainment, and yet to conform to that Mede and Persian law which she had prescribed for her own guidance in such matters.

Shortly after this episode, the young architect, who had been a conspicuous guest on the occasion of the "evening," called at her brother's house. Mrs. Hamilton, actuated by the unwritten but stringent law which, in her own girlhood days, in her village home, conceded the unmarried guest to the entertainment of the young lady of the family, conscientiously conjured up a headache, and Felicia received the visitor alone. There was nothing particularly unacceptable in this young man, whose name was Grafton. He was a little didactic, and not a little conceited; but he was a gentleman; he had fair abilities, and had en-

joyed good opportunities of cultivating them. His mistake was the not unusual mistake of intolerance. His misfortune was that he did not possess what might be called a sense of divination. He could not vicariously experience emotions, apprehend a train of unexpressed thought, or intuitively attribute the correct intention to a phraseology capable of more than one interpretation. Felicia also was intolerant; and, although she had plenty of imagination, her stock of patience was scanty. She thought it possible that she could construe Mr. Grafton's deeper nature if she should give herself to the effort, but she did not deem it worth the trouble; she preferred to translate him through the surface medium of manner and the casual chat of the evening. He seemed to her very unresponsive, self-absorbed, prone to misunderstandings, and almost morbidly appreciative of platitudes. An older woman, of equal mental qualities, or a coquette, might have found entertainment in drawing him out as an exponent of his class, or as a possible victim. Felicia had little interest in types of this sort, and was too proud — or, it may be, too vain — to be definitely and of set purpose a coquette. It must be confessed, however, that, although she would not attempt Alfred Grafton's scalp to wear as a trophy, she did not fail to sharpen the knife, — in other words, she deemed it incumbent upon her to make his call agreeable; this obligation, according to her code, she owed to herself. He could not in reason find fault with her graceful cordiality. At first, he was inclined unreasonably to object to it as insincere. Later, his self-love came to the rescue, and he wondered if this suavity might not be susceptible of a different explanation. Many a man of twenty-four would have thawed under the geniality of this suspicion; but Grafton's nature was one of those which, accepting the most flattering concessions as tribute, do this with a certain grudging, a certain

objection, as if on guard against being surprised into benignity, cajoled, got the better of, in some inscrutable way. It is impossible to say what Felicia would have thought, could she have divined how egregiously he mistook her smile over her big, pretty, gently swaying fan, her gracious eyes, her vivacity, her affability, — that he fancied she was trying to fascinate him. What she did think was something like this: “It is a pity he is such a stick. He is rather good looking: his eyes are set too far back, but they are hazel and well cut; his face is somewhat narrow. Still, he looks refined and intelligent, and as if he ought not to be so terrifically tiresome.”

They talked a little of the weather, and Felicia inveighed against the dust.

“It gives one a taste of martyrdom,” she declared. “St. Simeon Sisanites of Syria needn’t have gone on the top of a column in order to be wretched enough to found a sect of Stylites, if he had lived here. And those watering-carts are only an aggravation. One expects so much of them and gets so little.”

“I think the street-watering system is perhaps as good here as elsewhere,” he replied, looking at her with that expression by which a capable adept can thoroughly chill a conversation without being tangibly rude.

She wondered if she had said anything particularly objectionable; if he had any interest in the matter, — a contract, for instance, to supply the lumbering carts to the city, or the horses. She remembered that he was an architect; for all she knew, the city gave such contracts to architects. Cousin Robert might have mentioned other things she was afraid of learning, besides politics.

It was with a distinct intention of recompensing a possible slight that she smiled upon him now; under these circumstances her smile was very sweet.

“At any rate, this place has many attractions,” she said, “notwithstanding the dust. The parks are lovely, and the

public buildings are so interesting. I suppose the architecture is very fine,” she added, vaguely.

“The architecture is very bad,” he declared, unexpectedly, — “atrociously bad.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Indeed? I had fancied the reverse the case. But I confess I know nothing about architecture. A young lady is lucky in not being expected to take, as Lord Bacon did, all knowledge for her province.”

“Is not her education expected to teach her something about everything?” he asked; and with him a question could be as didactic as an axiom.

“Oh-h-h — but if it does that, she will be a *bas bleu*!” Felicia cried, making her eyes large, and intimating that this was a dreadful thing.

“I feel assured,” he persisted, seriously, “that it is a woman’s duty and privilege to be thoroughly well informed.”

Her eyes resumed their normal dimensions, and into them came a slight expression of weariness. It seemed to her that it would be difficult to conjure what she called *esprit* into this conversation.

“I am one of those who hold that sex should be no disqualification in education,” he continued. “I maintain that women should share higher education equally with men.”

“I should think women would find it rather *ennuyant*,” said Felicia, with a smile.

“Why do you use foreign words?” he asked. He seemed sensible that she might object to this, for he went on, with some suggestion of the manner of conciliation, “I think we have English words that express that idea.”

“Oh, I will talk English, if you prefer, — or American, even!” exclaimed Felicia, with her light laughter, which was now a trifle forced.

The next hour was, perhaps, the most laborious she had ever known; it was not only the fact of uncongeniality, — it

was the necessity to gracefully concede. She found it desirable to maintain a proposition to a certain point, and then relinquish it scientifically, — not too suddenly, — with the judicious amount of argument necessary to keep up the similitude of interest. This is exhausting intellectual exercise, and also a trial to the temper. She wondered why he did not go. The truth was, the reason their talk tired her was the reason it interested him; then, that flattering suspicion afforded a certain agreeable titillation, notwithstanding his stern determination not to be subtly overreached. He did not grow genial, but he was satisfied. He was having what she would have called a good time.

It was abruptly terminated. There came by degrees the roll of rapidly advancing wheels. All at once they stopped in front of the house. There was a sound of quick, light steps, the bell was rung, and, when the front door was opened, a voice, asking for Miss Hamilton, invaded the silence of the hall.

Grafton noticed that, at the first tone of the voice, Felicia turned her head; her color deepened; her expression was expectant. In another moment a gentleman appeared on the threshold. For a second he stood motionless, as he glanced about him; then his eye fell on the young lady, who had risen, smiling. He darted toward her, tucking, with incredible deftness and quickness, his crush hat under his arm, and holding out both hands.

"My dear f-r-r-iend," he cried, joyously, "how enchanted I am to see you!"

He was so swift, so vivacious, so unexpected, so foreign, that his entrance was as incongruous as if he were a flash of lightning; and a veritable flash of lightning could hardly have demolished more abruptly Mr. Grafton's measured enjoyment of the evening and his flattering little theory of the young lady's favor. Was it like this, he wondered,

that she looked at the man she loved? Her eyes, — how lucent they were, how dark with feeling; how smilingly her beautiful lips had curved; what welcome her face expressed! He looked — and his neutral glance had at length become tinged with a distinct sentiment — at the visitor. He saw a man of thirty six or seven; rather under medium height, in full dress, with auburn hair and mustache, fair complexion, delicately cut features, brilliant blue eyes, a vivacious expression, and an alert and graceful figure. He acknowledged the introduction to Mr. Grafton with a suavity which was at once curiously *empressée* and perfunctory; then he dropped on a sofa beside Felicia.

"And how did I discover you were here, eh? The merest accident, ten minutes since, or I should not have dared to call at this unconscionable hour. Met your brother at the opera — went out after the second act to take a — a — smoke — saw Mr. Hamilton in the crowd — caught him — asked news of you — 'My dear fellow, don't you know she is at my house?'" He vivaciously mimicked John Hamilton's voice and manner, and Felicia burst into a peal of silvery laughter. "So I asked the number of his house — called a carriage — 'Drive as if the furies were after you!' — and *me voici*, eh?"

He gave a great wave of his hand to intimate the rapidity of the transition. He used many gestures. He was hardly still a moment; he shrugged his shoulders; he threw up his eyebrows; a turn of his flexible wrist would fill out a sentence; he glanced swiftly about the room, apparently taking in everything instantaneously, but casually. The expression of his eyes, coming back to the young lady's face, and that recurrent "eh?" intimated a friendship that made the impassive Mr. Grafton, looking coldly on from his armchair, set his teeth together with an unwonted intensity of emotion.

He gathered that the stranger was a brother of a school friend of Miss Hamilton's, on a flying business trip through the West. "And a most annoying, disagreeable journey I have had, but for the lucky accident of meeting you. I assure you I am fully recompensed now. And there's no chance of your going back to Madame Sevier, eh? Ah-h-h, she is afflicted to give you up! 'Lucille,' she said to my sister, the day before I left, 'the place can never be the same without my dear *Félicité*.' Ah-h, with tears! I assure you she wept. And you like the West, eh? I thought not," triumphantly. Then he turned to make an *amende* to the Westerner, who, stiffly erect, sat regarding him as if he were an escaped wild beast, — not dangerous, but very objectionable. "You have a wonderful country, Mr. — er — Grafton. Progress, enterprise, all that, — the future of the nation, all that. But we don't want to relinquish everything to you; we must keep the approval of our own young ladies; we must n't be too generous. And when," he continued, again addressing Felicia with his sudden swiftness, "are you coming to see Lucille? A visit, a little visit, eh, — you won't deny us that? She will be enchanted that I met you."

Grafton thought Mr. Adolphe Devaux the most odious, insufferable, vain, shallow popinjay he had ever beheld. Mr. Devaux commiserated Felicia's hard fate that she was compelled to play the agreeable to a conceited prig like that. Each attempted to outstay the other, and Grafton succeeded, for train-time is inexorable. The Frenchman, suddenly bethinking himself of the hour, vehemently apologized for looking at his watch; despairingly tossed up his eyebrows and his shoulders at the result; explained comprehensively that he must get back to the hotel, change his dress, pack his traps, swallow some supper, and reach the train in half an hour from this present speaking; and tore

himself away, after adieux which, although rapid, somehow expressed and embodied a vast deal of the genius of leave-taking. There were many messages given him to Lucille: and when Miss Hamilton reached Madame Sevier's turn, her voice suddenly faltered, the color flared up in her cheeks, her violet eyes grew dewy, the hand she had given him trembled in his clasp.

"Ah-h!" he cried, "how glad Madame Sevier will be that you remember her so kindly! She was afraid you would forget her. No fear of that, eh? Adieu, adieu. *Good-evening*, Mr. Grafton. *So* happy to have met you."

When Felicia's remaining caller had also taken leave, she repaired to her own room, where she found her sister-in-law, her round, rosy face beaming with pleasure, awaiting her. This lady, shortly after her graduation from the Young Ladies' Select Institute of her native village, had married John Hamilton, in the chrysalis stage of his career. His semi-rural home, his respectably large provincial business, his juvenile family, and her share in all these phases of life seemed to her to afford full measure of interest, until the wider pageant of cosmopolitan possibilities was presented by their removal to Chilounatti. Now her ideas were rapidly expanding. Her imagination had compassed ambitions, pleasures, pursuits, half realized heretofore. She developed an interest in the matter of entertainments; she carefully read the fashion articles in the papers and the society columns; she collated scraps of information as to the appropriate *menus* for ladies' luncheons and afternoon teas, for dinners and evening parties. On these subjects she obtruded none of her newly acquired wisdom, but listened and observed with great intentness, and held herself always in readiness to amend her code. She was becoming familiar with minutiae of household management under altered conditions, and had bloomed into a mod-

est splendor of dress on great occasions. Among other phases of this new life upon which she was entering with such zest, Felicia's enjoyments and prospects offered a suggestive theme for congratulatory contemplation. How gay and eventful existence must be to her! She was never a whole day without some agreeable episode, although the "season" was virtually over. Last week, the theatre twice, and the Melville reception; and last Friday the "evening;" and several trips down town this week; and to-night two delightful callers; and — "Oh, Felicia," she cried, as the girl entered the room, "who was he? — the last one, I mean. I know Alfred Grafton came first. Oh, how delighted he seemed to see you! Is he nice? Is he handsome?"

"Oh, yes, he is a dear little man," replied Felicia, as she removed her earrings and carefully bestowed her big fan in its box, — "a dear, dear little man."

Mrs. Hamilton's face fell. This did not seem exactly on the plane of the status she had conjured up.

"And is he very devoted? Is he in love with you, too?" she asked.

Felicia stared at her. "Adolphe Devaux!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's been married ten years, at least."

"Oh-h-h!" said Mrs. Hamilton, disappointed.

And here was John Hamilton, pretty tired, a little out of humor, and, as he expressed it, frantic to go to sleep.

"I suppose, Felicia, you saw that howling swell, Devaux? Rushed at me as if he were crazy. It takes a foreigner to make a fool of himself. Everybody looked at me. I felt like braining him. The opera? Was it good? I don't know. Everybody said so. I didn't pay much attention. Gale asked me to meet some fellows — friends of his from Minnesota — at dinner at the club, and nothing would satisfy him but the opera afterward."

As he tramped out of the room, his

step sounded as if he were indeed very sleepy.

To-night Felicia took stock, in a manner. So much time, — such elements for filling it. She said to herself that she was, perhaps, abnormally dependent on the personality of those about her: their natures were her bane or her blessing; their manners could afflict or delight her. The expression of kindly feeling or the divination of approval was like the breath of her life, — was like the sunshine to a plant. She said she had no idea how much she valued cordiality until Adolphe Devaux, whom she had esteemed slightly enough heretofore, was contrasted with Mr. Grafton. And, as she considered these matters, she said to herself, with a certain satisfaction, that she had shown good judgment in not rejecting the acquaintance of Hugh Kennett, who had manifested some capacity to understand her; whose ideas were congenial with hers; who had intellectual qualities she could respect, and manners she could approve. She admitted to herself that she was pleased that she had met him, and would be pleased to meet him again. Thus Alfred Grafton's call had the perfectly illogical result of strengthening Hugh Kennett's claim upon Miss Hamilton's acquaintance.

However the routine of the Hamilton household might be interrupted, there was one weekly festival that came with unimpaired regularity, — Fred's holiday on Saturdays; and he was very rigorous in exacting all the rights and privileges which he deemed appropriate to the recurrent occasion. Since Felicia, in an unguarded moment, had promised to drive with him on those afternoons, he had held her to the compact with extreme pertinacity, and apparently took as much pride in the fact of the regularity of these drives as if he withstood some strong temptation to forego them. The slight cloud which had obscured the geniality of the last excursion cleared

away during the week, and on the following Saturday they rolled off in high spirits and complete amity.

They found this drive the most agreeable they had yet had. Fred detailed many of his plans, and described his friends and his enemies incoherently. Felicia told him, with point and vivacity, several stories, in which he came out, unexpectedly, the hero of escapades which had considerably slipped from his memory. She mimicked him in the dismay or agitation of these *dénoûments* with such genial humor that he laughed uproariously at the figure he presented to his own imagination. Her eyes sparkled; the dimples did not leave her cheeks.

"You're a bully girl!" declared Fred, in high good humor. "You're always jolly."

The consciousness of her various mental exertions regarding Mr. Kennett had a certain disagreeable effect on which she had not counted. As she saw him advancing along one of the picturesque footpaths of the Park which intersected the principal drives, she became aware that she was coloring violently. This startled and disconcerted her, and she did not realize that a crisis of another sort impended until it was imminent.

It chanced that Fred, who insisted on driving, to her exclusion, also recognized Kennett. He had not shown any especial enthusiasm in claiming the acquaintance on the previous Saturday, but now, with the inconsequence of the small boy, he saluted the pedestrian with a loud, eager acclaim, signaled him to stop, pulled the horse sharply across the road, and drew up at its margin. This manœuvre was so sudden that the driver of a great watering-cart, which was just behind the phaeton, taken entirely by surprise, went through a wild contortion in his effort to keep his team from running down the slight vehicle. His struggles seemed for a mo-

ment about to be crowned with success. as he, too, turned his horses into the middle of the road; but his utmost skill did not avail to prevent the wheels of the big, burly cart from sharply colliding with the wheels of the phaeton. There was a sudden crash, a grinding, splintering sound, and an abrupt shock. Henry Clay, disapproving of the noise and the jar, plunged violently, and would have bolted but for the restraining hand of a gardener who was fortunately passing, with his barrow and tools, at the moment. Kennett hastened his steps into a run, and helped Felicia from the phaeton; and she stood looking ruefully at the broken wheel, as Fred and the driver of the watering-cart also descended from their respective perches and surveyed the damage. Each of the Jehus indulged in wild criminations, which, after a time, evolved themselves into a participation in the pending discussion as to what was to be done for the broken vehicle, in this emergency.

"I'll tell ye what it is, miss," said the gardener in an evil moment. "There's a blacksmith shop about two blocks from the north entrance. Why can't the little bye jist get on the horse, an' ride over there an' tell 'm to sind here for the phaeton ter mend it? I can't leave here, or I'd go meself!"

Fred accepted this suggestion with enthusiasm. Felicia remonstrated on the score of safety.

"Can't ride Henry Clay!" sneered Fred, indignantly, as he hurriedly unhitched the traces. "Why can't I, I'd like ter know? Harness! what's harness got ter do with it? I'll show you I can ride him, if he *has* got his harness on him!" He led the horse out of the shafts.

Kennett, too, remonstrated, infusing as much authority as he might into his manner. Fred looked at him in surly surprise, and for reply scrambled upon the horse's back with great expedition and agility. The gardener, realizing

his mistake, glanced, crestfallen, from one to the other. Felicia fired her last shot with all the skill she possessed.

"Oh, Fred, do you think it is right," she cried, "to leave me to go home without you? I shall have to walk to the street cars alone, — three miles, at least."

Fred hesitated. His sense of his own importance was very great, especially his idea of his importance to Felicia. This appeal for herself touched him on his strong suit. But the counter temptation was also strong. He thought that it *was* something of a feat for him to ride Henry Clay, and he knew it would not be permitted by his parents unless his father were one of the party. Then he prefigured the scene of interest and excitement that would ensue at the shop when he should gallop up on the harnessed horse, with the news of the damaged vehicle. It is to be feared that it was Fred's unexpressed intention to figure as the hero of a sensational story. Under the stress of opposing influences, Fred attempted, as wiser people do in emergencies, to evolve a compromise. He looked over his shoulder at her with serious eyes. "You jus' walk ter where the street cars start from," he said, imperatively. "There's plank sidewalks part of the way. You get in the car an' wait, an' I'll be along jus' as soon as I tell them men ter come after this phaeton."

As if afraid of more remonstrances, he "gave his noble steed the rein," and went off at a gallop and with a wild halloo.

Nothing short of an earthquake could have more thoroughly disconcerted Felicia. The annoyance of being stranded here in the Park was greatly aggravated by the prospect of a walk of three miles, at least, through a region unfamiliar to her. Her swift speculation as to the improbability of procuring a carriage in any reasonable time was interrupted by Kennett's voice. He apparently shared none of her anxiety. He turned to her

with a smile. For a moment she almost resented his expression; it held a sort of friendly reliance, seeming to say in effect, "I am very glad to arrange this for you, and I have no doubt you will be glad to let me arrange it."

"It is very fortunate that I came down from town on the river," he declared. "I can save you a dusty walk. The boat-house is just outside the gate, and if you have quite recovered from the shock we will go over and get the boat. I can row you up to the street-car terminus by the time Fred reaches there."

She hesitated. She had found it necessary to amend her theories as to *les convenances* very radically, in view of the difference between Madame Sevier's rule and the more lenient systems prevalent outside those scholastic walls. She had been greatly surprised and a trifle doubtful that people — we are aware that she did not consider all the human race "people" — should permit their young ladies to ride and walk alone with gentlemen, but had realized that the custom of the region makes the law in social matters. This case, however, held certain other elements of difficulty. She had a reluctance to be placed under a distinct obligation, and an obligation to a stranger. But *was* he a stranger? Robert's cousin, closely connected by marriage with her cousin Amy and with Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant. And what else could she do? He glanced at her expectantly, with, she fancied, a trifle of surprise. She had but a moment for cogitation. She rapidly decided that in a matter of the sort ultra-fastidiousness is absurd; that to refuse to row with him, and then to plod with him three miles on a dusty turnpike road, — for he would insist on seeing her safely to the cars, at least, — would make her ridiculous, and would be quite as unsuitable as rowing on the river, if either were not *convenable*, according to the Chilounatti code. She conceded the

point gracefully, putting up her parasol, giving one last glance at the disabled phaeton, and turning with Kennett toward the south entrance.

As they walked on in the soft sunshine and the alternating spaces of cool shadow, Felicia was subacutely surprised that her annoyance should diminish so swiftly. There was something singularly restful about him: in the expression of his contemplative eyes, now turning upon her as their desultory talk progressed, now dwelling on the green slopes or the fanciful flower-beds by the roadside; in the tones of his even voice; in the steadiness of his movements; in his candid and natural manner. His manner had, too, a certainty, a definite quality, which had the effect of placing a sort of appropriateness on what he proposed or did. It began to seem a simple and suitable thing thus to stroll with him along these verdure-bordered ways, through the golden afternoon sunshine, toward the Park gates; already in sight they were, as well as the broad, low boat-house beyond.

They mentioned the weather, the beauty of the Park, Fred's singular idea of the duty of an escort.

"Fred thinks I am a necessary annoyance in every expedition, like the sermon in a church which has a show choir," declared Felicia.

"By the way, you know that Robert and his wife have left town?"

"I discovered that fact only yesterday. Will they be long absent?"

"Some weeks. He will take his vacation now, while the church is under repair. I believe I have his note with me."

He extracted several missives from his breast pocket, selected one and handed it to her.

"Your cousin is more considerate than mine," remarked Felicia, feeling aggrieved. "Amy has not vouchsafed me a scrap of a pen."

The note was very short, very familiar, very careless, very fraternal.

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The Reverend Robert stated that he was just about to start for the train. Amy left some days since. Mr. Lucian Stanley quite ill. Could not say when they would return, — the repairs in the church were more extensive than had been anticipated; not for some weeks, probably. Sorry not to see you again. Good-by, and God bless you.

As she replaced the note in its envelope, Felicia noticed that it was directed to one of the hotels.

"I had an idea you lived up town," she remarked. Surely some slight personality might be considered in order, since he was not only cousin Robert's relative, but apparently his Damon as well.

"No doubt you had that impression because I pass the house so frequently. I am the most methodical of men. I walk the same distance at the same time every day. I have discovered that serenity is necessary, if a man wishes to put in his besticks, — if you will excuse the expression, — to accomplish his highest possibilities. And serenity is facilitated by long, contemplative walks. It is a good habit; one has time to think. Living in the midst of such a rush as I necessarily do, it is well for a man to take a little time to think."

They had reached the confines of the Park, had crossed the road, and were soon standing upon the river-bank. Belts of blue, of orange, of purple, of a dazzling white, alternated upon the surface of the water. It was ruffled into waves by the breeze, bearing woodland odors from the Park, and sparkled with myriads of prismatic scintillations, as the sun, slowly tending westward, shot athwart the stream. The boat, which had been fastened to the pier, was rocking gently to and fro. Kennett assisted Felicia to a seat, and took the oars. With one long, smooth stroke the little craft shot out far into mid-stream.

"How strong you are!" cried Felicia. "I should never have thought it!"

The ease, the dexterity, the grace, delighted her. She looked at Hugh Kennett with shining eyes.

It may be suggested that no man, however well balanced, who is capable of athletic achievement, is ever insensible to such a tribute. This man had his foibles and pet vanities well in hand, but he certainly felt a momentary thrill, a glow of ingenuous pleasure, a strong, subtle, delicately intoxicating elation. He flushed a little.

"I find it to my advantage to keep in training, to a degree. It is a good point for me. Besides, I am fond of all athletic pursuits, although my preference is for the oars rather than the gloves, or even the foils."

"There is a class for ladies at the gymnasium," remarked Felicia.

"I hardly think ladies need that sort of thing."

"I don't need it. I am very strong," declared Felicia. "I have no doubt I could surprise you, if I should condescend to row, as much as you surprised me."

But when he rose and offered her the oars with a great show of insistence, she laughed and crimsoned, and leaned back in her place, eagerly declining.

"It is not because I can't," she maintained, as he resumed his seat. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable by excelling you."

"Now, that is *too* kind," he retorted.

She had ceased to wonder that they knew each other so well; it had begun to seem that they had been good friends always. Apparently he had felt this from the first. She had no care what she should say to him; she knew he would be satisfied with whatever she might say; he would share her mood, he would understand it. She did not feel it necessary to agree with him; she felt at liberty to argue, even to contradict, if occasion should offer. Occasion did not offer, however. The two natures were vibrant, and when a chord was

struck the response was instantaneous and in tune. As the boat glided over the water, sometimes, after a silence which was curiously unconstrained, both would speak at once, and would laugh to discover that they had shared the thought which was uttered.

"The sky is like an Italian sky," she observed, looking up at the delicately yet intensely blue vault.

"I was just about to say that," he declared. "All day the air has been so soft that I have been reminded of days in Italy."

"I was abroad a very short time," remarked Felicia. "I should like to go again."

"You will, some day," he returned.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded, with a sort of pleased credulity.

"You are one of those lucky people who get what they desire. Life is going to be very good to you."

"It is delightful to think that," she said. Her face, above the smoke-colored dress she wore, and shaded by the long gray plumes of her hat, was so radiant that he was again reminded of a star in the rift of a summer cloud.

"It is your birthright," he added. "There is even a prophecy in your name."

"I hope it is a prophecy," she said, more gravely, "for I am morbidly afraid of unhappiness. But it was my mother's name. She was very happy, but she died young."

"You are the youngest child?" he asked. He was rowing slowly, his steady gray eyes fixed on hers. The exercise had brought a glow to his face; his lips were slightly parted over the white line of his teeth; his attitude revealed the depth of his chest; through his light cloth coat the play of his muscles was visible; the ease of his movements gave suggestions of covert strength.

"I was her only child. My brother John is my half-brother."

"Oh," he said. Then, after a pause,

"I imagined — I don't know why — that in your own home you had a mother who was very fond of you, who read all your letters many times, and sent you pretty things to wear." He glanced at her soft gray dress, accented here and there with an indistinct shadowy pattern, which added to its cloudy effect.

"You fancied that because you think I am spoiled. Every one thinks I am spoiled." She would not listen to his protest. "Oh, you can't excuse yourself. You *almost* said it; you implied it. I never forget and I never forgive. I am very vindictive. Beware; Nemesis is on your path!" She broke into a peal of laughter. It was pleasant to hear; she was pleasant to see, — so young so happy, so genuine, so freshly and piquantly beautiful. Nature and art had combined their forces very judiciously, he thought. It was charming that she should be spontaneous, even childish, ingenuous, and natural; it was delightfully incongruous that she should have that finish of manner which comes only of elaborate training.

When their mood was graver, they talked discursively of life, of character, of aims. Felicia admitted that once she had been ambitious. That was long ago, when she was very young.

"I pined to do something grand with my life. I did not know exactly what I wanted; to write great books, or to paint great pictures, or even to delve into science, like Mrs. Somerville or Caroline Herschel. I wanted to accomplish something important. I knew it would require hard work, but I believed I was capable of hard work."

"Well?" said Hugh Kennett, expectantly, looking at her with a smile.

"Well, papa thought that was all nonsense. He said that if a woman has capacities she can find ample scope for them in making herself generally cultivated, and that to be a charming woman is as much a career as any other."

"I think he is right," said Kennett, heartily.

"Sometimes I doubt it," returned Felicia, pensively. "How would you like it if there seemed to be no real use for those things which you had spent your life in acquiring?"

"Well, not very much. However, there is this difference: a woman may be learned or not, as she pleases, if only she is charming; but a man must be one thing, or he is nothing."

"And that?"

"Why, a success."

"Ah, you have had ambitions, — that is evident," said Felicia.

He laughed as his eyes rested on the emerald banks. "When I was young, — a long time ago," he said, repeating her phrase. "My ambitions have been like the bag of gold said to be buried at the foot of the rainbow, — when I reach the spot, it is just a little further on."

"That is because you have high ideals," said Felicia, maturely. She sometimes spoke with weight, as of years and experience, and he did not resent her pretty patronage. "That is different from not attaining, from failing. It would break my heart to fail; but pride is my besetting sin."

He would not admit that pride is a sin; he evolved a theory on the spot.

"Pride has the same relation," he submitted, "to the moral nature that imagination has to the intellectual; they are the only qualities that soar."

As the boat glided over the glassy surface, she more than once pointed out some fleeting effect of the scene that escaped him: the flare of a clump of trumpet flowers growing about the bole of a dead tree; the fantastic similitude of a whirlpool on the shining water; the metallic gleam that edged a spray of leaves, definite against the rough gray rocks on the bank, — it might be cast in bronze, she remarked.

"How quick your perceptions are, — how sensitive you must be!" he said.

"I don't want to be sensitive," she declared.

"That depends. Some emotions one need not fear, and others are like vitriol; they spoil everything they touch. Did you ever notice carefully any large collection of people? I have often observed that almost every face — I could point them out, one by one — is burnt by envy, or hatred, or ill temper, or anxiety; most, no doubt, by unnecessary cares, easier, and pleasanter, and more natural to throw aside than to cherish."

"That is rank pessimism," said Felicia. "People don't spoil themselves for pleasure."

"They don't realize it."

"You talk like a very happy man," said Felicia, with her former sedateness. "How would you endure some blow, some bitter disappointment or grief? Don't you suppose the vitriol would burn you, too?"

"You call sorrow vitriol? That does not burn. Sorrow is the pen of the prophet: it writes on the human palimpsest first a mandate, then a history; but it does not necessarily destroy the page. I don't hope to escape that."

He rowed for a time in silence. The clouds were tinged with rose; the waves scintillated with gleams of green and yellow; the willows on shore rustled, as the breeze swept through.

"When a man does see a woman's face," said Hugh Kennett, with a long sigh, "on which no unworthy feeling has left a belittling touch, which is bright with hope like the morning, and strong with intellect, and gentle, and soft, and all womanly, he should thank God for the favor vouchsafed; for he has beheld the face of Eve in Paradise."

The shadows of the trees, ever lengthening, had fallen over the water. And now the trees were fewer, for the suburbs were reached. Scattered residences surrounded with shrubbery had appeared upon the banks; and already here was

the boat-house, craning over the water as if curious to look at its own reflection. And on the slope of the hill beyond there might be seen an ungainly flat surface, suggesting the broad back of some waddling animal, but which was recognizable as the top of the street car.

Kennett was pulling in to the shore. "Layard, and Schliemann, and Di Cesnola made valuable researches," he remarked, as he helped her from the boat. "They knew where Nineveh, and Troy, and Salamis were, no doubt; but one other rather notable place they don't exactly locate." He laughed, musingly. "Who could have imagined it was so far west!" he exclaimed.

"What is all that?" asked Felicia, curiously.

But he only laughed again, and said that it was not worth repeating and explaining.

As they reached the car they descried Fred, coming in a violent hurry, flushed and panting. He said that the "boss" at the blacksmith shop had sent a man after the phaeton, who would take the horse home and explain the accident. "He's got there by this time, with Henry Clay, and told papa all about it," said Fred, with a certain satisfaction. Felicia thought Fred manifested considerable acumen in denying himself the pleasure of more equestrian exercise, and the glory of relating his sensational story in the paternal presence. She pictured to herself, with some amusement, his serious, anxious, sunburned face, when he warned the emissary — as no doubt he did — to say nothing of his ride on Henry Clay through the Park, and when he magnified the older charioteer's share in the accident.

The three started in a sufficiently amicable frame of mind. But when Fred learned that Felicia and Kennett had been upon the water, his sky was abruptly overcast; it was difficult to appease him; he wanted to begin the after-

noon over again; he wanted a new deal; he would fain, like Joshua, command the sun to stand still. He bitterly and illogically upbraided them with having gone on the river without him. "Always trine ter beat me out'n my fun," he whined. "An' what do I want with this old knife, ennyhow? I met that boy again, an' went an' traded my two good whangs o' leather fur it. An' I ain't been on that river fur a month o' Sundays."

All the way home he was malcontent and morose, and meditated bitterly on his grievances, commercial and social.

It was only the lumbering, ungraceful summer car, drawn by two big mules. No, no; rather, it was an enchanted chariot, rolling through the warm, sunset-tinted twilight, carrying Happiness and Hope, attended by Love and Constancy and all the Graces. Far away, the city stretched in shadowy uncertainty; already the purple vistas were enriched by lines of yellow gleams, that crossed each other in a tangled maze, like a swarm of fireflies; ruby points, advancing and receding, gemmed the dusky streets; the tinkle of bells was borne faintly on the air; the silver sphere of the full moon, slowly appearing above the eastern roofs, outlined them against the darkly blue sky with shining white gleams.

When the trio of pleasure-seekers approached John Hamilton's house, they saw him smoking a cigar, as he leaned in a sufficiently graceful attitude against one of the big fluted pillars at the head of the flight of steps. The lingering daylight showed the flowers in the grass-plot, and the vines about the walls. The windows were open, and through the lace curtains streamed the subdued radiance of a shaded gas-jet.

"That is like a stage-setting," remarked Hugh Kennett. "In another moment you will see advancing down the right centre the first lady, or the villain, or the heavy father."

"There's the heavy father, is n't he, Fred?" said Felicia.

Fred only mumbled that he did n't know, an' did n't care, an' did n't want nuthin' ter say ter her, — always trine ter cheat somebody out'n their fun.

John Hamilton was a cordial soul. When Felicia introduced her companion, though he wondered greatly whether she had met him at Madame Sevier's or at home, he received the stranger like a suddenly found friend, ardently shook hands, and warmly invited him indoors.

Kennett replied that he was sorry he could not come in, but he had not time; he was due down town now.

"We shall be glad to see you at any time," said the master of the house.

The heartiness of tone seemed to awaken reciprocal warmth. Kennett replied, with the air of very amicably receiving an advance, that next week he should be at leisure, and should be glad to avail himself of the invitation. He expected to spend his vacation in Chilonatti. It was an agreeable prospect. He had been knocking about from pillar to post for so long, he thought he should enjoy a rest. Delightful weather just now. And then he lifted his hat and said good-evening.

"Glad to have met you, Mr. Kennett," declared John Hamilton, unservedly; and as the sound of the stranger's footsteps died away, he turned to his sister.

"Who is that fellow, Felicia?" he asked, with vivacious curiosity.

"That is the Mr. Kennett I mentioned to you. He is a cousin of cousin Robert's," she replied, as they entered the hall together.

"Did you meet him at Raymond's house?"

"Oh, yes. He was there one day when Fred and I happened in."

"What is his business?" asked John Hamilton, somewhat indifferently, now that his curiosity was satisfied.

"I don't know. I never heard him

mention business except what he said to you a moment since. I have met him only three times. He was in the Park last Saturday, and, while I was waiting for Fred, he came up and talked to me. He met us again this afternoon, and I rowed with him from the Park as far as the street railroad."

She said to herself that there should be nothing clandestine about the affair. If any objections were to be made, now was the time to make them.

John Hamilton was apparently disposed to advance none.

"Seems an agreeable sort of fellow," he remarked, casually.

V.

This year, the summer was very long and hot. From early morning till the reluctant sun sank slowly below the horizon, the heated city rarely felt the thrill of a breeze. Sometimes sudden, short, angry thunderstorms passed tumultuously, and left the air warm as ever, but permeated with a heavy moisture. People plied their palm-leaf fans, declared that it was intolerable, and left town in great numbers.

Hugh Kennett, who had promptly availed himself of John Hamilton's invitation to call, was before long a frequent visitor at the house; indeed, almost the only visitor, so general had been the exodus. The method of entertaining him might have been deemed monotonous, but was in a certain sense flattering. He was allowed to slip into the little circle on the footing of a family friend. He came to be received in the sitting-room, and the fancy-work went on undisturbed by his presence. He was invited more than once to dinner, quite informally. He fell into the habit of walking by the house late in the afternoon, and there was usually a plausible excuse to stop and chat with the group disposed on the front steps, after the

custom in Southern and *quasi*-Southern cities: he had brought a book they had had under discussion, or the illustrated papers, with the last political cartoon; some one would give him a hassock; the dusk would deepen; the few moments would multiply; the perfume of heliotrope and roses would burden the warm, languorous air; the gentle voices of the women would rise and fall; the moonbeams would slip down on their hair.

It was Mrs. Hamilton's habit, at a regular hour every evening, to repair to the front room upstairs, to put the baby to bed. This conscientious lady would not attempt to overhear the conversation of the young people; she only undressed the baby near the window, and their voices would float up to her. His was resonant and carried well, and was far more distinct than Felicia's. There seemed to be nothing very important said. Sometimes his laughter rang out: it was a pleasant laugh, peculiarly rich, full, and musical; it had an appreciative suggestion. Occasionally there were long pauses, and no wind stirred the vines, and the flowers gave out a faint, sweet breath, and the white blocks of moonlight on the streets and sidewalks were unbroken by a passing shadow. The discreet matron made the job of undressing the baby a long and elaborate job, and came down, with an innocent face and the consciousness of duty well performed, to take her share in the talk, — for the most part trivial chat concerning the incidents of the day, or the weather, or that unfailing theme, the dullness of town.

"I should have found it unendurable but for my calls here," he once said, frankly. "I have not had much of the home atmosphere in my life. I had no idea that I should appreciate the home atmosphere so thoroughly as I do."

They grew to know him very well; but he was not a difficult person to know. He was transparent, and in fact sometimes lacked tact. He was not sensitive,

—in the interpretation of being on the alert for slights; either from pronounced self-esteem or because of reliance on the intention of others, he was apt to place a kindly construction on anything that was apparently equivocal. He seemed to be tolerant in judgment, and generous. There was but slight suggestion of a fiercer stratum underlying the smooth surface of his character. Fred, it is true, had a lurid theory.

"He 's got a orful high temper," the boy remarked one day, when the new friend was under discussion in the family circle. "Yer oughter heard him givin' fits ter the man that come so near runnin' over me on Sixth Street with his team yestiddy, when I was jus' crossin' the street, an' warn't thinkin' 'bout nuthin', nor lookin'. An' Mr. Kennett, he happened to be passin', an' he jus' jumped off the sidewalk, an' caught the horses by the reins, an' hollered ter the man ter mind what he was about. An' he was mighty mad, Mr. Kennett was, an' — swore."

He said this in a slightly awed voice, and looked seriously at his mother, doubtful, but impressed. She rose to the occasion.

"You shock me," she said. "How could Mr. Kennett do so ungentlemanly a thing as swear!"

Felicia glanced up quickly, as Fred left the room.

"Why should n't Mr. Kennett swear, if he likes?" she demanded, aggressively.

"According to Fred's account there *was* no reason," replied Mrs. Hamilton, with a mild giggle.

Notwithstanding her partisanship, something in this episode grated on our fastidious young lady's ideas of the fitness of things, and it might have been with a lurking intention as to the effect of a subtle, unrecognized influence that she contrived, at the first opportunity, to steer the conversation into the subject of self-command, and to lay down some

impersonal, and it might even be said elementary, propositions touching the triviality of character suggested by an incapacity to control the temper. "It is as ludicrous and weak for a man to stamp about, and break things, and swear because he is in a rage as it is for a woman to mope and cry because she feels nervous," said the young Mentor, didactically.

And Mrs. Hamilton, who happened to overhear this, noticed that Mr. Kennett wore a bland and innocent unconsciousness, which induced in the matron the reflection that, if Felicia were ambitious of a missionary career, the heathen offered a more promising field than the one she seemed to have in contemplation.

He was mild mannered and peaceable enough, however, so far as they knew of their own knowledge, and Fred's story might require a grain or two of salt.

In their long interviews he was somewhat given to silence; he talked little about himself, and was little inclined to reminiscence. Once he spoke of his mother, who had died when he was growing into manhood. She was very strict, he said, very stern and uncompromising; she was the most devoted of mothers; she had no happiness but in the welfare of her children. His father he mentioned occasionally, with that tenderness which Felicia had earlier divined had survived a bitter and long-felt grief. Of his sisters, the elder, three years his junior, had died at twenty-two. That loss had broken his father's heart; he did not live long afterward. The younger sister had married about a year ago, and had been abroad ever since. He said he had been disappointed; he thought she deserved well of fate; she was very beautiful and talented. Her husband was a good fellow, but commonplace.

This, in effect, was all that was revealed, in those summer evenings, of Hugh Kennett's past. To Mrs. Hamilton, afterward, it seemed very meagre,

though at the time she felt no lack. And as for him, — when a man is happy he thinks little of his past. He was doing what few can do in a lifetime, — he was living his present; he was interpreting that problem which eludes us when it is attainable, and mocks us when it has slipped by, at once the simplest and the most complex element of existence, that tantalizing mystery, *Now*. His past was narrowed to what was said and glanced yesterday evening; his future was bounded by the possibilities of to-morrow.

Felicia, too, was alive in every sensitive susceptibility to the influences which permeated the intense momentous present of these radiant summer days. Life had come to be enchantment to her; the prosaic episodes of the daily routine were transfigured and dignified; monotony, — it was an unrealized and a forgotten force; thought was reverie. She, too, had no longer need for memory or anticipation. Her beauty had acquired a new softness; there was a sort of tender appeal about her, and yet the delicate and ethereal exaltation which possessed her had a less poetic element. She was prosaically good humored; annoyances that would once have tried her sorely had become merely unexpected opportunity for mirth; she had developed sympathy and tact; she was gentle and amenable, and easily pleased. "A girl in love is a very agreeable visitor in the house," was Mrs. Hamilton's comment, — a mental comment, for she was a prudent woman, and in silence smilingly watched the little drama, in which the actors were too deeply absorbed to remember the spectator.

All this time John Hamilton was absent from home. The day after the evening on which he met Hugh Kennett, he had been called away to certain famous Dakota wheat-fields. He was going into very heavy enterprises; he proposed to himself that his operations in the near future should be still heavier;

he aspired to be the Napoleon of the next great "deal." Fortune, so far, had favored him. He was liberal as well as ambitious. He was ready to give appropriate exponents to his increasing prosperity, and had bought a particularly eligible corner lot, on which he was building a fine house. One of Mrs. Hamilton's reasons for liking Hugh Kennett was the fact that he had so much taste and acumen in the matter of the new house, and she frequently consulted him.

"Don't you think the walls of that east room should be Pompeian red, Mr. Kennett?" she said one day, fixing her eyes on his face as if she would read his very soul. She was constantly growing more assured as to manner, and her increasing prosperity expressed itself more distinctly, still with circumspection, in her dress. She was not less eager, however, to avail herself of the advice and experience of others, and kept her own views in a condition to be instantly modified by circumstances. "Pompeian red, with panels, — those large panels, with arabesques in shaded reds. I showed you the design."

"Well, to be perfectly candid," he replied, "it seems to me those panels are too pronounced, too theatrical."

"Do you think so?" she said, and meditated deeply on this view.

They were going, this afternoon, to look over the new house. Mrs. Hamilton — her plump little figure encased in a gray and white India silk, which seemed refreshingly light and cool — walked in front with Kennett. Her face, flushed with heat and exercise, under the soft brown hair that waved on each side of her candid brow, was a study of anxiety and complacency. Her round, gentle, inquiring eyes took in all the details about the ambitious mansions they passed. Her little remarks were not sufficiently absorbing to prevent his hearing every word uttered by Felicia, who, with Fred as escort, made up the party.

It chanced that, in the course of the expedition, Mrs. Hamilton was upstairs in consultation with the architect, Fred had strolled off, and the other two found themselves in the great unfurnished drawing-rooms. Felicia had been much exercised about various points, and had given her opinion with frankness and vivacity. "When those changes about the sliding-doors upstairs have been made and the frescoing finished, it will be almost perfect; don't you think so?" she said, appealing to Kennett.

He did not reply. He was leaning against the window-frame, his eyes fixed on her, as she stood in the middle of the floor. She had come at a moment's notice, in the lawn morning-dress — white flecked with pink — she was wearing. Nothing could be simpler. She was without gloves. Her garden hat shaded her face. She seemed to him fair and fresh as a flower.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, suddenly, "this is the first time I ever saw you out of spirits. You look dismal. What is the matter?"

"I was thinking," he returned, a trifle embarrassed.

"So I perceived; but of what?"

"Well, to be candid, I was thinking that you ought to have a house like this, — a house of your own."

"Oh," cried Felicia, "I should n't like it!"

"You seem very fond of all this sort of thing," he persisted. "You were describing with actual enthusiasm the upholstery they have selected for this room."

"I am interested — for other people."

"Frankly, now, would n't you like it for yourself?"

She glanced about her critically, — at the big rooms opposite, the big hall, the sweep of the balustrade, the carved newel-post, which had cost Mrs. Hamilton several nights' rest lest it should not be exactly what was desired. She tried to imagine it all when finished, —

the rich and accordant coloring, the pictures, the deep, soft carpets, the sheen of mirrors. Then she turned her eyes on him with a smile.

"I hope it is not discreditable to me," she replied, — "an irresponsible, Bohemian way of looking at things, — but, frankly, I should n't care to have a house like this. Sophie is going to find it a white elephant; a good thing in its way, but a great responsibility."

His face was less grave, but he shook his head. "I am afraid you don't understand relative values," he said.

"Why, you are doing me injustice!" cried Felicia, crimsoning suddenly. "This is the first time I ever knew you to do any one injustice. You must think me very frivolous to care so *much* for things, — mere *things*."

"No, no; you misunderstand me," he protested. "I was only a little curious as to how you feel about such matters. What *do* you care for most, if not for 'things'?"

"Well," began Felicia, appeased, — she was easily appeased, — "I believe I care most for people, agreeable, bright, cheerful people; not glum individuals, who stand in a window and pick a quarrel for nothing. Then I like change and variety. I am fond of things, too, — pretty things; but principally I like people. I have seen so much deadly dullness in the best houses. That is what I hate, — dullness."

All the light had come back to his face.

"What you like," he said, recapitulating, "is brightness, and what you hate is dullness."

"Yes," said Felicia, with her sunny smile. She had perched on one of the carpenter's saw-horses, and leaned her elbow among the shavings scattered about the big, rough work-bench; she supported her head on her hand; her feet did not touch the floor, and as they dangled her dainty boots were visible. She had been running up and down stairs; the

expression of her eyes showed that she was tired.

"And it would not be a bitterness, a trial, to you to give up — I have often thought it a great sacrifice a man situated as I am would ask you to make, if he should tell you — that he — that — that I" —

He was agitated; he hesitated, yet he glanced around in intense impatience because of an interruption, as Mrs. Hamilton came suddenly into the room.

"Felicia," she began, with excitement, "don't you see that carriage stopping in front of the door? Who can it be?" She had rustled to the window. "Why, it is Mr. Raymond!" she exclaimed.

A gentleman had alighted from the vehicle, and was advancing up the pavement. He saw the group at the window, and as they emerged into the hall to meet him he entered at the front door. His face was grave.

"They told me at the other house you were here," he said hurriedly, as he greeted Mrs. Hamilton. "I have bad news. Mr. Stanley died last night, very unexpectedly. The physicians had pronounced him convalescent. I must ask you and Felicia to give some orders for my wife and Mrs. Brant, and" —

He paused abruptly as he caught sight of his cousin; there was much surprise in his face as they shook hands. "Have you been in town all summer, Hugh?" he asked.

"All summer," replied Kennett.

Raymond looked hard at him, the troubled perplexity deepening on his face. Nothing further was said, however. He turned to Mrs. Hamilton to reply to her interrogations and remarks touching the news he had brought, and gave Felicia a note from his wife, — hasty and blotted with tears. There were tears in her sympathetic eyes as she read it.

"You can go with me now?" asked Mr. Raymond. "The stores will be closed in an hour or two."

Felicia assented, and started toward the door.

"Won't you have time, Felicia, to put on a street dress?" cried Mrs. Hamilton, in dismay. She had adopted not a little of the young lady's exacting code of externals.

"Oh, what does it matter at such a time!" exclaimed Felicia; and Hugh Kennett thought loyally how petty, how trivial minded, were the best of women — Mrs. Hamilton was one of the best of women — in comparison with a supremely lovely nature like this. He did not accompany the trio.

"I would only be in your way," he said, as he stood on the sidewalk, by the carriage door. "I will take Fred home before I go down town."

As they drove away, Mr. Raymond remarked, "You seem to know Kennett pretty well."

"Oh, yes, indeed; he has been such a pleasant friend," said Mrs. Hamilton, enthusiastically. "He is *so* agreeable, and high minded, and well informed, and *such* a gentleman."

Felicia's shining eyes — dewy and dark with feeling — were fixed on the speaker; her lips wore that curve which expresses more happiness than a smile. Robert Raymond thought he had never seen her so childlike, so beautiful, so unconstrained, as she sat opposite him, in her simple dress, with her soft, ungloved hands lying lightly in her lap. "How her face reveals her heart!" he thought.

"Yes," he said, "Kennett is an agreeable fellow. Does Hamilton know him?"

"They were introduced to each other the evening before John received the telegram calling him to Dakota. By the way, I am looking for John every day, now."

"He is just back," announced Raymond, suddenly. "We met on the train to-day."

"Oh, dear, perhaps I ought to go

home!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, in a flutter.

"No; he knew I should see you, and he asked me to tell you that he could not leave the office until late, — there is so much to arrange."

"Oh, well, then," said Mrs. Hamilton, settling back contentedly. To be sure, the opportunity was a melancholy one, but even the duty of ordering a friend's mourning is its own recompense, and spending money on so sad an occasion affords the Mrs. Hamiltons of this world a gloomy joy.

It was evident that the time for the purchases was very short, yet as the two ladies were about to enter the store at which the carriage stopped Raymond detained them. He was greatly disquieted; his eye was anxious and wandering; he began more than one sentence, and broke off in its midst.

"There is still something I must see about," he said, uncertainly. "I will come back here and say good-by — or — no — I shall not have time. Perhaps, Mrs. Hamilton, you will drive down to the depot. I will meet you there."

He left them abruptly, and Mrs. Hamilton stared at him as he went. "How funny he is!" she said, wondering.

The truth was, the Reverend Robert's conscience was after him, and it pursued him in a lively fashion till he reached the office of Hamilton and Gale — Com-

mission Merchants. He was very nearly left by the train, this afternoon. Mrs. Hamilton and Felicia, still sitting in the carriage, had waited half an hour; the locomotive had pulled into the building; the crowd of passengers was pouring past and boarding the cars before they saw his face framed by the window of a hack that was driven furiously to the depot. He had barely time for hasty adieux. "Good-by, good-by!" he exclaimed. "It is very kind of you to take so much trouble."

He looked hard at Felicia; she did not understand his expression. It was tender; it curiously blended a sort of compassion and a sort of entreaty. After he had started hurriedly from them, he turned back suddenly, took her hand, and held it in a strong clasp. "God bless you, my dear child," he said.

"He is very, very odd, to-day," said Mrs. Hamilton, again gazing vaguely after his receding figure. "How strange, his coming back to bid you good-by again, Felicia, and how strangely he looked at you!"

"I suppose it is because Amy is so fond of me," said Felicia. "Now that she is grieved he feels very kindly to any one she loves."

But she did not quite accept her own explanation, and pondered on that pitiful expression of his in pained bewilderment.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

SOME ASPECTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

WHEN the Society for Psychical Research was first organized in Boston, there was great expectation that some old questions would be answered, some old problems solved, some old mysteries cleared up. As time went on, and these expectations were not fulfilled, there was a good deal of disappointment. Then

hope revived, new interest was felt, and, although familiar faiths were not confirmed, new outlooks were opened. The friends of "Spiritualism" were, in the beginning, confident that their theory would receive complete demonstration. The foes of "Spiritualism" were equally sure that natural causes would be found

for all appearances. In fact, neither was satisfied. The account of the believers in angelic interposition was simply reckoned as one theory among several; while their unreasoning opponents were accused of a want of the scientific spirit. The earliest explanation of the mysterious intercourse between minds was, naturally, that of the influence of departed men and women; just as the earliest explanation of malign occurrences was, naturally, the agency of Satan. This was a most convenient hypothesis; exceedingly comfortable for those who desired a simple solution. It was a short and easy method, admirably adapted to such as did not wish to probe the recesses of evil; a summary way of dealing with an intricate problem; a mode of getting out of a difficulty instead of penetrating to its depths. But as the complexities of evil disclosed themselves, as delicate shades of distinction appeared, this theory receded. So with "Spiritualism." It may be true, the only sufficient view; but then, again, it may not be. There are grave objections to it, — objections that can never be wholly met. Granting that the element of fraud can be finally expelled, the identity of the intelligences at work with people who have once lived on earth must always remain in doubt. Why should there not be an order of beings, distinct from humanity, limited by the atmosphere of the globe, knowing our mundane affairs, capable of interfering in our experiences, able to manifest themselves, even to take on visible forms and simulate the once living? Such a possibility cannot be disproved, and it might in some degree account for the very ordinary tone of the communications, as well as the impish character of many of the performances. The saints and sages do not worthily appear. This difficulty of establishing identity was apparent long ago to candid minds, — to William Lloyd Garrison, for instance, who confessed it; and to me it

still seems insuperable. That there is intelligence outside of palpable human beings may be freely conceded; but it is not necessarily that of departed spirits, that have once been on the earth.

But with this speculation the Society for Psychical Research has no concern. Indeed, it gets continually farther from any spiritualistic conclusions, its interest being mainly fixed on the natural laws that govern the action of mind as such, apart from any consideration of its existence on one side of the grave or the other. It leaves aside the questions of immortality and disembodiment. The mode of communication is the matter to which it addresses itself. Not that there is any disbelief in the immortal life, but simply that such a question lies out of its province, which includes the means of intercourse alone, and this particular explanation is in order only when every other has been exhausted. In the *Journal* for February, 1890, Mr. Frank Podmore, one of the leaders of the movement in England, deprecated the rashness which finds in the facts (facts of thought-transference) conclusive evidence for the survival of consciousness after the death of the body, as well as the confident skepticism, equally unscientific, which would reject any such explanation as untenable. The prime business is with phenomena; and while these are being collected, classified, and analyzed, all final inference concerning their origin or cause is premature. Mr. Podmore frankly tries to escape from the spiritualistic hypothesis, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers evidently inclines towards it; but both deplore any sudden surmise, both cling to the scientific as contrasted with the moral or sentimental method, both put away personal predilections as far as possible, though no one probably can do so entirely.

As to telepathy, — supposing it to be proved, as many do, — it points in two directions: first, towards some immaterial property in the individual, by virtue

of which he survives bodily dissolution ; or, second, towards a general force, which, like air, is intangible and constant, and which, on certain conditions, hitherto unascertained, lights on a few heads, — a cosmic energy whereof souls partake in consequence of some peculiar attribute.

The first supposition looks in the direction of a spiritual essence, indestructible by physical decay ; not the product of muscle, or nerve, or any physiological combination whatever, but rather setting these at naught, with their implications of space and time. This essence may be resolved into some primary elements by chemistry, but thus far it is not decomposable. It is a quality that defies distance, is instantaneous, is not dependent on terrestrial states, is most apparent in our least conscious moods and in our least wakeful hours, is strongest in the most undeveloped intellectually, is conspicuous in the moments when organization is dissolving, in the hour of death, — is certainly as near to our conception of soul as a thing can be. If there be a power in men that transcends the senses, it may well escape from the tomb.

Of course, this is not all the immortality the Christian believes in. It does not imply even conscious existence ; far less does it involve social relations, or hint at the possibility of communication with those yet in the flesh ; but it furnishes a basis for personal continuity, and it provides a foundation upon which faith may build.

Fourteen years ago, in 1876, Antoinette Brown Blackwell published a book entitled *The Physical Basis of Immortality*, in which she used the following language : “ In what way consciousness will associate itself with coöperative energies in the future, where and in what state we have been in the past, must at present be matter of surmise. But that life, in all orders of being, has a physical basis, through which it can ally itself to

a willingly coöperative universe, is not left to any contingency.”

What an immense change in the attitude of scientific investigation has taken place in the last fifty years ! In 1836, Isaac Taylor, author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, wrote a book called *Physical Theory of Another Life*. In the Introduction he remarks, “ To intrude into ‘ things not seen,’ under the influence of a ‘ fleshly mind,’ is a grave fault ; and especially so if, on the strength of even the most reasonable theory, we are led to bring into question a particle of that which the text of Scripture, duly interpreted, requires us to believe.”

At the meeting, on January 31, 1890, in London, Mr. Podmore, in answer to the question whether he could conceive any circumstances about appearances of the dead which might not be accounted for by some possible extension of telepathy, replied at once that he could not ; that he had tried, and failed. But he added that the evidence might be extended in such a way that, at a certain point, the hypothesis of telepathy from the living would become more improbable than that of communication from the dead. Thus psychical research conducts away from materialism.

The second point shows the tendency towards a form of theism. Not the old-fashioned theism, with its doctrines of Providence and prayer and moral government, but rather, I should say, towards that noble pantheism which enchants the most poetical minds of this generation. The recognition of another power, universal and steady as gravitation, exalts the Divine Majesty, and raises the soul to new heights of wonder and worship. The reign of law is extended and established ; and the nearness of law, its personal influence, is illustrated. Such a power possesses attributes such as gravitation does not claim ; for that deals with ponderable matter only, while this manages impon-

derable elements, mind, the relations of spiritual things, as we deem them. Thus, as the former is an example of a supreme *force*, so the latter is an example of a supreme *power*, and introduces us to the region of living sympathy. The "Power not ourselves" receives a new impressiveness. It becomes human. It lays hold of the heart-strings. It renders more intelligible the name Father. There may be no suggestion of direct purpose, no hint of explicit design, but the thought of a more completely organized universe is forced upon us, making it easier to conceive of a presiding Deity. This kind of pantheism appeals to the imagination, filling it with ideas of wealth, of fullness, of tenderness; touching the sensibilities, enhancing the vision of unity. The older theism addresses itself to the individual, his lot, his experiences, his private concerns, his moods, his emotions. This goes directly to his soul; fosters its aspirations after disinterestedness, purity, serenity, peace.

The effect of psychical research is thus to increase the mystery of the world. Such is the effect of all scientific investigation, even the most rudimentary. The ancient simplicity disappears, to be succeeded by another sort of simplicity, resulting from the combination of many complex phenomena. The elements may be fewer, but the ingredients have multiplied. The old world had no mystery, properly speaking. The mind of the Eternal was unfathomable, his intentions were past discovering, but his outward creation stirred no profound awe. The laws of nature did not exist. There were, here and there, students of stars, flowers, animals, and the more obvious phases of creation. There was an occasional investigator of more secret existences. But the close systematic, organized examination of phenomena was unknown. The real mystery of the world dawned on men when physical science was born; it has deepened with every step of its advance.

The subtle inquiries of the Society for Psychical Research open abysses that ages will not explore. The substitution of facts for fancies, of observation for surmise, of theory as an instrument of investigation for theory as a final dogma, the dismissal of all idols whatever, marks a revolution in discovery. No doubt a great number of other superstitions have been exposed along with multitudes of baneful chimeras, like witchcraft and demonic possession, but reverence, awe, wonder, have increased. We need not fear lest the universe should become prosaic. Imagination already has enough to do, and fresh demands will surely be made on it. A religion will grow out of the revelation of physical science, by and by.

In regard to the other point, — the mystery of the brain, — psychical research is throwing floods of light upon that, disclosing powers hitherto unsuspected. What masses of nebulae have been resolved into stars! What visions, illusions, delusions, hallucinations, have been traced directly to the cerebral organs, and shown to be products of nerve cells! They may be effects of disease; they may be results of temperament. They may be abnormal; they may be normal. At all events, they are inside the constitution. The tricks of the brain are known to be innumerable and most perplexing. The brain of man cannot be examined directly, and surmises are hard to verify; but it is certain that cerebral organization plays strange pranks with us, and of such kind that its agency in matters beyond our present knowledge is gravely suspected. Some years since, a man suffering from decomposition of the brain saw reptiles on the ceiling, serpents on the floor, and creeping things on the sofa where he sat. So real were they that though, being an educated person, he was sure they must be semblances, he dared not move lest he should excite them. In a few moments they vanished, to return

at some new paroxysm of his disease. Medical books abound in similar examples, and they suggest indefinite possibilities of nervous achievement; just as Lord Rosse's telescope led to anticipations that the nebula of Orion would be disintegrated.

The truth is that psychical research is yet in its infancy, and must be for a long time. Its task is extremely difficult, requiring, as it does, keen powers of observation, trained judgment, perfect candor, honesty, courage; in short, the rarest mental gifts. Men of this stamp are few. In this country, they are for the most part professors, physicians in large practice, clergymen with heavy duties. They are more numerous in England, where the two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, keep up the supply of disciplined men; and an old country affords more leisure. The work is expensive, too, as it involves a good deal of traveling, an extensive correspondence, a liberal supply of time, — costly commodities, all of them. It was necessary, therefore, to make the American society a branch of the English one, which is not only ably managed, but powerfully maintained; men and women,

lords and ladies, members of Parliament, authors, philosophers, experts in science, possessors of wealth, mind, cultivation, energy, being actively devoted to the quest.

The first report of proceedings by the London society was published in October, 1882. In the short time of eight years how much has been accomplished! Considering the elusive nature of the facts; the delicacy of the insight demanded; the inexactness of testimony; the all but impossibility of procuring precise accounts; the association of the phenomena with delusion, deceit, nervous derangement, some kind of eccentricity, with the consequent unwillingness to assume personal responsibility or to allow the use of names, the result has been very remarkable. If the promise of the past is at all justified in the future, we may confidently hope to find some clue to the enigmas that have so long and so cruelly baffled us. But, be this as it may, we cannot withhold our admiration of the patience, industry, devotedness, of those engaged in this inquiry. These qualities are of permanent value, and deepen the impression of earnestness which scientific men make.

O. B. Frothingham.

A NEW RACE PROBLEM.

IN the negotiations which terminated in the purchase of Alaska in 1867, it was scarcely contemplated that, in acquiring a quitclaim from Russia for an outlying territory equal in area to five of the greater States of the Union, we were also assuming a new race problem of the most interesting character. The long delay of Congress, until 1884, in making any other provision for the government of the country than applying the customs laws, and authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to lease the two

small seal islands in Behring Sea, in order to preserve the seal rookeries from total destruction, was a reflex of the indifference of the people of the entire country to this most recent acquisition of federal domain.

Ten years ago, the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church first turned its attention to this new field, and sent its agents into Alaska to break the ground for an entirely new missionary enterprise; and while that body, by reason of its priority in preëmpting the

field, has succeeded in establishing nearly all the mission stations which exist in Southeastern Alaska, other church organizations have followed in its footsteps, and support missions and schools to the westward, and in the great Yukon Valley north of Mt. St. Elias. In addition to these private enterprises undertaken to christianize and civilize the natives, Congress, during the last four sessions, has appropriated a sum of money ranging from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars annually, to be expended in the support of the general education of both the natives and the whites, and placed the same under the control of the Secretary of the Interior and of the Bureau of Education in that department. The amount appropriated for the current fiscal year is fifty thousand dollars. For the purpose of wisely distributing this fund, and carrying out the design of Congress, the Secretary of the Interior constituted a local board of administration, consisting of the governor, the United States district judge, a general agent of education residing in the Territory, and two other residents. This board has no authority, however, beyond making recommendations, — the ultimate execution of the law and the application of the appropriations depending upon the will of the Commissioner of Education, subject to the supreme direction of the Secretary of the Interior. The natives, or Indians of Alaska, as they are frequently and perhaps inaccurately designated, are in no sense subject to the Indian Bureau or the Superintendent of Indian Schools at Washington; and the only recognition of their Indian character by any federal official in the Territory is in the courts, in applying the statutes of the United States which prohibit the sale of certain firearms and intoxicating liquors to them.

Whether these people present a new and distinct race problem from that which has vexed the public authorities for several generations elsewhere de-

pends upon the view that is taken of the marked characteristics and peculiar environments which distinguish them from the other aboriginal peoples of the continent. The natives of Alaska are grouped into three great divisions, definitely localized, but having so many things in common, and habits and usages so similar, that some general principles, in the effort to civilize them, are applicable, and deserve attention now, after so many years of absolute neglect on the part of the government. The Eskimo are the occupants of the northeastern shore of Behring Sea, and have their miserable villages in the valleys of the Yukon and the Kuskokwim. The Aleuts, who seem to be ethnologically distinct from the Eskimo, and the people farther down the coast, below Mt. St. Elias, inhabit the Aleutian Islands, which separate Behring Sea from the North Pacific Ocean, and are the favored employees of the Alaska Commercial Company in killing seals, on St. Paul and St. George islands, in Behring Sea. It is a fact that the Aleuts on the seal islands were transferred from the Aleutian group during the period of Russian occupancy, and have acquired the sole prescriptive right to engage in seal killing during the proper season. Beginning in the vicinity of Mt. St. Elias, and extending down the coast to the British boundary, and along the indented shores of the islands of the Alexandrian Archipelago and of the thirty-mile mountainous strip called Southeastern Alaska, an almost entirely different class of natives comes into view. These are of the great Thlinket family. No accurate census has ever been taken of the inhabitants of the Territory.

In 1880, Petroff, a man of mixed Aleut and Russian blood, was employed as the census commissioner, and, while it was wholly impracticable for him to visit the remote villages in Western Alaska, he made an approximate estimate of their number where it was

impossible to make an actual count; and, since then, Congress and other departments of the government have accepted his conclusions, in the absence of more definite information. He placed the native population at forty thousand. Outside of the Russians who remained after the transfer, there were only a few hundred whites in 1880, distributed in very small groups. After the discovery of gold at Juneau and Douglass Island, in Southeastern Alaska, in 1881, and with the subsequent development of the salmon-canning industry all along the coast, the white population increased, so that the most careful and judicious observers now estimate it at five thousand. The villages of the several divisions into which the natives have been distributed occupy portions of the Territory in about equal proportions. In Southeastern Alaska, east and south of Mt. St. Elias, the villages are placed close by the beach in all cases, except those of the Chilcatts, whose three towns are up a river of the same name, about thirty miles. In Western Alaska, the rivers, such as the Yukon and the Kuskokwim, are navigable for canoes and badarkis, or skin boats, for fifteen hundred miles; and numerous villages stand on both sides of those streams as far as they are navigable, but nowhere in the Territory can a village be found more than a few rods distant, on the banks of some such stream, or close by the seashore. Land travel in all Southeastern Alaska is wholly out of the question.

No tribal relations have ever been known to exist among these people, as among the aborigines of the interior of the continent. The family was, and still is, the unit. Whatever political combination there was in the savage state embraced no more than a single village; and while this is yet maintained to some extent, contact with the whites has so weakened this bond that it can scarcely be said to exist. The public authorities in the Territory deal

with the people wholly as individuals, and in that respect they are placed on the same footing with whites. The courts utterly refuse to recognize the force and validity of Indian custom and law. When a native is charged with any offense against the laws of the United States, or the laws of Oregon, which have been made applicable in some cases by the Act of Congress providing a civil government for the Territory, he is tried according to the forms that apply in the case of a white man, and subjected to the same punishment and penalties, whether the offense was committed against a white man or his property, or against one of his own race. Herein there is a marked difference between the rights accorded to an Alaskan Indian and those of a reservation Indian in the States and other Territories, where, if the offense is committed by one member of the tribe against another, the trial is in an Indian tribunal, according to Indian usage and custom.

The elective franchise has never been extended by any Act of Congress to the inhabitants of Alaska. There is no legislative body whatever in the Territory. It is governed entirely by laws enacted by Congress, and executed by officers appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. If the elective franchise were now extended to the people of that country, with no other limitation than that of sex and nonage, every male native of Alaska would become a voter, and count at the ballot-box as much as the most intelligent citizen of any of the States. With the exception of the electoral disfranchisement, which he endures with every white man in the Territory, he has all the civil rights that are accorded to any man in the United States.

How, then, does the race problem as applied to him differ from that of the North American Indian? The Alaskan native is still uncivilized, because the effort to transform him was begun so

recently that little actual change has been made. The country, according to the opinion of those most experienced in public service there, will never be adapted to cattle raising; and hence it will be impossible to introduce the native to that intermediary stage of a pastoral life, which has found much encouragement among those who have regarded it as one of the most important steps in civilizing the Indians of the "plains." The intensely humid climate, with hundreds of days in each year of rain and cloudy weather, and the mountainous topography will forever deny those people the blessings of agriculture. The science of engineering has not yet, and doubtless never will, overcome the obstacles to railroad building, so as to entice capital in the most remote hope of profitable investment. The industries, outside of the seal rookeries, will be the development of coal fields to the westward, with transportation wholly by water; gold mining in the southeastern section; and salmon canning and cod and halibut fishing, from Portland Channel to Behring Sea. The steps already taken in civilization are tending to the increase of the native population, by giving them better dwellings and clothing, and teaching them a greater regard for healthful sanitary conditions; while there are so few inducements to whites to make the country a permanent home that the latter will always remain in a decided minority.

The existence of the capital at Sitka is maintained by about eighty Americans, all told, while the gold mining of Juneau and Douglass Island, one hundred and eighty miles northeast of Sitka, sustains a white population of not more than fifteen hundred; the remaining whites being scattered along the coast, at the fisheries, in groups of eight or ten persons, and at missionary stations. In every instance, this white population is of such a transitory character that local self-government, if now adopted, would

be a mere travesty. If suffrage were granted, without specially excepting the native races, the latter would be entitled to exercise it, and, being settled, for the most part, in compact villages of several hundred adult persons, would only become the tools of designing adventurers. The mountainous character of the entire country will make it impossible to create Indian reservations, on which to herd and teach the natives. They are all self-supporting and easily controlled. Men and women are equally industrious and frugal, and have a strong inclination to improve their habitations, food, and clothing. Hundreds find employment at the salmon canneries, and as common laborers at the gold mines.

No antagonism yet exists between the natives and white laborers in the same kind of employment, under the same employer. The government has never spent anything for their support, and need never do so, if proper and intelligent interest is taken in educating them with reference to their natural environment and the only industries that are capable of development in Alaska. The topography of the country makes it improbable that Alaska's resources can be developed and made valuable in any other way than by the massing of capital through the agencies of corporations. There will be few opportunities for the exercise of the ordinary mechanical trades. The labor, therefore, of the great mass of the natives will come under the control of those corporate enterprises; and if the Territory is accorded self-government, the natives, greatly outnumbering the whites, will become a perplexing element in every political contingency. They are unlike the negroes of the South. They have never been a servile race, nor have they been at war with the whites for a century, and then brought into subjection after defeat, and placed on reservations. They have none of that resentment which the Indian Bureau finds so difficult to overcome in

the case of the other native races of North America. They realize that everything is changing about them, and are anxious to pattern after the whites in better dwellings, more comfortable clothing, and a greater diversity of food, but they fail to realize yet the importance of education. The adults are serious obstacles to the education of the children; and no radical change is possible until attendance at the government schools is compulsory. It is not enough to provide schools and teachers at the public expense, but Congress must go further, and authorize the employment of Indian policemen at every village,

to compel the attendance of the children.

Many of the native schools have an enrollment of sixty pupils, with an average daily attendance of ten. This is due to the total lack of means of enforcing attendance. Until the system is changed, at least two thirds of the annual appropriation for education in Alaska will be wasted; and the race problem presented in the subject of their education and possible participation in the political affairs of the country is of too serious a character to be thus ignored by those who are now responsible for their future development.

John H. Keatley.

A SEARCH FOR A LOST BUILDING.

THE palace which had been reared at the command of Aladdin disappeared in a night. No sign of it remained to gladden the sight of the Sultan, when, in the morning, he looked from his cabinet window upon the spot where but yesterday the gorgeous structure stood. The building had been, but was not, nor could he discover that it had left behind a trace of its former existence.

The perplexity of him who searches for the traces of the first building erected at Cambridge for the use of Harvard College is almost as great as was that of the fabled monarch in the Oriental tale. Titles to real estate founded in town and proprietary grants will aid the searcher in determining the situation of many points of interest in Cambridge. He who visits that city to-day will find, inserted in buildings in the vicinity of the college, tablets inscribed with legends which point out historical associations with the sites. Stones erected by the wayside will aid him in the discovery of places where events of interest have occurred. He will, however, search in

vain for some monument which shall assure him that he looks upon the site of the first college building. No record is extant which fixes positively the spot where the building stood. No fragment of the building, so far as is known, remains in existence to-day. The visitor can study in the vast collections of fossils in the museums the fauna and flora of former geologic periods. He can look upon hieroglyphic inscriptions from Egypt. He can find those who will interpret for him the cuneiform inscriptions on cylinders from Nineveh. The inmost secrets of the lives of the mound-builders are spread before his eyes. The rude stone implements of palæolithic man, gathered by the hundred from the Trenton gravel, are submitted to his inspection. He can see the sketch of a mastodon rudely incised on the surface of a shell, the work of which was done by one who probably saw the living animal. At the Library, specimens of early books, rare tracts, valuable autographic manuscripts, and hundreds of maps, of various degrees of interest, are

to be found. But of articles which have a known association with this building, one or two books of records, which must have been used within its walls, and a single volume from John Harvard's library alone remain.

Historians of the college have dismissed their allusions to the building without attempting description. No print, no drawing, has been preserved to give us an idea how it looked.

The dazed and bewildered Sultan, when he gazed upon the vacant spot where he had hoped to see the palace of his son-in-law, had at least the mental vision, furnished by his memory, of what he expected to see. But a few hours before he had satisfied his pride with a view of the magnificent structure, and the picture then imprinted upon his retina was before him as he entered his cabinet. Although the palace was no longer there, he could not be robbed of his memory. In this respect, at least, the monarch, in his speculations over the missing palace, had a great advantage over him who searches for the lost college building. Yet if the latter has not the adventitious aid of memory to recall in imagination the building which he is seeking to depict, if he cannot find any graphic delineation to aid him in his task, if he derives no assistance from consulting the pages of historians who have selected the college as a topic, he is not absolutely without resources in his work.

The literature of the early history of New England is voluminous. The records of the colony and of the college cover the period when this building was in existence. Contemporary writers visited Cambridge, and mention of the college is made by several in their publications. The collation and comparison of these references, although they are vague and general in character, give some idea of the structure, and of the manner of its occupation. If to these are added a few extracts from the college records

and account-books, we shall have some information at command concerning a building around which cluster so many associations of interest.

The work of collating references to the college from contemporary publications has been already performed, and the publication of the result in the proceedings of societies devoted to special investigations of this nature has placed this information within reach of specialists who know where to look for such matters. To make the result of this work more accessible to general readers, and to add thereto a few hints as to the building, culled from unpublished records, is the purpose of this article. If the fragmentary nature of the details shall, when thus grouped together, fail to satisfy the desires of those interested in the history of the building, it will at least be true that they will find something new on the subject. History cannot hope to vie with magic. Aladdin, by invoking the very powers which removed his palace, was able to restore it to its former situation. It is not probable that any search through publications and records will ever furnish much more knowledge than we now possess as to the site and construction of the college building. Yet if we consider the various references, published and unpublished, we can get a much better idea of the manner of building that it was, and of the discomforts which its tenants must have suffered, than will be suggested by meagre, detached allusions scattered through printed and written pages, some of which are only to be consulted with trouble, and the perusal of all of which would require great patience.

In the fall of 1636, a grant of "£400 towards a School or College" was made by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. A little over a year thereafter, the same court ordered the college to be at New Town, or Cambridge, as the place was soon thereafter called. Nathaniel Eaton was chosen professor, and

to him was entrusted the disbursement of the funds "for the erecting of such edifices as were meet and necessary for a college, and for his own lodgings." A copy of an account of these disbursements exists, in which Eaton charges himself with receiving from the executors of John Harvard's estate £200. This account has no date, and no other credit is given the college for moneys received by Eaton. John Harvard died in September, 1638. Eaton was dismissed from his position the next year, for cruelty to his pupils. It is therefore probable that work upon the building was begun in the latter part of 1638. The town of Cambridge in 1638 made a grant of two and two thirds acres of land "to the Professor," "to the town's use forever for a public school or college." The location of the grant is only approximately known, and the preponderance of evidence points to another lot, which in 1638 stood in Eaton's name, as the site of the first college building. This lot was on Braintree (now Harvard) Street, opposite the street now known as Holyoke Street.

In 1643, a tract entitled *New England's First Fruits* was published in England. The college building is described therein as follows: "The edifice is very fair and comely, within and without, having in it a spacious hall, where they daily meet at Commons, Lectures and Exercises, and a large library with some books in it, the gifts of diverse of our friends, their chambers and studies also fitted for and possessed by the students, and all other roomes and offices necessary and convenient, with all needful offices thereto belonging." Still another description is given in *Johnson's Wonder Working Providence*, where Cambridge is likened to a bowling-green, and the college building is spoken of as a "faire building," "thought by some to be too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean in others apprehension for a Colledg." Johnson's book

was published in London in 1654. The next description of the building which contains matter of sufficient interest for our purposes occurs in the report of Edward Randolph, king's commissioner, in 1676. He says, "There are three colleges built in Cambridge, a Town seven miles from Boston. One built of timber and covered with shingles of cedar, at the charge of Mr. Harvard, and bears his name." He then proceeds to describe the Indian College as a small brick building, and the new college building as a "fair pile of a brick building and covered with tiles."

The college records furnish us with a copy of the bill for the glass used in the building, in which charges are entered for glass in the hall and school, the lanthorn, the turret, the staircase, the hall study, and in six other studies and eight chambers, designated by the names of the occupants. This bill was dated March 5, 164 $\frac{3}{4}$. The total, including a charge for mending, was only £15 16s. 4d.,—a sum which would seem to have been inadequate for the complete glazing of the building.

There are also a series of charges in the names of students, for work done in the several studies and chambers, from which it may be inferred that these rooms were finished under the direction and at the expense of the tenants who then took possession of them. Some of them were ceiled with cedar; some were calked and daubed with clay; some were plastered and whitened. Those students fortunate enough to share the benefits of a chimney bore their proportion of the expense of construction.

There is a table of the income of the studies which enumerates the rent of each room. There is also a list of studies in the handwriting of President Chauncy, in which they are classified according to their rents. Beside these, there is an inventory of the college property in 1654, in which the college building is described as follows: "The

building called the old college, conteyn-
ing a hall, kitchen, buttery, cellar, tur-
ret and five studies, and therein seven
chambers for students in them, a pan-
try and small corner chamber, a library
and books therein valued at £400." In
addition to these entries, which deal
specifically with the building, there are
certain orders of the Overseers regu-
lating the tenancy of the rooms, and
prescribing rules to govern the conduct
of students and college servants, which
throw light upon the occupation of the
building. For instance, an order pro-
hibiting students from bringing candles
into the hall, coupled with charges, in
students' accounts, for the use of the
public candle and the public fire, vividly
portrays the slender resources of the
times.

When Eaton was removed the build-
ing was but just begun. Work upon it
was continued under the supervision of
Samuel Shepard. In his account there
is one date of 1642. In an account
of Tyng, the country treasurer, there is
a charge against the college for 4000
boards in 1642. The charges for com-
pleting the studies are dated 1643. The
bill for glass is in the spring of 1644.
Winthrop is authority for the statement
that most of the government of the col-
lege were present, in 1642, at the first
Commencement, and dined in commons.
It is a fair inference that this dinner
was in the college building, but it is
probable that the building was not com-
pleted until the latter part of 1643.

The search for traces of its construc-
tion brings us in contact with the record
of its decay, which began within less
than a decade from the time of its com-
pletion. Petitions from the Corporation
and Overseers from time to time recite
the progress of this decay, and in 1677
we find the record of the final collapse
of the building. In 1680, Cambridge
was visited by Dankers and Sluyter,
two Dutchmen who made a tour in the
colonies, and on their return home sub-

mitted a report of their trip. No men-
tion of this building is made in the
graphic account which they gave of
their visit to Cambridge.

When we peruse the records of the
brief existence of this building, and re-
flect upon the rude finish of its interior,
we shall probably be disposed to doubt
whether it was, after all, fair and come-
ly within and without; and it is not
unlikely that our sympathies will run
rather with those who apprehended it
was too mean for a college than with
those who feared it was too gorgeous for
a wilderness.

Charges in Eaton's account for "fell-
ing, squaring, and loading lumber" show
that he paid for cutting trees which en-
tered into the construction of the build-
ing. The frame was set up in the yard,
and apparently before this work was
concluded it was determined that the
projected building was on too small a
scale, for in the original account a
charge is entered for "additions to be
made to the frame." The bricks used
in the chimneys were made for the col-
lege, and the wages of the workmen
who made them were paid by the per-
son who had the work in charge.

From the various records which have
been alluded to, the following facts with
reference to the building can be de-
duced: In the first place, it had a cel-
lar. The charge for excavation appears
in Eaton's account, and the cellar itself
figures in the inventory of 1654. There
was a kitchen, a buttery, and a larder
or pantry. There was a fair and spa-
cious hall and a large library. The hall
was used for commons, as well as reci-
tations and exercises. Some idea of its
size may be gained from the fact that
most of those who formed the govern-
ment of the college in 1642 were pre-
sent at Commencement, and dined "with
the scholars ordinary commons." The
government of the college was at that
time composed of the magistrates and
elders of the six nearest churches. In

1643, the synod met in Cambridge, and the number of elders present was about fifty. "They sat in Commons, and had their diet there, after the manner of the Scholars' Commons, but somewhat better, yet so ordered as it came not to above sixpence a meal for a person."

There were eight chambers in the building. Two of them were small, and apparently were intended for use by single students. In each of the larger chambers there were three or four studies; provision being thus made for a joint occupancy. That one, at least, of the smaller rooms was for a sole tenant appears from the assignment of a bedroom to Sir Alcock, "which was to him alone." Beside the studies in the chambers, there were five studies in the turret. Four of them were designated in the table of incomes by points of compass, and all four were evidently on the second floor. The fifth was called the "lowest study," and in Chauncy's list is styled "the study at the stairs at the foot of the turret." It requires no great stretch of the imagination to fill up what is wanting in the description of the turret, and thus interpret the meaning of this entry. The main entrance to the building was through the turret. The space of the ground floor in that portion of the building was occupied by a staircase, which finds mention in the glazier's bill and in Chauncy's list, by the passage-way leading to the hall, and by "the study at the stairs at the foot of the turret;" the latter being probably the portion of the hall beneath and in the rear of the stairs, which was inclosed and utilized as a study.

What were these studies, of which there were three in some chambers and four in others, whose walls were "daubed," or "plastered and whitened," or "ceiled with cedar"? It is plain that they must have been small, and it is not improbable that the partitions which separated them from the chambers did not reach to the ceiling. In one of the vol-

umes, containing miscellaneous papers, now in the archives of the college, there is a plan for a college building which is attributed to Thomas Prince, in which studies are plotted which were apparently about five feet square. The building of these separate compartments for study, connected with rooms in college buildings allotted for sleeping purposes, at a time when so great economy had to be practiced in every department of life, requires some explanation. It is perhaps to be found in the fact that similar arrangements existed in the colleges in England. Readers of Froude will recall Anthony Dollaber's account of his arrest in 1528. Dollaber says, "I shut my chamber door unto me, and my study door also." Each student who lodged in the first college building at Cambridge was, like Anthony Dollaber at Frideside College, provided with a study for his separate use; and although the size of these private rooms must have been exceedingly diminutive, still he had a place where he could be secluded, and carry on his studies without interruption.

In the table of incomes, two studies are enumerated as having fires in them. These must have been rooms of fair dimensions, otherwise the fire would have been unendurable. The situation of those rooms which enjoyed the privilege of a fire must have been determined by the chimneys. One of them is mentioned in the charges against Bulkley, and is described as "the study with the fire, the highest over the kitchen." Where there were several studies in one chamber, the latter must of course have been jointly occupied by the tenants of the several studies. It does not appear in what chambers the students lodged who occupied the studies in the turret, but it is probable that provision had to be made for them in the larger chambers. The rule, however, was that to each chamber as many students were assigned as there were studies, as will appear from the orders of the Overseers approved

in 1667, among which was the following: "In case any shall leave a Study in any chamber, wr in some doe yet remaine, such as remaine shall stand charged with ye care of ye vacant Studies."

In the chambers were "cabins," or closets, which were specifically assigned. Sometimes the cabin allotted to a student was not situated in the chamber where he lodged; thus Bradford's study carried with it "the right to a cabin in the great chamber."

Three of the chambers were designated as the "low east chamber," the "east middle chamber," and the "highest east chamber." There were, therefore, three east chambers, one over the other. In other words, the eastern end of the building was devoted to lodging-rooms. The "low" and the "middle" east chambers each had four studies. On the lower floor, the first in order of mention was "ye study of ye hall;" then came the "middle study in the same row;" then the "northernmost study;" and after that the "lower study over against it."

The studies in the second story were classified in a similar way, except that the first is designated as the "southernmost." In the "highest east chamber" there were three studies, the "southernmost," the "middle," and the "northernmost."

It is probable that the structure was a two-story building, with an attic sufficiently high to admit of rooms being finished off in it. Westward of the "low east chamber," and "betwixt it and ye turret," was another "low chamber." The turret was therefore separated, on the ground floor, from one end of the building by the width of two chambers. There were on the ground floor, beside these chambers, the hall, the kitchen, the buttery, and the pantry. Hence it may be assumed that the front of the building was broken by a turret in the middle. There was no

"highest" chamber, or study, mentioned as being in the turret. Perhaps the architectural finish of the turret did not permit a chamber at that elevation. There is a charge in the glazier's bill for glass in the "lanthorn." The use of this term would seem to point to an ornamental finish to the top of the turret. On the other hand, it appears from the records that, "in 1658, John Willett gave the college a bell, which was placed in the turret." From this, it may be inferred that there was, at any rate, an open belfry in the turret.

With the detailed enumeration of the rooms given in the table of incomes, it would seem as if we could almost trace the footsteps of the person who made up the list, as he passed from room to room, and noted, by descriptive title, each chamber, and located each study within it. There are, however, difficulties in the vagueness of such phrases as "the corner study over against it," and the "sizer's study over the porch of that chamber," etc., which are insuperable. If any meaning can be attached to the "east chamber," it would seem that the building must have faced to the north or to the south. If the site of the building be accepted as on the Eaton lot, then it must have faced to the south, towards Harvard Street. The kitchen, buttery, and pantry were at the west end, the hall in the middle, and the east end was devoted to chambers.

A comparison of this suggestion as to the plan of the first building with the description of the first Harvard Hall, given in the life of Timothy Pickering, will show that the same general plan was followed in the new building, although the occupation of the eastern and western wings was reversed, the kitchen and buttery in the new building being in the eastern wing.

It has already been suggested that the building was partially occupied before it was finished. The glazier's bill

was not rendered until the spring of 1643, while the magistrates and elders dined at commons in 1642. It is not unlikely that, for a time at least, oiled paper was used as a substitute for glass, in some of the windows. If we needed proof that this conjecture is within the range of probability, it is to be found in the statement, made by Dankers and Sluyter, that they looked into the Indian College through a broken paper sash. The sum allowed by the commissioners of the United Colonies for the construction of the Indian College was £120, exclusive of the cost of glass, showing an intention to have some glazing in the building. The charges in the glazier's bill against separate studies in the first college building were from one to two shillings each, sums inadequate for much glass.

The phrase "covered with cedar shingles," as used by Randolph, probably referred merely to the roof. He describes the new building as "covered with tiles," an expression that we should naturally limit to the roof. That does not, however, militate against the possibility of the sides having been finished in the same way. It was, at that time, a common method of construction employed in Boston. Dankers and Sluyter described the Boston houses, in 1680, as "made of thin small cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and then filled with brick or other stuff." Clapboards, we know, were exported from early times; and in Shepard's account, he charges himself with one payment made to him in clapboards. All that we can say is, that the finish might have been either shingles or clapboards.

Without other knowledge of the external appearance of the building than has already been given, we must rely upon the prevailing custom of the times, if we assert that the rudely constructed little building was two stories high, and had a gambrel roof, with dormer windows in the attic story. It will require

no great feat of the imagination to picture such a building, having its front broken by a projecting turret or tower, the top of which was finished off with a belfry.

We can look into the kitchen and see the busy scene as the modest meals were prepared, which were to cost the members of the synod not above sixpence apiece. The luxury of "turnspit Indians," for whose services charges are made in the steward's accounts, can only be associated with the first Harvard Hall, if we rely exclusively upon the dates of these charges; but it is not improbable that the primitive simplicity of the meals which were served to the synod gave place to luxuries like those indicated in these charges, even during the life of the first building. We can see the hall with its "sanded floor," now in use for religious services, now with tables spread for commons, and again occupied as a recitation room. As the scene of commons is brought before us, we note that each student receives his sizing of food upon a pewter plate, and his beer in a pewter mug. These are delivered by the butler to the servitor, and from the buttery hatch the former keeps watch to see that no vessels or utensils belonging to the college are borne from the hall. Forks are as yet unknown at Cambridge, and each student feeds himself with the knife which he carries upon his person.

If we think of the scene in summer, we imagine the students, with the windows of their chambers and studies swung open, and fastened in position by the "window-hooks," enjoying to the full the fresh, cool sea-breeze, which sweeps unpolluted across the plain described as like a bowling-green. The very defects of the building made it comfortable in warm weather; but when the cold blasts of winter swept through the cracks caused by the shrinking of the timbers as they seasoned, openings disclosed themselves which no calking

or daubing could keep closed, and the scene presented for our consideration is far different. At such times as these, the chambers and the studies must have been deserted; and the students must have collected within the "settle," where, by the light of the "public candle," cowering over the "public fire," they found the only place where they could with any sort of comfort pursue their studies during the long winter evenings.

I have said that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to recall mentally an approximate picture of the lost building, which for a little over a third of a century was known as Harvard College. However rude the building, and however uncomfortable it may have been, still it was a college building, containing dormitories, life in which must have yielded to the students many experiences which characterize student life to-day. If we should undertake to recall the scene of the adjustment of accounts between the steward and the students, the task would be much more difficult. The wildest fancy could not conceive of the treasurer of Harvard College receiving his pay to-day in live cattle and sheep; in grain, malt, and apples; in beef, pork, and bacon; in sugar and salt; in wool and sacking. The adjustment of the value of an "old cow," and the settlement of the allowance for "her hide" and for "her suet and her inwards," would hardly be considered within the range of the duties of the financial officer of an institution of learning. Charges for sending twice for the same cow might perhaps be regarded as reasonable, but it would be difficult to justify a charge for pasturage while the animal was awaiting appraisal. We can understand how the college might to-day make use of cattle, of grain, of sugar, and of suet; and we know the use which in those days was made of the malt and the runlets of sack which figure as credits in the steward's

accounts; but what could have been done with 14s. 6d. worth of rose-water, or with a sword valued at 8s. 6d.? How many accountants would it take to keep track of the students' bills, if the college assumed such personal charges as those for cutting hair, and for making and mending clothes and shoes? Yet these charges and credits figure in the steward's account-book, and bring before our eyes more vividly the evils endured by the infant colony, through lack of circulating medium, than does the attempt of the General Court to supply the deficiency by making wampampeg a legal tender, "the white eight to a penny, the black at four, so as they be entire without breaches or deforming spots." They mark more distinctly the difference between student life then and now than would any comparison between the modern buildings and the one which is the subject of this article.

It has been already stated as probable that timber which was standing on the stump when the first college building was begun entered into its construction. Of course, a building so constructed could not last long, and we can readily believe that Dunster spoke the truth when, in his petition to the Indian commissioners in 1649, he said, "Seaventhly, seeing the first evil contrivall of the college building, there now ensues yearly decaye of the rooff, walls, and foundation, which the study rents will not carry forth to repaire." From that time forth until 1677, when a portion of it fell down, complaints as to its condition are frequently encountered.

Hubbard, writing in 1679, merely refers to the building in the past tense. Cotton Mather, a quarter of a century later, finds nothing worth saying about it, except that it bore the same name as the new building.

The wish was expressed by the editor of Winthrop's New England that he could exchange fifty pages from a well-known will, probated in the early days

of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, for one which could be identified as from that of John Harvard. Cotton Mather graduated at Cambridge in 1678. He was therefore in college when the old building became unfit for occupation. If to what he wrote in his *Magnalia*

concerning the college he had added but one page devoted to a description of the first building, and of student life therein, who shall measure the exchange that we would gladly pay in pages selected from other parts of this ponderous work?

Andrew McFarland Davis.

REVULSION.

"A CERTAIN rich man possessed many sheep, and herds of cattle, and great flocks of goats, and countless broodmares fed in his pastures; and he had shepherds, both slaves and freedmen, whom he hired, neatherds and goat-herds, and hostlers for his horses. He had also vast estates, many of which he had inherited from his father, but many more he had himself acquired; for his one ambition was to increase his goods, by lawful or unlawful means. Neither cared he greatly for the gods. Many wives had he, and children, both sons and daughters, among whom, when he came to die, he divided his possessions, without, however, having instructed them in the proper administration of their wealth; for he had fancied that the mere number of his children would suffice to preserve his possessions, and he had used no effort to make his heirs good men. Hence the beginning of their mutual injuries. For each one, in imitation of his father, desired himself alone to have the whole, and so attacked his brethren, . . . until slaughter prevailed on every side, and the gods permitted the consummation of a frightful tragedy.

"The patrimony was allotted by the edge of the sword, and all was dire confusion.

"The children overthrew the altars which their father before them had despised, and despoiled of many gifts even those of their own ancestors." Jove then

appealed to his divine son, Apollo, and to the fatal sisters to assist him. "And to the sun-god he said, 'Seest thou this little boy?' (It was a forlorn and neglected offshoot of the family, nephew of that rich man who was dead, and cousin to the heirs.) 'He is of thy race. Swear to me, by thy sceptre and mine, that thou wilt have him in thy special keeping, and govern all his ways, and heal him of his ills. Thou seest him, sordid, miserable, and obscure, thine own divine spark in him well-nigh extinguished. Take him and train him for thy work.' And the father of the gods commanded Minerva — the virgin born of no mother — to aid the sun-god in bringing up the child, who thenceforth grew and waxed strong."

It is thus, under a thin guise of fable, that the Roman Emperor, Flavius Claudius Julianus, commonly known as the Apostate, has told the story of his own escape from the general massacre, by Constantius, of the collateral heirs of Constantine the Great, and of the divine interposition whereby he so devoutly believed that he had been preserved and brought to the throne. The fable occurs in the second of two discourses against the Cynics, composed by Julian during the prolific last year and a half of that crowded life which closed in the Asian desert at thirty-one. The philosophical views of the royal youth were no less luminously conceived and firmly arrested

than his reactionary religious beliefs. He was an ardent Stoic, and Marcus Aurelius was his patron saint. He introduces the tale of his early wrongs incidentally, by way of illustrating an argument he has been making in favor of myth as a vehicle of instruction: "You will force me, too, to become a fabulist." And he dismisses it with the same negligent grace: "Is this a fanciful tale or a veracious history? I know not."

The accent of the enthusiast, not to say the fanatic, is conspicuous here. We recognize the man of dreams and visions, of supersensual intimations, mystic inner meanings, and trances of silent receptivity. But this is only one aspect of an exceedingly rich and many-sided though eccentric nature. Julian was as keen of wit as he was devotional in spirit, as vigorous in action as he was dreamy in speculation. His brief life, moreover, was so incessantly and intently occupied by one tremendous purpose, he was so pathetically "straitened" till this impossible work of his should be accomplished, that he had little care for his own consistency; and the self-revelation of his writings is complete.

It is proposed on the present occasion to turn resolutely away from the controversies with which Julian's name is inevitably associated, and to consider, if possible without prepossession, the enigmatical but highly distinguished nature of the man himself, as outlined in his own unstudied works and in those of some of his most famous contemporaries.

The principal facts and dates of his life must first be rapidly recapitulated.

He was born in Constantinople, on the 6th of November, 331. His father was Julius Constantius, brother of Constantine the Great. His mother was Basilina, a member of the noble Roman house of the Anicii, the first, and for a considerable time the only, family of patrician rank which professed Christianity.

On the 22d of May, 337, when Julian

was five and a half years old, Constantine died, leaving the kingdom of the world to his three sons; and a few days later, Constantius, who had succeeded to the throne of Constantinople, sanctioned that general massacre of his kindred to which Julian alludes in the fable already quoted, and which he describes in plainer language in the letter of apology which he addressed to the Senate and people of Athens, after his own assumption at Paris, twenty-five years later, of the imperial crown:—

"It is known to all that on my father's side I am of the same blood as Constantius. His father and mine were brothers,—children of the same father. These, then, were the dealings of that most humane Emperor with us, his nearest relations. My six cousins, who were equally his own; my father, who was his uncle; another common uncle on the paternal side; and, finally, my own eldest brother, he put to death without trial. He desired also to have slain my other brother" (Gallus) "and myself, but was content to send us into exile, and in the end he set me free; while, shortly before he murdered him, he gave my brother the title of Cæsar."

The life of the baby Julian was saved by the intervention of some Christian ecclesiastic, but such a number of bishops in later times laid claim to this distinction that it is no longer possible to determine his name. The children were separated at first, but both were educated conformably with their rank; Julian being confided to the care of a certain Seythian eunuch, named Mardonius, by whom he was thoroughly grounded in the principles of the Stoic philosophy.

When Julian was fourteen years of age, and his brother Gallus about twenty, the two were dispatched in company to the magnificent royal castle of Maccellum, near Cæsarea, a strongly fortified place, where they were kept for six years under strict surveillance, and carefully instructed in the minutiae of Chris-

tian doctrine. They were even made readers in the church, and the fact that they had to be clean-shaven for this purpose may help to account for the fanatical attachment which Julian manifested in after-years for his own luxuriant beard. The feeblener Gallus proved a docile pupil, and, though his life shed little lustre on his faith, the sincerity of his Christian profession was never questioned; but Julian, while outwardly conforming to the requirements of his position, kept himself clear of the personal vices which defaced his brother's character, and thought to such extraordinary purpose, on his own behalf, during this period of splendid constraint, that he always afterward dated from the year 350, when he was nineteen, his own definitive rejection of Christianity, and return to a belief in the pagan gods.

In 351, when the death of the two brothers of Constantius had left the latter sole Emperor, Gallus was first invested with the purple, and almost immediately put to death. On this occasion Julian's life was saved by the intercession of the Empress Eusebia, and he passed the ensuing five or six years as a pupil in the philosophical schools of Athens, Nicomedia, and other Eastern cities. It was at Ephesus, in this interval of studious retirement, that Julian formally, although still secretly, renounced Christianity, and was initiated into certain pagan mysteries, in the course of which the stain of baptism was supposed to have been effaced by washing in the blood of a bullock, newly slain, and the neophyte devoted himself to the especial worship of the sun-god.

In 355, Constantius abruptly summoned Julian to Milan, bestowed on him the rank of Cæsar and the hand of his sister Helena, who died before Julian's accession to the empire, and appointed him governor of Gaul. There could not have been a more critical position for an untried ruler. The affairs of the Western Empire had fallen into

dire confusion, the Franks and Alemanni were in open revolt. But if Constantius had flattered himself, as we can hardly doubt, that the visionary and inexperienced youth would fall an easy prey to the insurgent barbarians, he was doomed to signal disappointment. The world knows how astonishing was the military genius developed, under pressure, by the dreaming scholar, how soon and thoroughly the wild German tribes were reduced to order, how austere was the private life of the young commander, how impassioned the devotion which he soon came to inspire among the soldiery of whose hardships he partook. Only a few years had passed, when Constantius began to see in the loyalty of Julian's legions a more serious menace to his own ascendancy than he had ever yet foreboded.

An imperial edict was dispatched to the headquarters at Lutetia, — Paris, — detailing the best of the veteran troops of Gaul to service in the Persian war. This arbitrary order the army flatly refused to obey. They demanded that Julian should himself assume the imperial crown, and swore that they would follow him as Emperor to the ends of the earth. The Stoic prince made a feint, perhaps a sincere effort, of resisting the will of his troops, but yielded, after a night of inward conflict, to what he recognized as the will of Heaven. He was crowned, in default of any other diadem, with the golden torque of one of his officers; making open profession at the same time of his long-dissembled pagan belief, and announcing his intention, while permitting perfect liberty of conscience throughout his dominions, to restore the public worship of the divinities of Olympus, and constitute paganism once more the religion of the state. His rapid march across central Europe, at the head of his legions, has ever been reckoned one of the miracles of strategy. He was fully prepared to defend his usurpation at the point of the sword,

when the news met him at Sirmium of the death of Constantius from fever contracted at Antioch ; and so, after all, the empire of the world fell peaceably into the hands of the reactionary.

After a short season of vigorous administrative reform in the corrupt court at Constantinople, he started, at the head of his army, to prosecute that Eastern war which had been bequeathed him by Constantius ; and there, a few months later, by the banks of the Tigris, on the 26th of June, 363, while leading his troops to repel a sudden attack of the Persian army on his rear, he received a javelin wound from an unknown hand, and breathed out, a few hours later, in the shelter of his tent, his fiery spirit, his vast and daring purposes, his fateful devotion to a cause already extinct.

Let us now return to the testimony of this extraordinary being concerning himself.

Comparatively little of his early writing has been preserved. There are, however, several important letters, and one, of special though still fanciful interest, whose date can with reasonable probability be assigned to a period earlier by a couple of years than the usurpation at Paris. It is addressed to his physician, Oribasius, a pagan, one of the two men who professed always to have been in his confidence concerning the state of his religious convictions.

The letter begins abruptly : “ ‘The dream-gates are two,’ says the divine Homer, and they command different degrees of confidence concerning future events. My opinion is that you have had an authentic vision of the future, if such a thing ever was. I, too, have seen what I will now describe. Methought that a certain lofty tree was bending to its fall, but attached to its roots was a tender young shoot, growing well. And I was concerned for the tiny tree, lest it should be uprooted along with the great one. Then, as I drew nearer, I

perceived that the large tree was actually prostrate on the ground, but the little one seemed erect, only suspended above the soil ; and in great disquiet I exclaimed, ‘What a mighty tree was this, and now there is danger lest even the small offshoot should perish !’ Then a man whom I did not know approached, and said, ‘Look closer, and be of good cheer. The little tree has a root attached to the ground. It will be saved and increase in strength.’ Such was my dream, but God knows the interpretation of it.”

Julian was also a seer of visions, no less than a dreamer of dreams. There are frequent references to facts of this kind in the priceless pages of that calm and lucid historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, who was a member of Julian’s body-guard during the Persian campaign, and present at his death. Thus, in describing the tumultuous eve of Julian’s coronation at Paris, he says : —

“During the night before he was proclaimed Augustus, the Emperor related to his immediate attendants how, in the quiet, he had seen a something which resembled the representations of the Genius Publicus, and which addressed him with a certain severity : ‘For a long time, now, O Julian, I have lingered unseen about the threshold of your dwelling, desiring to increase your honors. Sometimes, as feeling myself repulsed, I have turned away. But now, if, in obedience to the desire of so many, you receive me not, I shall depart, sad and dejected. Remember, therefore, and let it sink into your heart, that if I go I shall thenceforth abide with you no more.’ ”

To this may best be appended here another quotation from Ammianus, from that portion of his history in which he speaks as an eye-witness, and tells us in his own simple and convincing fashion what took place in one of the last nights of the Emperor’s life : —

“He, after some anxious hours of

broken rest, betook himself, as was his wont when sleepless, to writing in his tent, after the fashion of Julius Cæsar, and to meditating, in the night-watches, on the thoughts of some philosopher. Then saw he again, as he told his people, that same vision of the Genius Publicus which had appeared to him in Gaul, when he had attained his imperial rank. But lacking now its former splendor, and with its veil covering the cornucopia as well as the head, it glided sadly through the tent and disappeared. Transfixed for a moment with wonder, he presently surmounted all fear, and committed the future to the will of the gods. Afterward, while it was yet deep night, he arose from his low couch, and offered propitiatory sacrifices to the divinities; and then it seemed to him that he beheld a blazing torch, which furrowed the air like a falling star, and faded away. Whereupon a deep dread seized him lest it should be the star of Mars which had appeared under so threatening an aspect."

Later on in the letter to Oribasius which has been already quoted, casual reference is made to another member of the small circle of Julian's trusted friends. After alluding to the intrigues which perpetually thwarted his administration in Gaul, and to the directly divine assistance whereby he felt that his victories had been won, he says: "If I myself have to suffer, there will be no small consolation in the consciousness of having acquitted myself well. I pray the gods that I may be permitted to keep with me that upright man, Sallust. But if a successor to myself be presently forthcoming, I shall not, I hope, repine. A brief season, well spent, is better than years of ill-doing. So say the Peripatetics, and I do not find their maxims less manly than those of the Stoics."

Julian's main philosophical creed was, however, as has been said, the Stoic one, and his aim was to follow as closely as might be in the footsteps of Marcus

Aurelius. It was in emulation of the blameless Emperor that he regularly divided his nights into three parts, giving only one to slumber, the second to affairs of state, the third to the Muses. In his panegyric of his friend and protector, the Empress Eusebia, composed probably in the autumn of 357, or some two years after he had been made governor of Gaul, he expresses his profound and touching gratitude for her gift of a Greek library.

"Thanks to her," he says, "even Gaul and Germany have become to me museums of Greek letters. Always keeping fast hold of these treasures, I can never forget her from whom I received them; and whenever I go on any expedition, I take with me, as part of my military equipment, some one of these books, which then seems to me as if it had been long ago written for this especial purpose. For the carefully preserved memorials of the wisdom and experience of our ancestors offer a clear and vivid picture of the great days of old to those who came too late to behold them."

Nevertheless, there is a letter dated some two years later, but belonging to the same period of Julian's rude campaigns against the Alemanni, and addressed to two of his fellow-students at Athens, in which a sigh of envious regret breaks from the unwilling warrior, at the thought of their noble and peaceful avocations:—

"To Eumenius and Phareanus: If any one has ever attempted to persuade you that there is aught sweeter or better for humanity than to philosophize in peace and security, that man is mistaken, and would fain mislead you. But if the old ardor for knowledge remains with you, and has not gone out like a crackling flame, I hold you to be happy men. Four years and almost three months have passed since we parted, and I would gladly know what progress you have made in that interval of time.

For my own part, I have contracted such barbarous habits in these countries that it is a wonder if I can still speak Greek. But for yourselves, do not, I beseech you, neglect any branch of study, neither oratory, nor rhetoric, nor poetry. Let your greatest zeal be for knowledge. The works of Plato and Aristotle contain the sum of it all. Devote yourselves to these. They are base, foundation, building, and roof. All the rest is but ornament. . . . God is my witness, it is because I love you like brothers that I offer these counsels."

One is reminded of that passionate admonition of Arthur Hugh Clough's:—

"Not as the scripture saith, I think is the fact. Ere our death-day,
Faith, I think, does pass, and Love; but
Knowledge abideth.
Let us seek knowledge; the rest must come
and go as it happens.
Knowledge is hard to attain, and harder yet
to adhere to.
Knowledge is painful often, and yet when
we know we are happy."

Later, after he had assumed the title of Augustus, and was on his way to the East, Julian wrote as follows, apparently in answer to a lost letter from that Themistius whom he afterward made senator and prefect of Constantinople, and whose rule was so conspicuously just and moderate that, though an unswerving pagan, he was continued in office by the succeeding Christian Emperors:—

"I desire most earnestly to fulfill the hopes which you say you have conceived of me, but I fear I shall never succeed in this, my powers being quite unequal to what you have promised yourself and others on my behalf. It is a long time now since the thought of having to emulate such men as Alexander and Marcus Aurelius and others of the greatest has filled me with alarm and discouragement, lest I should fall far short of the valor of the one and the perfect goodness of the other. It was this which made me decide for the contemplative life. I loved to dwell on the

discourses of Athens, and my sole desire was to lighten the way a little for you, my friends, by singing along the road, like a traveler laden with his pack. But your last letter has renewed and increased my apprehensions; and how doubly difficult is the task you propose for me when you say that God seems to have set me where of old he placed Hercules and Bacchus, who, being both philosophers and kings, did purge the earth and the sea of all the scourges and the iniquities which prevailed in their time! . . . This part of your letter has greatly impressed me. I know you to be incapable of flattery or deceit, but I am also conscious that there is no great excellence in me, whether natural or acquired, save this, that I have loved philosophy."

Then follows a long argument, or rather a species of meditation, on the rival charms and the comparative opportunities for good afforded by a life of research and a life of action. His heart is plainly in the former, but he closes his epistle in these words:—

"It all comes to this: it was no aversion to labor, or excessive attachment to my own ease and comfort and pleasure, which made me shrink from the engagements of public affairs, but rather, as I said before, the conviction that I had neither the native ability nor the acquired knowledge which they demand. I dreaded also the thought of compromising and bringing into discredit that very philosophy which I so dearly love, and which is not too much esteemed, for the rest, by the men of this time. . . . But now may God award me good fortune, and a wisdom which shall be worthy of the same. More than ever, it seems to me, I have need not only of the divine assistance, but of the support of all you philosophers, for whose sake, and to win whose approval, I have come forward and exposed myself to so many dangers. If it prove true indeed that God intends for man, through

me, more of good than I feel myself equal to bestow, you will readily pardon the language which I have used. I claim but one virtue, — that of not thinking of myself more highly than I ought to think, and of ordering my life accordingly. Do not, therefore, I beseech of you, expect of me great and wonderful things, but commit all to God. For so I may be held guiltless, even though I fail; while, if the event should answer my prayers, I shall still be humble and grateful, not assuming any merit or honor which may be due to others, but rightly referring everything to that divinity to whom will still be due my thanks, and yours for me.”

The monotheistic phraseology of this and many of Julian's writings was partly, perhaps, a Christian survival, but also a common enough habit of speech among the Stoics. Marcus Aurelius too speaks continually, and as it would seem unconsciously, of God, rather than of the gods.

Themistius, the elevation of whose counsels may be judged by the tone of Julian's reply, was also the author of one of those many panegyrics of the Apostate whose wholesale destruction was rigidly enforced by the Christian authorities after his death. We are especially sorry to have missed the estimate of so conscientious and high minded a man.

One of the lightest and liveliest letters of Julian which we possess — and he could write, upon occasion, with a charming gayety — is addressed to the philosopher Eugenius, who is supposed to have been the father of this same Themistius: —

“We all know how Dædalus made waxen wings for Icarus, attempting thus to overcome nature by art. I admire his ingenuity, but not his wisdom, in being the first within the memory of man to entrust the safety of a child to so feeble and fragile a support. My own choice would be to be changed into

a bird, as sings the bard of Teos;¹ not that I might pour forth my amatory complaints, nor yet take wing for Olympus, but simply make for your own mountain heights, where, in the words of Sappho, I might ‘embrace my only joy.’ Since, however, nature keeps me in the prison of this body, and suffers me not to soar aloft, I will come to you upon the wings of words, and be with you, as I may, by my pen. For when Homer talks of winged words, he can only mean words which are able to penetrate all places, darting whithersoever they will, like birds of swiftest pinion.

“And now, dear friend, please to answer my letter. Your facility in this kind of flying is surely equal to my own, or rather very superior, and you are able to touch the hearts of your friends in all places, and to gladden them as if by your presence.”

Just after receiving the news of the death of Constantius, which cleared so suddenly and unexpectedly his way to universal empire, Julian wrote a characteristic letter to one Hermogenes, ex-prefect of Egypt, whose partisanship of the usurper had evidently exposed him to some special peril: —

“Let me say with the poet, ‘O saved when hope was gone!’ It seems too wonderful to believe that you should have escaped that hundred-headed hydra. I do not mean my cousin Constantius, — he was what he was, — but those ferocious associates of his, whose hungry eyes were on every man, who rendered so much more cruel one who was by nature less merciful than he appeared to many. He is gone, and may the earth, as they say, lie light above him; while as for those miscreants, I call Jove to witness that I do not desire them to suffer more than is just; only, since so many have accused them, they must stand their trial.”

¹ The lyric of Anacreon here referred to has not survived.

And again, at the same critical juncture, to his maternal uncle, Julian : —

“At the third hour of the night, having no one to write for me, because all are so occupied, I seize a moment in which to pen this word for you. I am alive, blessed be the gods! and freed from the necessity either of suffering or inflicting the uttermost evil. I call to witness the sun-god, whose aid and protection I have always first invoked; I call to witness also Jupiter, the king, that I have never desired the death of Constantius. Nay, more, it has been my earnest wish that this might not befall. Why, then, am I here? Because the gods most clearly and unmistakably enjoined it; promising me safety if I should obey, but if I should hesitate — that which may they never inflict! So, then, having been declared a public enemy, my desire was to create a certain alarm, in order that matters might afterward be more quietly and amicably adjusted by converse between him and me. Yet if it had come to the arbitrament of the sword, I would have committed all things to fortune and to the gods; awaiting whatever issue their clemency might have ordained.”

The triumphal entry of Julian into Constantinople took place on the 11th of December, 361, and he immediately set about effecting a general reform in the administration of the government; calling to his assistance the friends on whom he felt he could most surely rely, and, among others, “that upright Salust,” to whom we have already seen him allude. For an account of his retrenchments in the expenses of the palace we may go to the philosopher Libanius : —

“These most important matters dispatched, he turned his eyes toward the imperial household, where he found a mob of useless persons being fed to no purpose, to wit, one thousand cooks and

the same number of barbers, many more cup-bearers, a perfect swarm of builders, and of eunuchs more in number than the flies who torment a shepherd upon a summer day. . . . To all these the Emperor gave a year’s wage instead of notice, and turned them out forthwith.”

Per contra, Julian is vaguely charged with having loaded his own creatures with emoluments; but, as a matter of fact, the most considerable private gift of which we possess any record is described in the pleasant letter which follows, to one Evagrius, of whom otherwise we know nothing : —

“I have a small estate in Bithynia, comprising four fields, inherited from my maternal grandmother,¹ of which I propose to make you a present, for your love of me. It is much too trifling a gift to be proud of or to make a man feel himself rich, but it has its own charm, as I shall proceed to show; and I may be allowed, I hope, to jest a little with a man of your amiability and refinement. It is not more than twenty stadia from the sea,² but neither peddler nor rude and talkative seaman will ever torment you upon that spot. Yet will you not be bereft of the bounty of Ne-reus, for the freshest of fish will be always ready to your hand; and if you care to mount a little hill hard by the house, you will have a view of the Propontis and its islands, and the city which bears the name of the noblest of kings.³ Meanwhile, you will not find your footsteps entangled in moss and seaweed, and those other unpleasant, not to say unmentionable, things which the sea casts forth upon the sandy beach, but in smilax and thyme, and all manner of sweet-smelling herbs. When you have been poring over your books, and would fain rest the eyes which have grown weary with reading, you will find this outlook over the sea and her ships quite agreeable. I was particularly fond of

¹ The wife of the prefect Anicius Julianus.

² That is, about two and a half miles.

³ Constantinople.

this estate when I was a little fellow, because of its water-springs and its fine bath, over and above the garden and the trees. Afterward, as I grew older, my fancy for the place continued, and it never disappointed me. There is a small monument there of my zeal as an agriculturist. I mean a tiny vineyard, which produces an exceedingly smooth wine with a good bouquet, which loses nothing by age. So, you see, you will find both Bacchus and the Graces there. The grapes, even while hanging on the vine, and still more in the press, yield the odor of roses; while as for the must in the casks, 't is a 'veritable nectar,' to use the expression of Homer. You will perhaps inquire why, if the vines are so remarkable, I have not devoted more acres to their culture. It may be that I am but an idle husbandman; but the truth is, I think, that, being a devotee of the nymphs rather than of Bacchus and his cup, I have not cared to produce more wine than would suffice for myself and my friends, — a very select few!

"Now, therefore, my dear fellow, I make it all over to you; no great gift, certainly, but pleasant as from friend to friend, and 'all in the family,' as the poet Pindar says. I have written in haste and by lamplight, so, if you discover any errors, you must not be severe upon me, as though you were a master and this a theme."

In contrast with the simplicity of his personal habits, the sums which Julian expended as Pontifex Maximus, by way of restoring in their utmost magnificence the public offices of the old religion, were enormous. It was jestingly said that if he returned victorious from the Persian expedition the breeds of oxen and sheep would become extinct. For all this, a general and marked reduction of taxes was effected during his

reign of twenty months; and among those who had suffered most severely under the old régime, and were most signally relieved by the new, were the Jews. For them, on the ground of their rejection of Christ, Julian felt a distinct sympathy; and he was always disposed to favor them in a peculiar manner. There is extant a letter of his addressed to the whole Jewish nation, of which the authenticity has been disputed, but whose tenor is so perfectly in accordance with the action of the Emperor in his well-known attempt to restore the temple at Jerusalem that I incline to believe it genuine: —

"Your condition of servitude in the time which is past cannot in itself have been so oppressive as the unlawful edict whereby you were compelled to pay immense sums of money into the imperial treasury. Much of all this I have seen with my own eyes; more I have learned from going over the complaints which have been lodged against you. I have therefore forbidden the new tax which was about to be levied. I have put down this detestable iniquity. I have even burned the documents inculcating you which I found stored up in my archives, so that henceforth you will have nothing to fear from that quarter. Nevertheless, I do not think that my distinguished cousin Constantius himself was so much to blame in this matter as those brutal and impious beings who lived at his table. These men I have had seized and executed in prison. No trace remains among us of the manner of their end. But being also desirous of conferring upon you still greater benefits, I have commanded your brother, the most worthy patriarch Julius, to abate that impost which is called the *apostolate*,¹ and to suffer no one henceforth to extort money from you on any such pretext.

¹ This tax was exacted from all the synagogues, both of the East and West, for the ostensible purpose of maintaining the rabbis

at Jerusalem. The men who collected it were called *apostoli*. It was subject to great abuses.

"To the end, therefore, that you may have peace and security in my day, and for the greater glory of my reign, I request you to address prayers to your own sovereign God, the Maker of the world, who has deigned to crown me with his most pure hands. For those who are beset by care and anxious in their minds can never quite collectedly and confidently lift up their prayers to God; but being delivered from all trouble and wholly glad at heart, you will surely raise the hands of suppliants on my behalf to that Supreme Being with whom it lies to make my reign as prosperous as I could desire. Let this be your first and most earnest care; and I, on my part, should the Persian war terminate favorably, will straightway restore that holy city of Jerusalem, which now for so many years you have longed to see inhabited; and therein, with you, I will give thanks to the Most High."

A great many accounts have come down to us of Julian's abortive attempt to restore the beautiful temple which Titus had destroyed, and these narratives agree in all essential particulars. In a general way, the ecclesiastical writers attribute the project to a desire of being specially offensive to the Galileans, while the pagan historians credit the Emperor with merely wishing to leave a signal monument of his own boundless religious tolerance.

The charge of the work was committed to one Alypius, a native of Antioch, who had once been prefect of Britain, and had also written a geographical treatise,—it is conjectured about the regions of Palestine. We have two very friendly letters from the Emperor to Alypius, both of which contain clear references to the business in hand. The work was prosecuted for a time with much vigor, and the extraordinary manner of its abrupt arrest may best be described in the concise words of Ammianus:—

"But just when Alypius, ably sec-

onded by the ruler of the province, was pushing on these labors with great zeal, there occurred a sudden and profuse eruption of horrible fire-balls from about the foundations of the building, making the place inaccessible to the workmen, some of whom were burned to death; and so, the elements themselves repeatedly forbidding the undertaking, it was abandoned."

This prodigy may well have appealed to the superstitious imagination of Julian no less than to that of the Christians, who had felt their faith insulted by the proposed restoration of the great temple. Gibbon and others are probably right in referring the catastrophe to an explosion of fire-damp from the immense subterranean vaults which are known to have underlain the old temple, and which had now been choked up by débris for nearly three hundred years. It is curious that St. Jerome, who was at this time living in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, makes no allusion to the occurrence, in his voluminous works; but Julian himself mentions it quite simply in one of the latest and most interesting of his compositions,—the fragment of a Letter to a Pagan Pontiff:—

"Can the prophets of the Jews, who inveigh against us, explain how it is that their temple, three times overthrown, has never been restored up to the present day? I do not say this by way of reproaching them, because I myself but lately desired to raise it up again from its ruins, in honor of the divinity who was worshiped there."

In the same letter we find injunctions of the most earnest description concerning all forms of practical benevolence:—

"Where is the man who was ever impoverished by his gifts to others? I am myself but a poor financier, yet have I received high interest from the immortal gods on all that I have given to the poor, and have never on any occasion had reason to repent of liberality.

I do not speak of my present position. It would be unjust to compare the charity of a private person with the *largesse* of an Emperor. But when I too was but an insignificant individual, I remember that I used to give alms; . . . and when I recovered that maternal heritage which had been torn from me by violence, though by no means a rich man, I shared it with the needy. . . . Nay, more I will say, though this is not the common opinion: that I hold it a just and pious act to feed and clothe even our enemies; for we give to the man, and not to his manners. Nor will the course of justice be interrupted, if we minister to the wants of those who are in prison. . . . We talk of the gods of the nations; we invoke Jove as the guardian of the household, and yet we treat as aliens those of our own flesh and blood. For every man, whether he will or no, is indeed the relative of every other. When Jove created the world, he let fall some drops of his own sacred blood, whence sprang the human race. Hence we are all of one blood."

In another epistle, addressed to Arsacius, the sovereign pontiff of Galatia, he takes a somewhat different tone, endeavoring to shame the pagan into an emulation of Christian virtues:—

"But why do we rest in what is done, and not rather consider the means whereby that impious belief" (the Galilean) "has so increased, namely, charity toward strangers, care for the burial of the dead, and that sanctity of life which they affect? We, too, ought to devote ourselves to every one of these things. . . . A shame indeed for us that there should not be a beggar among the Jews; that the Galileans should feed and cherish not their own people only, but ours!"

From the outset of his reign, however,

he strenuously enforced that perfect liberty of conscience for which the written laws indeed provided, but which had gradually become a dead letter under the Constantinian Emperors. On the 1st of August, 362, we find him writing to the men of Bostra:¹—

"I had imagined that the Galileans" (that is to say, the orthodox Christians, in distinction from the Arians, whose cause Constantius had espoused) "would feel more grateful to me than to my predecessor on the throne; for during his reign many of their number were exiled, persecuted, and imprisoned, while of so-called heretics whole shoals were strangled, . . . so that entire towns were laid waste and ruined. During my reign the contrary has occurred. Permission to return has been accorded the banished, and those whose goods had been confiscated have been able to recover them by a provision in one of my laws. But they have reached such a state of fury and madness that, being prevented from tyrannically retaliating on others what they erewhile suffered, and carrying out their purposes against those of us who piously cherish the divinities,² inflamed with anger, they leave no stone unturned, but encourage the people in sedition: in which they show themselves regardless alike of the gods and my own edicts, although these are full of humanity. Most assuredly, I will not suffer that any one of them should be dragged unwilling to the altar. On the contrary, as I have formally made known to them, if any one desire to join in our lustrations and libations, he must first purify himself, and secure the good will of the gods. . . . Once more I repeat my injunction to those who incline to the true religion, that they inflict no injury on the Galileans, attack them in no way, vex them with no insults; for those

¹ There were several places of that name. This one appears from Ammianus to have been a city in Arabia.

² An edict of the then Bishop of Bostra con-

tains these significant words: "Though the Christians were equal in number to the pagans, my exhortations prevented the slightest excess."

demand pity rather than hate who are mistaken in matters of the highest importance. The greatest of all blessings is a reverent piety and religion, and, on the other hand, impiety is the greatest of evils. In this way are those punished by their own act who transfer their affections from the immortal gods to dead men and their relics. We grieve for those who are in any trouble, but when they are freed and delivered by the gods we greatly rejoice."

A curious light is also shed on the religious dissensions of this time by a passage from the ecclesiastical history of Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrene, who flourished within a century after Julian's death:—

"There was a man of Beroëa, illustrious for holding the first rank among the *curiales* of that city, and still more illustrious for his" (Christian) "zeal. He, when he saw that his son had fallen into the current impiety" (that is, relapsed to paganism), "turned him out of his house and publicly disowned him. The son betook himself to the Emperor Julian, who chanced to be encamped near the city, and set forth his own belief and the treatment which he had received from his father. The Emperor told him to control himself and be easy in his mind, for that he would undertake to reconcile him to his parent. So when Julian had come to Beroëa, he invited the principal dignitaries to a feast. The father of the youth was among them, and with his son was commanded to share the imperial couch. Then, in the midst of the feast, the Emperor turned toward the father, and said, 'It does not seem to me right to do violence to those who think differently from ourselves, or to force upon them an opinion from which they recoil. Do not you, therefore, attempt to coerce your son into an unwilling acceptance of your dogmas. I do not compel you to accept mine, although I might easily do so.' Then the father, goaded by his faith in

things divine, exclaimed, 'Do you speak, O Emperor, of that miscreant, abhorred of God, who has preferred a lie to the truth?' But the Emperor answered, with an air of great mildness, 'Cease your violence, man!' and, turning to the youth, 'I,' he said, 'will have a care of you, since I cannot persuade your father.'

"This occurrence," observes the bishop, "I have set down, not without reflection, but by way of showing the praiseworthy boldness of the man" (that is, the father) "who, with many others, defied the power of this Emperor."

The chief and almost the only occasion on which Julian was false to his own principle of universal tolerance was when he issued an edict forbidding Christians to instruct in grammar and rhetoric; that is to say, in subjects whose traditional treatment required a perpetual appeal to pagan mythology and philosophies. For this piece of glaring inconsistency the impartial Ammianus is very severe on the master whom he loved so well, but to whose faults he was never blind:—

"The laws which he enacted were for the most part merciful, neither compelling nor restraining his subjects in an arbitrary manner. There were, however, a few exceptions, and prominent among them that oppressive edict, which forbade Christian masters of grammar and rhetoric to teach, unless they should first abjure. It was an intolerable abuse of power."

This is one of the few passages in which we seem to catch a glimpse of the private prepossessions of Ammianus. But if he were indeed a Christian, as appears upon the whole most probable, his eloquent testimony to the great qualities of Julian acquires additional weight. Theodoret, when he chronicles the same edict, merely mentions Julian's own apology for it: "We are, indeed, as the proverb says, 'hoist with our own petard,' if in our own books

they find weapons wherewith to wage war against us."

From the letters of Julian may also be gleaned many an indication concerning the state of religious parties in the great cities of Alexandria and Antioch. The pagans were a minority in both places, but there was bitter contention between the sects of the Christian Church. In cultured Alexandria, where, in the next century, Hypatia taught and died, Christians and Arians were about equal in numbers, and elected rival bishops. Constantius, being rather more of an Arian than anything else, had supported the claims of the famous — not to say infamous — George of Cappadocia, so that when Julian came to the throne, he found this man in possession of the see; while the orthodox bishop, Athanasius, who gave the creed his name, having lately been inhibited by his spiritual head, Pope Liberius, was wandering in the desert from hermitage to monastery, or lying painfully *perdu* in Alexandria itself.

Meanwhile, pagans, and Christians who were not of the Arian sect, had alike become exasperated by the tyranny of George; until, finally, apropos of a church which he had undertaken to build on the site of a temple of Mithra, an *émeute* occurred, in the course of which the infuriated mob seized upon the bishop, and literally tore him to pieces. It was a way they had; but the humane spirit of Julian, who cherished a scholar's romantic affection for Alexandria and her literary treasures, was outraged by this act of brutality, and he sent a very sharp letter of reproof to the Alexandrians for having dared thus to take the law into their own hands: —

"If you revere not your founder, Alexander, nor the great god Serapis, you might at least attend to the dictates of reason, patriotism, and common humanity. . . . What! shall the people rend a man in pieces, like so many dogs, and feel no shame? Will you defile

with blood the hands you lift up to the gods? Say not that George deserved his fate. He may have done so, and even a sharper one, and that for the wrongs which he had inflicted on you, but not at your hands! There are such things as laws, which all are bound to reverence and obey."

Julian thought it no harm, however, to keep an eye on the splendid library of the murdered bishop, which was very rich in historical works of all kinds, and especially in those which referred to the Galilean doctrine, and he sent immediate orders for the books to be kept together and forwarded to himself at Antioch.

Athanasius, who took advantage of his rival's tragic end to resume his own episcopal functions, was hardly one to conciliate the pagan Emperor, who once more belied his own principles, to a certain extent, by his peremptory manner of expelling the orthodox ecclesiastic from his see. To Ecdicius, the prefect of Egypt, he writes in 362: —

"Whatever else was neglected, you ought to have written me concerning that arch-enemy of the gods, Athanasius, since you must long since have received our august decree concerning him. I swear by the great Serapis that if Athanasius, the foe of the gods, be not expelled from Alexandria, and also from Egypt, before the 1st of December, I will fine your own legion a hundred-weight of gold. You know how slow I am to condemn, and how much slower yet to pardon after I have condemned."

(Added by the Emperor's own hand.) "The contempt of the gods is grievous to me. The best news I can get from you will be that Athanasius has been driven beyond the boundaries of Egypt, — a man who has dared, in my reign, to compel Greek ladies of illustrious lineage to be baptized!"

What took place at Antioch, where Julian passed the last winter of his life, was even more striking and picturesque.

Ammianus tells us that Julian had become possessed of a fancy for opening the Castalian fount, which the Emperor Hadrian had caused to be walled up, lest the "musical chant of its waters should prophesy empire to some other man, as it had done to himself. He therefore ordered the removal of all the bodies interred near by, and he took the same measures for purification as the Athenians had done in the case of the island of Delos."

The Castalian fount was within those precincts of the Daphnean Apollo of which Sozomen has left us a fascinating description:—

"Daphne, that noble suburb of Antioch, is beautiful by a great grove of cypresses, interspersed with other species of trees which are planted among them. Under the trees, as the seasons change, blossom all manner of sweet-smelling flowers, and so thick are the boughs and the leafage that they seem to afford a ceiling, rather than a screen, and no ray of sunshine can penetrate to the ground. Also, the place is made lovely and pleasant by the beauty and abundance of its water-springs, and its genial climate and balmy breezes. It was here, as the Greek fable tells us, that Daphne, daughter of the river Lado, flying out of Arcady from her lover Apollo, was changed into the tree which bears her name."

The same historian also tells us that while Gallus, the short-lived brother of Julian, resided at Antioch, he had attempted to silence the world-famed oracle of Apollo (not that of the Castalian fount, which was merely in the neighborhood) by building opposite the temple a Christian church, and burying within it the remains of the martyred Babylas, a former bishop of Antioch. "And from that time, they say, the god ceased to give his accustomed responses. . . . But Julian, having resolved to inquire of that oracle concerning certain business which he had in hand, entered

the temple, and adored the god with sacrifices and gifts the most magnificent. After that he prayed fervently that a response might be vouchsafed him concerning his intention. But the god, not confessing openly that oracles could not be given on account of the martyr Babylas, whose sarcophagus was hard by, replied that the place was full of dead men's bones, and this it was which impeded the responses. Then, the Emperor, conjecturing that, though Daphne had become a common cemetery, the martyr was, after all, the chief obstacle, commanded his sarcophagus to be removed. So the Christians assembled, and bore the shrine to a spot some forty stadia nearer the city, where it still remains, the place being called by the martyr's name. On which occasion, it is said that men and women, youths and maidens, old men and little boys, all assisted in carrying the shrine, exhorting one another and singing psalms the whole way. They professed to lighten their labors by so singing, but in reality they were all aflame with holy zeal against the Emperor, who thought otherwise than they did concerning God. Those who intoned the psalms went forward, ahead of the rest, and the whole multitude made the responses in unison, dwelling especially upon the verse. 'Let all those be confounded who worship graven images.' . . . Not long after, the temple of the Daphnean Apollo unexpectedly took fire, and the whole of the roof, as well as the great image, was destroyed, so that only the naked walls, and the porch of the temple, and the hinder part remained standing. Now, the Christians believed that God had sent this conflagration in answer to the martyr's prayers, but the Gentiles maintained that it was the work of the Christians themselves."

This point was never determined, notwithstanding the fact that both a priest of the temple and one of the leading Christians were examined by torture.

The abstemiousness of Julian's private life had rendered him exceeding unpopular among the luxurious inhabitants of Antioch. He was already deeply offended by the calumnies concerning himself which circulated in the city; and now, irritated beyond control by the ruin of the Daphnean temple, he gave vent to his accumulated wrath in the diatribe entitled the *Misopogon*,¹ where, under the ironical pretense of lamenting his unfortunate inferiority to the Antiochenes in breeding, culture, and personal beauty, he deals not a few telling thrusts at the gross effeminacy of their manners, their bad taste, bad logic, and general ingratitude to himself. Toward the close of this epistle, he quits his adroit fence, and comes directly and haughtily to the point:—

"The listener is undoubtedly the accomplice of the speaker, and he who hears a calumny with pleasure is on a par with him who utters it, although he incurs less risk. Bad jests about my miserable beard have been current throughout the whole city, but they have been directed against one who never had and never will have good manners, in your sense of the term; for he will assuredly never afford you the spectacle of such a life as you live, and as your principles require. I have therefore permitted you freely to spit out your venom against me, both in your private intercourse and by publishing satirical anapests, only reserving to myself the right of exercising a yet greater freedom. You run no risk, by such conduct, of being either strangled, scourged, imprisoned, or chastised in any way. Only, since I and my friends, by the temperance and moderation of our lives, by declining to exhibit any splendid shows, have rendered ourselves contemptible and obnoxious among you, I am resolved

to depart. . . . In so doing, I call the gods to witness, and especially Jove, the patron of the forum and keeper of the city, that you are ingrates."

One is reminded by these words, and by the general spirit of the *Misopogon*, of that French aristocrat, who turned round in the tumbril, and delivered to the mob that was screeching, "*A la guillotine!*" that most superb of repartees, "*On y va, canaille!*"

Nevertheless, there are suspicious indications in the language of this final broadside against the men of Antioch, as well as in the edict against Christian teachers and the employment of torture upon the supposed incendiaries of Apollo's temple, that the later years of Julian, had he lived, might have belied the fair and philosophic promise of his early reign. If so, his death was indeed timely, and the gods to whom he had devoted himself did not withhold that which the Greek proverb tells us is the crowning pledge of their love.

Libanius, the sophist, who was living at Antioch, and exercising the functions of quæstor, did his best to allay the ill feeling between Julian and his own fellow-townsmen. He also wrote an elaborate description of the ruined temple, mentioned by the Emperor in a letter dated March, 363, or some two months later than the issue of the *Misopogon*, which he dispatched to Libanius from Hierapolis, the point at which the ill-fated Persian expedition had then arrived.

"Next, Batnæ received me as her guest. I have seen no place in your part of the world fit to be compared to this, except Daphne,—Daphne, which, while the temple and the statue were intact, I would not have hesitated to set before Ossa, Pelion, Olympus, and all the vales of Thessaly.

¹ That is to say, "Beard-Hater." The smooth-faced Christians were especially scandalized by the amount of hair that Julian wore, and the roughs of the street, with their habit-

ual delicacy of sarcasm, used to call after him, as he passed, "Little fellow with the goat's beard," or, "Shave, and make ropes of your hair."

"This locality is consecrated to Olympian Jove and the Pythian Apollo; but as for Daphne, you yourself have written concerning it as no other man now living could have written, and scarce any of the ancients. God forbid that I should dwell on a theme which has called forth so brilliant an oration as yours! Batnæ, then,—for such is its barbarous name,—is a Greek town. The odor of incense pervades it in every part, and you see on all sides the apparatus of sacrifice. But, pleasing as this spectacle naturally was to me, I found something excessive about it, and alien to the true spirit of divine worship; for this ought, I think, to be conducted quietly, in a spot remote from noise and tumult, whither those who bring gifts and conduct victims should come for this purpose only, and no other. I hope before long to effect a reform in this respect. Meanwhile, Batnæ stands in a wooded glen, surrounded by groves of young cypresses, without a single old or decaying tree among them, but all clothed in the same fresh greenery.

"The royal residence is not in the least sumptuous. It is merely a house built of wood and clay, with no variety of ornament, and the garden is very modest. It contains a tiny plantation of cypresses, as well as a row of trees set at regular intervals along the wall, and within the inclosure are beds planted out with vegetables and all sorts of fruit trees. Do you ask me what I did there? I offered sacrifice at dusk and at early dawn, as is my custom every day."

The picture of Julian at his pagan prayers in the homely garden close at Batnæ is almost the last impression of the man which we derive from his own correspondence, for no letter of his has been preserved later than this to Libanius. Hierapolis, whither he went from Batnæ, was the appointed rendezvous of his troops, and the events which followed their assemblage there are minutely recorded by Ammianus. For three months

they advanced unopposed across the endless plains, until at last, one day, in the early summer dawn, something was discerned upon the far horizon "like smoke, or a mass of whirling sand," which proved to be the skirmishers thrown forward before the great body of the Persian host.

From the fateful moment when this mysterious cloud arose, the quiet narrative of Ammianus becomes dramatic and deeply moving. We are carried swiftly along through the terrible onset, the three days' fighting, the repulse of the Romans, to the hour when the silent spectre arises beside the sleepless Emperor, as if to prepare him, not ungently, for the end.

The address of Julian to the heart-stricken groups that gathered about his death-bed seems long as Ammianus gives it; but Ammianus was there, and the remark of Gibbon, who will have his sneer, that the young Stoic had probably composed it long before, and rehearsed it for the final scene, appears especially out of place. The very lingering phraseology, the repetitions, the loose connection of ideas in the earlier sentences, and the diffidence about naming a successor are exactly what might be expected of a sinking man, on the dreamy borders of delirium. But his mind cleared as he went on.

"Having said so much with all serenity, he proceeded to dispose of his private fortune, dividing it among his friends. He then inquired for Anatolius, the master of the offices; and when the prefect Sallust replied that he was happy, the Emperor understood that he was among the slain, and he who so despised his own death lamented for that of his friend. Then, when he perceived that those about him were weeping, he chided them with all his old spirit, saying that it was weak in them to mourn for a prince who was joining the company of the stars in heaven. Afterward, when they had controlled themselves and were

still, he entered into a closely reasoned discussion with Maximus and Priscus, two philosophers, concerning the transcendent nature of the soul; and this he continued, until his wound opened and his veins swelled so as to affect his breathing, when he asked for some cold water, which he drank, and immediately afterward expired, without a struggle, at the moment when the night is darkest."

The tragic tidings ran through the incredulous army; then, rapidly, as ill news will, it spread through all the mighty empire, and Antioch and Alexandria, at least, hailed the announcement with joy.

"The city of Antioch," observes Theodoret, "when the catastrophe became known, made merry and feasted. Not in the churches only, with discourses concerning the martyrs, but in the very theatres, they preached the triumph of the cross, and scoffed at the prophecies of him who was gone. Tradition has preserved the very words of the Antiochenes, and how they cried out with one accord, 'Where now are thy oracles, O king? God liveth, and his Christ.'"

In Alexandria, Sozomen tells us, the death of Julian was made known, at the moment of its occurrence, to one Didymus, who was watching in the cathedral, by a vision of white horses, which came rushing through the air, ridden by men who cried out, "Announce to Didymus that on this day and in this hour Julian is dead!"

"And within my own memory," Sozomen adds, "the Alexandrians were wont to celebrate by a great festival this anniversary, which they call the 'birthday of the earthquake.' Multitudes of lights were lit all over the city, and prayers and actions of grace went up to God, and the celebration was altogether pious and magnificent. For while that man reigned there was great scarcity, and all manner of fruits failed, and the very salubrity of the atmosphere seemed to be impaired. Deprived of their proper nutriment, men were forced to eat the food of brute beasts, and the consequence was a great pestilence, of which many died.

"These things happened in the time of Julian."

H. W. P. and L. D.

FLAMMANTIA MCENIA MUNDI.

I stood alone in purple space, and saw
The burning walls of the world like wings of flame
Circling the sphere. There was no break nor flaw
In those great fiery battlements, whence came
The spirits who had done with time and fame,
And all the playthings of earth's little hour.
I saw them pass; I knew them for the same,—
Mothers and brothers and the sons of power.

Yet were they changed; the fires of death had burned
Their perishable selves, and there remained
Only the pure white vision of the soul,—
The mortal part consumed, and quick returned
Ashes to ashes; while, unscathed, unstained,
The immortal passed beyond the earth's control.

Annie Fields.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

IX.

I OFTEN wish that our Number Seven could have known and corresponded with the author of "The Budget of Paradoxes." I think Mr. De Morgan would have found some of his vagaries and fancies not undeserving of a place in his wonderful collection of eccentricities, absurdities, ingenuities, — mental freaks of all sorts. But I think he would have now and then recognized a sound idea, a just comparison, a suggestive hint, a practical notion, which redeemed a page of extravagances and crotchety whims. I confess that I am often pleased with fancies of his, and should be willing to adopt them as my own. I think he has, in the midst of his erratic and tangled conceptions, some perfectly clear and consistent trains of thought.

So when Number Seven spoke of sending us a paper, I welcomed the suggestion. I asked him whether he had any objection to my looking it over before he read it. My proposal rather pleased him, I thought, for, as was observed on a former occasion, he has in connection with a belief in himself another side, — a curious self-distrust. I have no question that he has an obscure sense of some mental deficiency. Thus you may expect from him first a dogma, and presently a doubt. If you fight his dogma, he will do battle for it stoutly; if you let him alone, he will very probably explain its extravagances, if it has any, and tame it into reasonable limits. Sometimes he is in one mood, sometimes in another.

The first portion of what we listened to shows him at his best; in the latter part I am afraid you will think he gets a little wild.

I proceed to lay before you the paper

which Number Seven read to The Teacups. There was something very pleasing in the deference which was shown him. We all feel that there is a crack in the teacup, and are disposed to handle it carefully. I have left out a few things which he said, feeling that they might give offence to some of the company. There were sentences so involved and obscure that I was sure they would not be understood, if indeed he understood them himself. But there are other passages so entirely sane, and as it seems to me so just, that if any reader attributes them to me I shall not think myself wronged by the supposition. You must remember that Number Seven has had a fair education, that he has been a wide reader in many directions, and that he belongs to a family of remarkable intellectual gifts. So it was not surprising that he said some things which pleased the company, as in fact they did. The reader will not be startled to see a certain abruptness in the transition from one subject to another, — it is a characteristic of the squinting brain wherever you find it. Another curious mark rarely wanting in the subjects of mental strabismus is an irregular and often sprawling and deformed handwriting. Many and many a time I have said, after glancing at the back of a letter, "This comes from an insane asylum, or from an eccentric who might well be a candidate for such an institution." Number Seven's manuscript, which showed marks of my corrections here and there, furnished good examples of the chiromancy of persons with ill-mated cerebral hemispheres. But the earlier portions of the manuscript are of perfectly normal appearance.

Conticuere omnes, as Virgil says. We were all silent as Number Seven began the reading of his paper.

Number Seven reads.

I am the seventh son of a seventh son, as I suppose you all know. It is commonly believed that some extraordinary gifts belong to the fortunate individuals born under these exceptional conditions. However this may be, a peculiar virtue was supposed to dwell in me from my earliest years. My touch was believed to have the influence formerly attributed to that of the kings and queens of England. You may remember that the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, when a child, was carried to be touched by her Majesty Queen Anne for the "king's evil," as scrofula used to be called. Our honored friend The Dictator will tell you that the brother of one of his Andover schoolmates was taken to one of these gifted persons, who touched him, and hung a small bright silver coin, either a "fourpence ha'penny" or a "ninepence," about his neck, which, strange to say, after being worn a certain time, became tarnished, and finally black, — a proof of the poisonous matters which had become eliminated from the system and gathered upon the coin. I remember that at one time I used to carry fourpence ha'pennies with holes bored through them, which I furnished to children or to their mothers, under pledges of secrecy, — receiving a piece of silver of larger dimensions in exchange. I never felt quite sure about any extraordinary endowment being a part of my inheritance in virtue of my special conditions of birth. A phrenologist, who examined my head when I was a boy, said the two sides were unlike. My hatter's measurement told me the same thing; but in looking over more than a bushel of the small cardboard hat-patterns which give the exact shape of the head, I have found this is not uncommon. The phrenologist made all sorts of predictions of what I should be and do, which proved about as near the truth as those recorded in Miss Edith Thomas's charming little poem, "Au-

gury," which some of us were reading the other day.

I have never been through college, but I had a relative who was famous as a teacher of rhetoric in one of our universities, and especially for taking the nonsense out of sophomorical young fellows who could not say anything without rigging it up in showy and sounding phrases. I think I learned from him to express myself in good old-fashioned English, and without making as much fuss about it as our Fourth of July orators and political haranguers were in the habit of making.

I read a good many stories during my boyhood, one of which left a lasting impression upon me, and which I have always commended to young people. It is too late, generally, to try to teach old people, yet one may profit by it at any period of life before the sight has become too dim to be of any use. The story I refer to is in "Evenings at Home," and is called "Eyes and No Eyes." I ought to have it by me, but it is constantly happening that the best old things get overlaid by the newest trash; and though I have never seen anything of the kind half so good, my table and shelves are cracking with the weight of involuntary accessions to my library.

This is the story as I remember it: Two children walk out, and are questioned when they come home. One has found nothing to observe, nothing to admire, nothing to describe, nothing to ask questions about. The other has found everywhere objects of curiosity and interest. I advise you, if you are a child anywhere under forty-five, and do not yet wear glasses, to send at once for "Evenings at Home" and read that story. For myself, I am always grateful to the writer of it for calling my attention to common things. How many people have been waked to a quicker consciousness of life by Wordsworth's simple lines about the daffodils, and what he says of the

thoughts suggested to him by "the meanest flower that blows"!

I was driving with a friend, the other day, through a somewhat dreary stretch of country, where there seemed to be very little to attract notice or deserve remark. Still, the old spirit infused by "Eyes and No Eyes" was upon me, and I looked for something to fasten my thought upon, and treat as an artist treats a study for a picture. The first object to which my eyes were drawn was an old-fashioned well-sweep. It did not take much imaginative sensibility to be stirred by the sight of this most useful, most ancient, most picturesque, of domestic conveniences. I know something of the *shadoof* of Egypt,—the same arrangement by which the sacred waters of the Nile have been lifted from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Khedives. That long forefinger pointing to heaven was a symbol which spoke to the Puritan exile as it spoke of old to the enslaved Israelite. Was there ever any such water as that which we used to draw from the deep, cold well, in "the old oaken bucket"? What memories gather about the well in all ages! What love-matches have been made at its margin, from the times of Jacob and Rachel downward! What fairy legends hover over it, what fearful mysteries has it hidden! The beautiful well-sweep! It is too rarely that we see it, and as it dies out and gives place to the odiously convenient pump, with the last patent on its cast-iron uninterestingness, does it not seem as if the farmyard aspect had lost half its attraction? So long as the dairy farm exists, doubtless there must be every facility for getting water in abundance; but the loss of the well-sweep cannot be made up to us even if our milk were diluted to twice its present attenuation.

The well-sweep had served its turn, and my companion and I relapsed into silence. After a while we passed another farmyard, with nothing which seemed

deserving of remark except the wreck of an old wagon.

"Look," I said, "if you want to see one of the greatest of all the triumphs of human ingenuity,—one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most useful, of all the mechanisms which the intelligence of successive ages has called into being."

"I see nothing," my companion answered, "but an old broken-down wagon. Why they leave such a piece of lumbering trash about their place, where people can see it as they pass, is more than I can account for."

"And yet," said I, "there is one of the most extraordinary products of human genius and skill,—an object which combines the useful and the beautiful to an extent which hardly any simple form of mechanism can pretend to rival. Do you notice how, while everything else has gone to smash, that *wheel* remains sound and fit for service? Look at it merely for its beauty. See the perfect circles, the outer and the inner. A circle is in itself a consummate wonder of geometrical symmetry. It is the line in which the omnipotent energy delights to move. There is no fault in it to be amended. The first drawn circle and the last both embody the same complete fulfilment of a perfect design. Then look at the rays which pass from the inner to the outer circle. How beautifully they bring the greater and lesser circles into connection with each other! The flowers know that secret,—the marguerite in the meadow displays it as clearly as the great sun in heaven. How beautiful is this flower of wood and iron, which we were ready to pass by without wasting a look upon it! But its beauty is only the beginning of its wonderful claim upon us for our admiration. Look at that field of flowering grass, the *triticum vulgare*,—see how its waves follow the breeze in satiny alternations of light and shadow. You admire it for its lovely aspect; but when you

remember that this flowering grass is *wheat*, the finest food of the highest human races, it gains a dignity, a glory, that its beauty alone could not give it.

"Now look at that exquisite structure lying neglected and disgraced, but essentially unchanged in its perfection, before you. That slight and delicate-looking fabric has stood such a trial as hardly any slender contrivance, excepting always the valves of the heart, was ever subjected to. It has rattled for years over the cobble-stones of a rough city pavement. It has climbed over all the accidental obstructions it met in the highway, and dropped into all the holes and deep ruts that made the heavy farmer sitting over it use his Sunday vocabulary in a week-day form of speech. At one time or another, almost every part of that old wagon has given way. It has had two new pairs of shafts. Twice the axle has broken off close to the hub, or nave. The seat broke when Zekle and Huldry were having what they called 'a ride' together. The front was kicked in by a vicious mare. The springs gave way and the floor bumped on the axle. Every portion of the wagon became a prey of its special accident, except that most fragile looking of all its parts, the wheel. Who can help admiring the exact distribution of the power of resistance at the least possible expenditure of material which is manifested in this wondrous triumph of human genius and skill? The spokes are planted in the solid hub as strongly as the jaw-teeth of a lion in their deep-sunken sockets. Each spoke has its own territory in the circumference, for which it is responsible. According to the load the vehicle is expected to carry, they are few or many, stout or slender, but they share their joint labor with absolute justice, — not one does more, not one does less, than its share. The outer end of the spokes is received into the deep mortise of the wooden felloes, and the structure appears to be complete. How long would it take to

turn that circle into a polygon, unless some mighty counteracting force should prevent it? See the iron tire brought hot from the furnace and laid around the smoking circumference. Once in place, the workman cools the hot iron; and as it shrinks with a force that seems like a hand-grasp of the Omnipotent, it clasps the fitted fragments of the structure, and compresses them into a single inseparable whole.

"Was it not worth our while to stop a moment before passing that old broken wagon, and see whether we could not find as much in it as Swift found in his 'Meditations on a Broomstick'? I have been laughed at for making so much of such a common thing as a wheel. Idiots! Solomon's court fool would have scoffed at the thought of the young Galilean who dared compare the lilies of the field to his august master. *Nil admirari* is very well for a North American Indian and his degenerate successor, who has grown too grand to admire anything but himself, and takes a cynical pride in his stolid indifference to everything worth reverencing or honoring."

After calling my companion's attention to the wheel, and discoursing upon it until I thought there were signs of impending somnolence on the part of the listener, we jogged along until we came to a running stream. It was crossed by a stone bridge of a single arch. There are very few stone arches over the streams in New England country towns, and I always delighted in this one. It was built in the last century, amidst the doubting predictions of staring rustics, and stands to-day as strong as ever, and seemingly good for centuries to come.

"See there!" said I, — "there is another of my 'Eyes and No Eyes' subjects to meditate upon. Next to the wheel, the arch is the noblest of the elementary mechanical composites, corresponding to the proximate principles of chemistry. The beauty of the arch

consists first in its curve, commonly a part of the circle, of the perfection of which I have spoken. But the mind derives another distinct pleasure from the admirable manner in which the several parts, each different from all the others, contribute to a single harmonious effect. It is a typical example of the *piu nel uno*. An arch cut out of a single stone would not be so beautiful as one of which each individual stone was shaped for its exact position. Its completion by the locking of the keystone is a delight to witness and to contemplate. And how the arch endures, when its lateral thrust is met by solid masses of resistance! In one of the great temples of Baalbec a keystone has slipped, but how rare is that occurrence! One will hardly find another such example among all the ruins of antiquity. Yes, I never get tired of arches. They are noble when shaped of solid marble blocks, each carefully beveled for its position. They are beautiful when constructed with the large thin tiles the Romans were so fond of using. I noticed some arches built in this way in the wall of one of the grand houses just going up on the bank of the river. They were over the capstones of the windows, — to take off the pressure from them, no doubt, for now and then a capstone will crack under the weight of the superincumbent mass. How close they fit, and how striking the effect of their long radiations! ”

The company listened very well up to this point. When he began the strain of thoughts which follows, a curious look went round among The Teacups.

What a strange underground life is that which is led by the organisms we call *trees*! These great fluttering masses of leaves, stems, boughs, trunks, are not the real trees. *They* live underground, and what we see are nothing more nor less than their *tails*.

The Mistress dropped her teaspoon. Number Five looked at the Doctor, whose face was very still and sober. The two Annexes giggled, or came very near it.

Yes, a tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. All the senses it has are in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink! Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come, they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor passive things, with very little will of their own, and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them, as they talked with each other, and that they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer-time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.

Do you think there is anything so very odd about this idea? Once get it well into your heads, and you will find it renders the landscape wonderfully interesting. There are as many kinds of tree-tails as there are of tails to dogs and other quadrupeds. Study them as Daddy Gilpin studied them in his “Forest Scenery,” but don’t forget that they

are only the appendage of the underground vegetable polypus, the true organism to which they belong.

He paused at this point, and we all drew long breaths, wondering what was coming next. There was no denying it, the "cracked Teacup" was clinking a little false, — so it seemed to the company. Yet, after all, the fancy was not delirious, — the mind could follow it well enough; let him go on.

What do you say to this? You have heard all sorts of things said in prose and verse about Niagara. Ask our young Doctor there what it reminds him of. Isn't it a giant putting his tongue out? How can you fail to see the resemblance? The continent is a great giant, and the northern half holds the head and shoulders. You can count the pulse of the giant wherever the tide runs up a creek; but if you want to look at the giant's tongue, you must go to Niagara. If there were such a thing as a cosmic physician, I believe he could tell the state of the country's health, and the prospects of the mortality for the coming season, by careful inspection of the great tongue which Niagara is putting out for him, and has been showing to mankind ever since the first flint-shapers chipped their arrow-heads. You don't think the idea adds to the sublimity and associations of the cataract? I am sorry for that, but I can't help the suggestion. It is just as manifestly a tongue put out for inspection as if it had Nature's own label to that effect hung over it. I don't know whether you can see these things as clearly as I do. There are some people that never see anything, if it is as plain as a hole in a grindstone, until it is pointed out to them; and some that can't see it then, and won't believe there is any hole till they've poked their finger through it. I've got a great many things to thank God for, but perhaps most of all that I

can find something to admire, to wonder at, to set my fancy going, and to wind up my enthusiasm pretty much everywhere.

Look here! There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broomsticks overhead, — if they don't come from Salem, they ought to, — and not more than one in a dozen of these fish-eyed bipeds thinks or cares a nickel's worth about the miracle which is wrought for their convenience. They know that without hands or feet, without horses, without steam, so far as they can see, they are transported from place to place, and that there is nothing to account for it except the witch-broomstick and the iron or copper cobweb which they see stretched above them. What do they know or care about this last revelation of the omnipresent spirit of the material universe? We ought to go down on our knees when one of these mighty caravans, car after car, spins by us, under the mystic impulse which seems to know not whether its train is loaded or empty. We are used to force in the muscles of horses, in the expansive potency of steam, but here we have force stripped stark naked, — nothing but a filament to cover its nudity, — and yet showing its might in efforts that would task the working-beam of a ponderous steam-engine. I am thankful that in an age of cynicism I have not lost my reverence. Perhaps you would wonder to see how some very common sights impress me. I always take off my hat if I stop to speak to a stone-cutter at his work. "Why?" do you ask me? Because I know that his is the only labor that is likely to endure. A score of centuries has not effaced the marks of the Greek's or the Roman's chisel on his block of marble. And now, before this new manifestation of that form of cosmic vitality which we call electricity, I feel like taking the posture of the peasants listening to the Angelus.

How near the mystic effluence of mechanical energy brings us to the divine source of all power and motion! In the old mythology, the right hand of Jove held and sent forth the lightning. So, in the record of the Hebrew prophets, did the right hand of Jehovah cast forth and direct it. Was Nahum thinking of our far-off time when he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings"?

Number Seven had finished reading his paper. Two bright spots in his cheeks showed that he had felt a good deal in writing it, and the flush returned as he listened to his own thoughts. Poor old fellow! The "cracked Teacup" of our younger wits, — not yet come to their full human sensibilities, — the "crank" of vulgar tongues, the eccentric, the seventh son of a seventh son, too often made the butt of thoughtless pleasantry, was, after all, a fellow-creature, with flesh and blood like the rest of us. The wild freaks of his fancy did not hurt us, nor did they prevent him from seeing many things justly, and perhaps sometimes more vividly and acutely than if he were as sound as the dullest of us.

The teaspoons tinkled loudly all round the table, as he finished reading. The Mistress caught her breath. I was afraid she was going to sob, but she took it out in vigorous stirring of her tea. Will you believe that I saw Number Five, with a sweet, approving smile on her face all the time, brush her cheek with her handkerchief? There must have been a tear stealing from beneath its eyelid. I hope Number Seven saw it. He is one of the two men at our table who most need the tender looks and tones of a woman. The Professor and I are *hors de combat*; the Counsellor is busy with his cases and his ambitions; the Doctor is probably in love with a

microscope, and flirting with pathological specimens; but Number Seven and the Tutor are, I fear, both suffering from that worst of all famines, heart-hunger.

Do you remember that Number Seven said he never wrote a line of "poetry" in his life, except once when he was suffering from temporary weakness of body and mind? That is because he is a poet. If he had not been one, he would very certainly have taken to tinkling rhymes. What should you think of the probable musical genius of a young man who was particularly fond of jingling a set of sleigh-bells? Should you expect him to turn out a Mozart or a Beethoven? Now, I think I recognize the poetical instinct in Number Seven, however imperfect may be its expression, and however he may be run away with at times by fantastic notions that come into his head. If fate had allotted him a helpful companion in the shape of a loving and intelligent wife, he might have been half cured of his eccentricities, and we should not have had to say, in speaking of him, "Poor fellow!" But since this cannot be, I am pleased that he should have been so kindly treated on the occasion of the reading of his paper. If he saw Number Five's tear, he will certainly fall in love with her. No matter if he does. Number Five is a kind of Circe who does not turn the victims of her enchantment into swine, but into lambs. I want to see Number Seven one of her little flock. I say "little." I suspect it is larger than most of us know. Anyhow, she can spare him sympathy and kindness and encouragement enough to keep him contented with himself and with her, and never miss the pulses of her loving life she lends him. It seems to be the errand of some women to give many people as much happiness as they have any right to in this world. If they concentrated their affections on one, they would give him more than any mortal could claim as his share. I saw Number

Five watering her flowers, the other day. The watering-pot had one of those perforated heads, through which the water runs in many small streams. Every plant got its share: the proudest lily bent beneath the gentle shower; the lowliest daisy held its little face up for baptism. All were refreshed, none was flooded. Presently she took the perforated head, or "rose," from the neck of the watering-pot, and the full stream poured out in a round, solid column. It was almost too much for the poor geranium on which it fell, and it looked at one minute as if the roots would be laid bare, and perhaps the whole plant be washed out of the soil in which it was planted. What if Number Five should take off the "rose" that sprinkles her affections on so many, and pour them all on one? Can that ever be? If it can, life is worth living for him on whom her love may be lavished.

One of my neighbors, a thorough American, is much concerned about the growth of what he calls the "hard-handed aristocracy." He tells the following story:—

"I was putting up a fence about my yard, and employed a man of whom I knew something,—that he was industrious, temperate, and that he had a wife and children to support,—a worthy man, a native New Englander. I engaged him, I say, to dig some post-holes. My employee bought a new spade and scoop on purpose, and came to my place at the appointed time, and began digging. While he was at work, two men came over from a drinking-saloon, to which my residence is nearer than I could desire. One of them I had known as Mike Fagan, the other as Hans Schleimer. They looked at Hiram, my New Hampshire man, in a contemptuous and threatening way for a minute or so, when Fagan addressed him:—

"‘And how much does the man pay yez by the hour?’"

"‘The gentleman does n’t pay me by the hour,’ said Hiram.

"‘How mosh does he bay you by der veeks?’ said Hans.

"‘I don’t know as that’s any of your business,’ answered Hiram.

"‘Faith, we’ll make it our business,’ said Mike Fagan. ‘We’re *Knoights of Labor*, we’d have yez to know, and ye can’t make yer bargains jist as ye likes. We manes to know how many hours ye worrks, and how much ye gets for it.’"

"‘*Knights of Labor!*’ said I. ‘Why, that is a kind of title of nobility, is n’t it? I thought the laws of our country did n’t allow titles of that kind. But if you have a right to be called knights, I suppose I ought to address you as such. Sir Michael, I congratulate you on the dignity you have attained. I hope Lady Fagan is getting on well with my shirts. Sir Hans, I pay my respects to your title. I trust that Lady Schleimer has got through that little difficulty between her ladyship and yourself in which the police court thought it necessary to intervene.’"

"The two men looked at me. I weigh about a hundred and eighty pounds, and am well put together. Hiram was noted in his village as a 'rahstler.' But my face is rather pallid and peaked, and Hiram had something of the greenhorn look. The two men, who had been drinking, hardly knew what ground to take. They rather liked the sound of *Sir Michael* and *Sir Hans*. They did not know very well what to make of their wives as 'ladies.' They looked doubtful whether to take what had been said as a *casus belli* or not, but they wanted a pretext of some kind or other. Presently one of them saw a label on the scoop, or long-handled, spoon-like shovel, with which Hiram had been working.

"‘Arrah, be jabers!’ exclaimed Mike Fagan, ‘but has n’t he been a-tradin’ wid Brown, the hardware fellah, that we boycotted! Grab it, Hans, and we’ll

carry it off and show it to the brother-head.'

"The men made a move toward the implement.

" 'You let that are scoop-shovel alone,' said Hiram.

"I stepped to his side. The Knights were combative, as their noble predecessors with the same title always were, and it was necessary to come to a *voie de fait*. My straight blow from the shoulder did for Sir Michael. Hiram treated Sir Hans to what is technically known as a cross-buttock.

" 'Naow, Dutchman,' said Hiram, 'if you don't want to be planted in that are post-hole, y'd better take y'rself out o' this piece of private property. "Dangerous passin'," as the sign-posts say, about these times.'

"Sir Michael went down half stunned by my expressive gesture; Sir Hans did not know whether his hip was out of joint or he had got a bad sprain; but they were both out of condition for further hostilities. Perhaps it was hardly fair to take advantage of their misfortunes to inflict a discourse upon them, but they had brought it on themselves, and we each of us gave them a piece of our mind.

" 'I tell you what it is,' said Hiram, 'I'm a free and independent American citizen, and I an't a-gōn' to hev no man tȳrannize over me, if he doos call himself by one o' them noblemen's titles. Ef I can't work jes' as I choose, fur folks that wants me to work fur 'em and that I want to work fur. I might jes' as well go to Sibery and done with it. My gran'f'ther fit in Bunker Hill battle. I guess if our folks in them days did n't care no great about Lord Percy and Sir William Haowe, we an't a-gōn' to be scārt by Sir Michael Fagan and Sir Hans What 's-his-name, nor no other fellahs that undertakes to be noblemen, and tells us common folks what we shall dew an' what we sha'n't. No, *sir*!'

"I took the opportunity to explain to

Sir Michael and Sir Hans what it was our fathers fought for, and what is the meaning of liberty. If these noblemen did not like the country, they could go elsewhere. If they did n't like the laws, they had the ballot-box, and could choose new legislators. But as long as the laws existed they must obey them. I could not admit that, because they called themselves by the titles the Old World nobility thought so much of, they had a right to interfere in the agreements I entered into with my neighbor. I told Sir Michael that if he would go home and help Lady Fagan to saw and split the wood for her fire, he would be better employed than in meddling with my domestic arrangements. I advised Sir Hans to ask Lady Schleimer for her bottle of spirits to use as an embrocation for his lame hip. And so my two visitors with the aristocratic titles staggered off, and left us plain, untitled citizens, Hiram and myself, to set our posts, and consider the question whether we lived in a free country or under the authority of a self-constituted order of *quasi-nobility*."

It is a very curious fact that, with all our boasted "free and equal" superiority over the communities of the Old World, our people have the most enormous appetite for Old World titles of distinction. Sir Michael and Sir Hans belong to one of the most extended of the aristocratic orders. But we have also "Knights and Ladies of Honor," and, what is still grander, "Royal Conclave of Knights and Ladies," "Royal Arcanum," and "Royal Society of Good Fellows," "Supreme Council," "Imperial Court," "Grand Protector," and "Grand Dictator," and so on. Nothing less than "Grand" and "Supreme" is good enough for the dignitaries of our associations of citizens. Where does all this ambition for names without realities come from? Because a Knight of the Garter wears a golden star, why does the

worthy cordwainer, who mends the shoes of his fellow-citizens, want to wear a tin star, and take a name that had a meaning as used by the representatives of ancient families, or the men who had made themselves illustrious by their achievements?

It appears to be a peculiarly American weakness. The French republicans of the earlier period thought the term *citizen* was good enough for anybody. At a later period, "*le Roi Citoyen*" — the citizen king — was a common title given to Louis Philippe. But nothing is too grand for the American, in the way of titles. The proudest of them all signify absolutely nothing. They do not stand for ability, for public service, for social importance, for large possessions; but, on the contrary, are oftenest found in connection with personalities to which they are supremely inapplicable. We can hardly afford to quarrel with a national habit which, if lightly handled, may involve us in serious domestic difficulties. The "Right Worshipful" functionary whose equipage stops at my back gate, and whose services are indispensable to the health and comfort of my household, is a dignitary whom I must not offend. I must speak with proper deference to the lady who is scrubbing my floors, when I remember that her husband, who saws my wood, carries a string of high-sounding titles which would satisfy a Spanish nobleman.

After all, every people must have its own forms of ostentation, pretence, and vulgarity. The ancient Romans had theirs, the English and the French have theirs as well, — why should not we Americans have ours? Educated and refined persons must recognize frequent internal conflicts between the "*Homo sum*" of Terence and the "*Odi ignobile vulgus*" of Horace. The nobler sentiment should be that of every true American, and it is in that direction

that our best civilization is constantly tending.

We were waited on by a new girl, the other evening. Our pretty maiden had left us for a visit to some relative, — so the Mistress said. I do sincerely hope she will soon come back, for we all like to see her flitting round the table.

I don't know what to make of it. I had it all laid out in my mind. With such a company there must be a love-story. Perhaps there will be, but there may be new combinations of the elements which are to make it up, and here is a bud among the full-blown flowers to which I must devote a little space.

Delilah.

I must call her by the name we gave her after she had trimmed the Samson locks of our Professor. Delilah is a puzzle to most of us. A pretty creature, — dangerously pretty to be in a station not guarded by all the protective arrangements which surround the maidens of a higher social order. It takes a strong cage to keep in a tiger or a grizzly bear, but what iron bars, what barbed wires, can keep out the smooth and subtle enemy that finds out the cage where beauty is imprisoned? Our young Doctor is evidently attracted by the charming maiden who serves him and us so modestly and so gracefully. Fortunately, the Mistress never loses sight of her. If she were her own daughter, she could not be more watchful of all her movements. And yet I do not believe that Delilah needs all this overlooking. If I am not mistaken, she knows how to take care of herself, and could be trusted anywhere, in any company, without a duenna. She has a history, — I feel sure of it. She has been trained and taught as young persons of higher position in life are brought up, and does not belong in the humble station in which we find her. But inasmuch as the Mis-

tress says nothing about her antecedents, we do not like to be too inquisitive. The two Annexes are, it is plain, very curious about her. I cannot wonder. They are both good-looking girls, but Delilah is prettier than either of them. My sight is not so good as it was, but I can see the way in which the eyes of the young people follow each other about plainly enough to set me thinking as to what is going on in the thinking marrow behind them. The young Doctor's follow Delilah as she glides round the table, — they look into hers whenever they get a chance; but the girl's never betray any consciousness of it, so far as I can see. There is no mistaking the interest with which the two Annexes watch all this. Why should n't they, I should like to know? The Doctor is a bright young fellow, and wants nothing but a bald spot and a wife to find himself in a comfortable family practice. One of the Annexes, as I have said, has had thoughts of becoming a doctress. I don't think the Doctor would want his wife to practice medicine, for reasons which I will not stop to mention. Such a partnership sometimes works wonderfully well, as in one well-known instance where husband and wife are both eminent in the profession; but our young Doctor has said to me that he had rather see his wife — if he ever should have one — at the piano than at the dissecting-table. Of course the Annexes know nothing about this, and they may think, as he professed himself willing to lecture on medicine to women, he might like to take one of his pupils as a helpmeet.

If it were not for our Delilah's humble position, I don't see why she would not be a good match for any young man. But then it is so hard to take a young woman from so very humble a condition as that of a "waitress" that it would require a deal of courage to venture on such a step. If we could only find out that she is a princess in disguise,

so to speak, — that is, a young person of presentable connections as well as pleasing looks and manners; that she has had an education of some kind, as we suspected when she blushed on hearing herself spoken of as a "*gentille petite*," why, then everything would be all right, the young Doctor would have plain sailing, — that is, if he is in love with her, and if she fancies him, — and I should find my love-story, — the one I expected, but not between the parties I had thought would be mating with each other.

Dear little Delilah! Lily of the valley, growing in the shade now, — perhaps better there until her petals drop; and yet if she is all I often fancy she is, how her youthful presence would illuminate and sweeten a household! There is not one of us who does not feel interested in her, — not one of us who would not be delighted at some Cinderella transformation which would show her in the setting Nature meant for her favorite.

The fancy of Number Seven about the witches' broomsticks suggested to one of us the following poem: —

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES.

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come
back!

They hanged them high, but they would n't lie
still,

For cats and witches are hard to kill;

They buried them deep, but they would n't
die, —

Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

— A couple of hundred years, or so,

They had knocked about in the world below,

When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,

And a homesick feeling seized them all;

For he came from a place they knew full well,

And many a tale he had to tell.

They longed to visit the haunts of men,

To see the old dwellings they knew again,

And ride on their broomsticks all around

Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex County there's many a roof
Well known to him of the cloven hoof ;
The small square windows are full in view
Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted
high,
Seen like shadows against the sky ;
Crossing the track of owls and bats,
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
The sights we see in our daily drives :
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree,
(It was n't then as we see it now,
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow ;)
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
Glide through his forests of fern and brake ;
Ipswich River ; its old stone bridge ;
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,
And many a scene where history tells
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —
Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
(The fearful story that turns men pale :
Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
There had been no peace in the world below ;
The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair ;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air !
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
And the evil odor that round them clings ;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice, —
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice ;
We've served you well on earth, you know ;
You're a good old — fellow — come, let us
go !"

I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
As fiends with their skins full sometimes are, —
(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Bos-
ton bar.)

So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out !"

To mind his orders was all he knew ;
The gates swung open, and out they flew.

"Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams
cried.

"Here are your broomsticks," an inn replied.
"They've been in — the place you know — so
long

They smell of brimstone uncommon strong ;
But they've gained by being left alone, —
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've
grown."

— "And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.

"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches
bawled,

And began to call them all by name :

As fast as they called the cats, they came :

There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed
Tim,

And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call, —

It would take too long to count them all.

All black, — one could hardly tell which was
which,

But every cat knew his own old witch ;

And she knew hers as hers knew her, —

Ah, did n't they curl their tails and purr !

No sooner the withered hags were free
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree ;
I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,
But the Essex people had dreadful times.

The Swampscott fishermen still relate

How a strange sea-monster stole their bait ;

How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-
pots.

Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,

And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.

A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
It was all the work of those hateful queans !

A dreadful panic began at "Pride's,"

Where the witches stepped in their midnight
rides,

And there rose strange rumors and vague
alarms

'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the beldams found

That without his leave they were ramping
round,

He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles ;

The deafest old granny knew his tone

Without the trick of the telephone.

"Come here, you witches! Come here!"
says he, —

"At your games of old, without asking me !

I'll give you a little job to do

That will keep you stirring, you godless
crew !"

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all ;
He led the hags to a railway train

The horses were trying to drag in vain.

"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,

And here are the cars you've got to run.

The driver may just unhitch his team,

We don't want horses, we don't want steam ;

You may keep your old black cats to hug,

But the loaded train you have got to lug."

Since then on many a car you'll see
 A broomstick plain as plain can be ;
 On every stick there's a witch astride, —
 The string you see to her leg is tied.
 She will do a mischief if she can,
 But the string is held by a careful man,
 And whenever the evil-minded witch
 Would cut some caper he gives a twitch.
 As for the hag, you can't see her,
 But hark ! you can hear her black cat's
 purr,
 And now and then, as a train goes by,

You may catch a gleam from her wicked
 eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train,
 But just what moved it was not so plain.
 It could n't be those wires above,
 For they could neither pull nor shove ;
 Where was the motor that made it go
 You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again
 On the rattling rail by the broomstick train !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

JUNE IN FRANCONIA.

"Herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds."

MILTON.

THERE were six of us, and we had the entire hotel, I may almost say the entire valley, to ourselves. If the verdict of the villagers could have been taken, we should, perhaps, have been voted a queer set, familiar as dwellers in Franconia are with the sight of idle tourists, —

"Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
 And they were butterflies to wheel about
 Long as the summer lasted."

We were neither "rapid" nor "gay," and it was still only the first week of June ; if we were summer boarders, therefore, we must be of some unusual early-blooming variety.

First came a lady, in excellent repute among the savants of Europe and America as an entomologist, but better known to the general public as a writer of stories. With her, as companion and assistant, was a doctor of laws, who is also a newspaper proprietor, a voluminous author, an art connoisseur, and many things beside. They had turned their backs thus unseasonably upon the metropolis, and in this pleasant out-of-the-way corner were devoting themselves to one absorbing pursuit, — the pursuit of moths. On their daily drives, two or

three insect nets dangled conspicuously from the carriage, — the footman, thrifty soul, was never backward to take a hand, — and evening after evening the hotel piazza was illuminated till midnight with lamps and lanterns, while these enthusiasts waved the same white nets about, gathering in geometrids, noctuids, sphinges, and Heaven knows what else, all of them to perish painlessly in numerous "cyanide bottles," which bestrewed the piazza by night, and (happy thought !) the closed piano by day. In this noble occupation I sometimes played at helping ; but with only meagre success, my most brilliant catch being nothing more important than a "beautiful Io." The kind-hearted lepidopterist lingered with gracious emphasis upon the adjective, and assured me that the specimen would be all the more valuable because of a finger-mark which my awkwardness had left upon one of its wings. So — to the credit of human nature be it spoken — so does amiability sometimes get the better of the feminine scientific spirit. To the credit of human nature, I say ; for, though her practice of the romancer's art may doubtless have given to this good lady some peculiar flexibility of mind, some special, individual facility in subordinating a lower truth to a higher, it surely may be affirmed, also,

of humanity in general, that few things become it better than its inconsistencies.

Of the four remaining members of the company, two were botanists, and two — for the time — ornithologists. But the botanists were lovers of birds, also, and went nowhere without opera-glasses; while the ornithologists, in turn, did not hold themselves above some elementary knowledge of plants, and amused themselves with now and then pointing out some rarity — sedges and willows were the special desiderata — which the professional collectors seemed in danger of passing without notice. All in all, we were a queer set. How the Latin and Greek polysyllables flew about the dining-room, as we recounted our forenoon's or afternoon's discoveries! Somebody remarked once that the waiters' heads appeared to be more or less in danger; but if the waiters trembled at all, it was probably not for their own heads, but for ours.¹

Our first excursion — I speak of the four who traveled on foot — was to the Franconia Notch. It could not well have been otherwise; at all events, there was one of the four whose feet would not willingly have carried him in any other direction. The mountains drew us, and there was no thought of resisting their attraction.

Love and curiosity are different, if not incompatible, sentiments; and the birds that are dearest to the man are, for that very reason, not most interesting to the ornithologist. When on a journey, I am almost without eyes or ears for bluebirds and robins, song sparrows and chickadees. Now is my opportunity for extending my acquaintance,

and such every-day favorites must get along for the time as best they can without my attention. So it was here in Franconia. The vesper sparrow, the veery, and a host of other friends were singing about the hotel and along the roadside, but we heeded them not. Our case was like the boy's who declined gingerbread, when on a visit: he had plenty of that at home.

When we were nearly at the edge of the mountain woods, however, we heard across the field a few notes that brought all four of us to an instant standstill. What warbler could that be? Nobody could tell. In fact, nobody could guess. But, before the youngest of us could surmount the wall, the singer took wing, flew over our heads far into the woods, and all was silent. It was too bad; but there would be another day to-morrow. Meantime, we kept on up the hill, and soon were in the old forest, listening to bay-breasted warblers, Blackburnians, black-polls, and so on, while the noise of the mountain brook on our right, a better singer than any of them, was never out of our ears. "You are going up," it said. "I wish you joy. But you see how it is; you will soon have to come down again."

I took leave of my companions at Profile Lake, they having planned an all-day excursion beyond, and started homeward by myself. Slowly, and with many stops, I sauntered down the long hill, through the forest (the stops, I need not say, are commonly the major part of a naturalist's ramble, — the golden beads, as it were, the walk itself being only the string), till I reached the spot where we had been serenaded in the morning by our mysterious stranger. Yes, he was

¹ Just how far the cause of science was advanced by all this activity I am not prepared to say. The first ornithologist of the party published some time ago (in *The Auk*, vol. v. p. 151) a list of our Franconia birds, and the results of the botanists' researches among the willows have appeared, in part at least, in different numbers of the *Bulletin of the Tor-*

rey Botanical Club. As for the lepidopterist, I have an indistinct recollection that she once wrote to me of having made some highly interesting discoveries among her Franconia collections, — several undescribed species, as well as I can now remember; but she added that it would be useless to go into particulars with a correspondent entomologically so ignorant.

again singing, this time not far from the road, in a moderately thick growth of small trees, under which the ground was carpeted with club-mosses, dog-tooth violets, clintonia, linnæa, and similar plants. He continued to sing, and I continued to edge my way nearer and nearer, till finally I was near enough, and went down on my knees. Then I saw him, facing me, showing white under parts. A Tennessee warbler! Here was good luck indeed. I ogled him for a long time ("Shoot it," says Mr. Burroughs, authoritatively, "not ogle it with a glass;" but a man must follow his own method), impatient to see his back, and especially the top of his head. What a precious frenzy we fall into at such moments! My knees were fairly upon nettles. He flew, and I followed. Once more he was under the glass, but still facing me. How like a vireo he looked! For one instant I thought, Can it be the Philadelphia vireo? But, though I had never seen that bird, I knew its song to be as different as possible from the notes to which I was listening. After a long time the fellow turned to feeding, and now I obtained a look at his upper parts,—the back olive, the head ashy, like the Nashville warbler. That was enough. It was indeed the Tennessee (*Helminthophila peregrina*), a bird for which I had been ten years on the watch.

The song, which has not often been described, is more suggestive of the Nashville's than of any other, but so decidedly different as never for a moment to be confounded with it. "When you hear it," a friend had said to me several years before, "you will know it for something new." It is long (I speak comparatively, of course), very sprightly, and peculiarly staccato, and is made up of two parts, the second quicker in movement and higher in pitch than the first. I speak of it as in two parts, though when my companions came to

hear it, as they did the next day, they reported it as in three. We visited the place together afterwards, and the discrepancy was readily explained. As to pitch, the song *is* in three parts, but as to rhythm and character, it is in two; the first half being composed of double notes, the second of single notes. The resemblance to the Nashville's song lies entirely in the first part; the notes of the concluding portion are not run together or jumbled, after the Nashville's manner, but are quite as distinct as those of the opening measure.

As there were at least two pairs of the birds, and they were unmistakably at home, we naturally had hope of finding one of the nests. We made several random attempts, and one day I devoted an hour or more to a really methodical search; but the wily singer gave me not the slightest clue, behaving as if there were no such thing as a bird's nest within a thousand miles, and all my endeavors went for nothing.

As might have been foreseen, Franconia proved to be an excellent place in which to study the difficult family of flycatchers. All our common eastern Massachusetts species were present,—the kingbird, the phoebe, the wood pewee, and the least flycatcher,—and with them the crested flycatcher (not common), the olive-sided, the traill, and the yellow-bellied. The phoebe-like cry of the traill was to be heard constantly from the hotel piazza. The yellow-bellied seemed to be confined to deep and rather swampy woods in the valley, and to the mountain-side forests; being most numerous on Mount Lafayette, where it ran well up toward the limit of trees. In his notes, the yellow-belly may be said to take after both the least flycatcher and the wood pewee. His *killie* (so written in the books, and I do not know how to improve upon it) resembles the *chebec* of the least flycatcher, though much less emphatic, as well as much less frequently uttered,

while his *twee*, or *tuwee*, is quite in the voice and manner of the wood pewee's clear, plaintive whistle; usually a monosyllable, but at other times almost or quite dissyllabic. The olive-side, on the other hand, imitates nobody; or, if he does, it must be some bird with which I have yet to make acquaintance. *Que-qué-o* he vociferates, with a strong emphasis and drawl upon the middle syllable. This is his song, or what answers to a song, but I have seen him when he would do nothing but repeat incessantly a quick trisyllabic call, *whit, whit, whit*; corresponding, I suppose, to the well-known *whit* with which the phoebe sometimes busies himself in a similar manner.

Of more interest than any flycatcher — of more interest even than the Tennessee warbler — was a bird found by the roadside in the village, after we had been for several days in the place. Three of us were walking together, talking by the way, when all at once we halted, as by a common impulse, at the sound of a vireo song; a red-eye's song, as it seemed, with the faintest touch of something unfamiliar about it. The singer was in a small butternut-tree close upon the sidewalk, and at once afforded us perfectly satisfactory observations, perching on a low limb within fifteen feet of our eyes, and singing again and again, while we scrutinized every feather through our glasses. As one of my companions said, it was like having the bird in your hand. There was no room for a question as to its identity. At last we had before us the rare and long-desired Philadelphia greenlet. As its song is little known, I here transcribe my notes about it, made at two different times, between which there appears to have been some discussion among us as to just how it should be characterized: —

"The song is very pretty, and is curiously compounded of the red-eye's and the solitary's, both as to phrase and quality. The measures are all brief; with

fewer syllables, that is to say, than the red-eye commonly uses. Some of them are exactly like the red-eye's, while others have the peculiar sweet upward inflection of the solitary's. To hear some of the measures, you would pass the bird for a red-eye; to hear others of them, you might pass him for a solitary. At the same time, he has not the most highly characteristic of the solitary's phrases. His voice is less sharp and his accent less emphatic than the red-eye's, and, so far as we heard, he observes decidedly longer rests between the measures."

This is under date of June 16th. On the following day I made another entry: —

"The song is, I think, less varied than either the solitary's or the red-eye's, but it grows more distinct from both as it is longer heard. Acquaintance will probably make it as characteristic and unmistakable as any of our four other vireo songs. But I do not withdraw what I said yesterday about its resemblance to the red-eye's and the solitary's. The bird seems quite fearless, and keeps much of the time in the lower branches. In this latter respect his habit is in contrast with that of the warbling vireo."

On the whole, then, the song of the Philadelphia vireo comes nearest to the red-eye's, differing from it mainly in tone and inflection rather than in form. In these two respects it suggests the solitary vireo, though it never reproduces the indescribably sweet cadence, the real "dying fall," of that most delightful songster. At the risk of a seeming contradiction, however, I must mention one curious circumstance. On going again to Franconia, a year afterwards, and, naturally, keeping my ears open for *Vireo philadelphicus*, I discovered that I was never for a moment in doubt when I heard a red-eye; but once, on listening to a distant solitary, — catching only part of the strain, — I was for

a little quite uncertain whether he might not be the bird for which I was looking. How this fact is to be explained I am unable to say; it will be least surprising to those who know most of such matters, and at all events I think it worth recording as affording a possible clue to some future observer. The experience, inconsistent as the assertion may sound, does not in the least alter my opinion that the Philadelphia's song is practically certain to be confused with the red-eye's rather than with the solitary's. Upon that point my companions and I were perfectly agreed while we had the bird before us, and Mr. Brewster's testimony is abundantly conclusive to the same effect. He was in the Umbagog forests on a special hunt for Philadelphia vireos (he had collected specimens there on two previous occasions), and after some days of fruitless search discovered, almost by accident, that the birds had all the while been singing close about him, but in every instance had passed for "nothing but red-eyes."¹

For the benefit of the lay reader, I ought, perhaps, to have explained before this that the Philadelphia vireo is in coloration an exact copy of the warbling vireo. There is a slight difference in size between the two, but the most practiced eye could not be depended upon to tell them apart in a tree. *Vireo philadelphicus* is in a peculiar case: it looks like one common bird, and sings like another. It might have been invented on purpose to circumvent collectors, as the Almighty has been supposed by some to have created fossils on purpose to deceive ungodly geologists. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bird escaped the notice of the older ornithologists. In fact, it was first described, — by Mr. Cassin, — in 1851, from a specimen taken, nine years before, near Philadelphia; and its nest remained unknown for more than thirty years longer, the

first one having been discovered, apparently in Canada, in 1884.²

Day after day, the bare, sharp crest of Mount Lafayette silently invited my feet. Then came a bright, favorable morning, and I set out. I would go alone on this my first pilgrimage to the noble peak, at which, always from too far off, I had gazed longingly for ten summers. It is not inconsistent with a proper regard for one's fellows, I trust, to enjoy now and then being without their society. It is good, sometimes, for a man to be alone, — especially on a mountain-top, and more especially at a first visit. The trip to the summit was some seven or eight miles in length, and an almost continual ascent, without a dull step in the whole distance. The Tennessee warbler was singing; but perhaps the pleasantest incident of the walk to the Profile House — in front of which the mountain footpath is taken — was a Blackburnian warbler perched, as usual, at the very top of a tall spruce, his orange throat flashing fire as he faced the sun, and his song, as my note-book expresses it, "sliding up to high Z at the end" in his quaintest and most characteristic fashion. I spent nearly three hours in climbing the mountain path, and during all that time saw and heard only twelve kinds of birds: red-starts, Canada warblers (near the base), black-throated blues, black-throated greens, Nashvilles, black-polls, red-eyed vireos, snowbirds (no white-throated sparrows!), winter wrens, Swainson and gray-cheeked thrushes, and yellow-bellied flycatchers. Black-poll and Nashville warblers were especially numerous, as they are also upon Mount Washington, and, as far as I have seen, upon the White Mountains generally. The feeble, sharp song of the black-poll is a singular affair; short and slight as it is, it embraces a perfect crescendo and a perfect decrescendo. Without ques-

¹ Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, v. p. 3.

² E. E. T. Seton, in *The Auk*, vol. ii. p. 305.

tion I passed plenty of white-throated sparrows, but by some coincidence not one of them announced himself. The gray-cheeked thrushes, which sang freely, were not heard till I was perhaps half-way between the Eagle Cliff Notch and the Eagle Lakes. This species, so recently added to our summer fauna, proves to be not uncommon in the mountainous parts of New England, though apparently confined to the spruce forests at or near the summits. I found it abundant on Mount Mansfield, Vermont, in 1885, and in the summer of 1888 Mr. Walter Faxon surprised us all by shooting a specimen on Mount Graylock, Massachusetts. Doubtless the bird has been singing its perfectly distinctive song in the White Mountain woods ever since the white man first visited them. During the vernal migration, indeed, I have more than once heard it sing in eastern Massachusetts. My latest delightful experience of this kind was on the 29th of May last (1889), while I was hastening to a railway train within the limits of Boston. Preoccupied as I was, and faintly as the notes came to me, I recognized them instantly; for while the gray-cheek's song bears an evident resemblance to the veery's (which I had heard within five minutes), the two are so unlike in pitch and rhythm that no reasonably nice ear ought ever to confound them. The bird was just over the high, close, inhospitable fence, on the top of which I rested my chin and watched and listened. He sat with his back toward me, in full view, on a level with my eye, and sang and sang and sang, in a most deliciously soft, far-away voice, keeping his wings all the while a little raised and quivering, as in a kind of musical ecstasy. It does seem a thing to be regretted — yes, a thing to be ashamed of — that a bird so beautiful, so musical, so romantic in its choice of a dwelling-place, and withal so characteristic of New England should be known, at a liberal estimate, to not

more than one or two hundred New Englanders! But if a bird wishes general recognition, he should do as the robin does, and the bluebird, and the oriole, — dress like none of his neighbors, and show himself freely in the vicinity of men's houses. How can one expect to be famous unless he takes a little pains to keep himself before the public?

From the time I left my hotel until I was fairly above the dwarf spruces below the summit of Lafayette, I was never for many minutes together out of the hearing of thrush music. Four of our five summer representatives of the genus *Turdus* took turns, as it were, in the serenade. The veeries — Wilson's thrushes — greeted me before I stepped off the piazza. As I neared the Profile House farm, the hermits were in tune on either hand. The moment the road entered the ancient forest, the olive-backs began to make themselves heard, and half-way up the mountain path the gray-cheeks took up the strain and carried it on to its heavenly conclusion. A noble processional! Even a lame man might have climbed to such music. If the wood thrush had been here, the chorus would have been complete, — a chorus not to be excelled, according to my untraveled belief, in any quarter of the world.

To-day, however, my first thoughts were not of birds, but of the mountain. The weather was all that could be asked, — the temperature perfect, and the atmosphere so transparent as to be of itself a kind of lens; so that in the evening, when I rejoined my companions at the hotel, I found to my astonishment that I had been plainly visible while at the summit, the beholders having no other help than an opera-glass! It was almost past belief. I had felt some dilation of soul, it was true, but had been quite unconscious of any corresponding physical transformation. What would our aboriginal forerunners have said

could they have stood in the valley and seen a human form moving from point to point along yonder sharp, serrated ridge? I should certainly have passed for a god! Let us be thankful that all such superstitious fancies have had their day. The Indian, poor child of nature,

“A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,”

stood afar off and worshiped toward these holy hills; but the white man clambers gayly up their sides, guide-book in hand, and leaves his sardine box and eggshells — and likely enough his business card — at the top. Let us be thankful, I repeat, for the light vouchsafed to us; ours is a goodly heritage; but there are moods — such creatures of hereditary influence are we — wherein I would gladly exchange both the guide-book and the sardine box for a vision, never so indistinct and transient, of Kitchie Manitoo. Alas! what a long time it is since any of us have been able to see the invisible. “In the mountains,” says Wordsworth, “did he feel his faith.” But the poet was speaking then of a very old-fashioned young fellow, who, even when he grew up, made nothing but a peddler. Had he lived in our day, he would have felt not his faith, but his own importance; especially if he had put himself out of breath, as most likely he would have done, in accomplishing in an hour and forty minutes what, according to the guide-book, should have taken a full hour and three quarters. The modern excursionist (how Wordsworth would have loved that word!) has learned wisdom of a certain wise fowl who once taught St. Peter a lesson, and who never finds himself in a high place without an impulse to flap his wings and crow.

For my own part, though I spent nearly three hours on the less than four miles of mountain path, as I have already acknowledged, I was nevertheless somewhat short-winded at the end. So long as I was in the woods, it was easy

enough to loiter; but no sooner did I leave the last low spruces behind me than I was seized with an importunate desire to stand upon the peak, so near at hand just above me. I hope my readers are none of them too old to sympathize with the boyish feeling. At all events, I quickened my pace. The distance could not be more than half a mile, I thought. But it was wonderful how that perverse trail among the boulders did unwind itself, as if it never would come to an end; and I was not surprised, on consulting a guide-book afterwards, to find that my half mile had really been a mile and a half. One's sensations in such a case I have sometimes compared with those of an essay-writer when he is getting near the end of his task. He dallied with it in the beginning, and was half ready to throw it up in the middle; but now the fever is on him, and he cannot drive the pen fast enough. Two days ago he doubted whether or not to burn the thing; now it is certain to be his masterpiece, and he must sit up till morning, if need be, to finish it. What would life be worth without its occasional enthusiasm, laughable in the retrospect, perhaps, but in itself pleasurable almost to the point of painfulness?

It was a glorious day. I enjoyed the climb, the lessening forest, the alpine plants (the *diapensia* was in full flower, with its upright snowy goblets, while the geum and the Greenland sandwort were just beginning to blossom), the magnificent prospect, the stimulating air, and, most of all, the mountain itself. I sympathized then, as I have often done at other times, with a remark once made to me by a Vermont farmer's wife. I had sought a night's lodging at her house, and during the evening we fell into conversation about Mount Mansfield, from the top of which I had just come, and directly at the base of which the farmhouse stood. When she went up “the mounting,” she said, she liked

to look off, of course; but somehow what she cared most about was "the mounting itself."

The woman had probably never read a line of Wordsworth, — unless, possibly, *We are Seven* was in the old school reader, — but I am sure the poet would have liked this saying, especially as coming from such a source. I liked it, at any rate, and am seldom on a mountain-top without recalling it. Her lot had been narrow and prosaic, — bitterly so, the visitor was likely to think; she was little used to expressing herself, and no doubt would have wondered what Mr. Pater could mean by his talk about natural objects as possessing "more or less of a moral or spiritual life," as "capable of a companionship with man, full of expression, of inexplicable affinities and delicacies of intercourse." From such refinements and subtleties her mind would have taken refuge in thoughts of her baking and ironing. But she enjoyed the mountain; I think she had some feeling for it, as for a friend; and who knows but she, too, was one of "the poets that are sown by Nature"?

I spent two happy hours and a half at the summit of Lafayette. The ancient peak must have had many a worthier guest, but it could never have entertained one more hospitably. With what softly temperate breezes did it fan me! I wish I were there now! But kind as was its welcome, it did not urge me to remain. The word of the brook came true again, — as Nature's words always do, if we hear them aright. Having gone as high as my feet could carry me, there was nothing left but to go down again. "Which things," as Paul said to the Galatians, "are an allegory."

I was not asked to stay, but I was invited to come again; and the next season, also in June, I twice accepted the invitation. On the first of these occasions, although I was eight days later than I had been the year before (June 19th instead of June 11th), the diapen-

sia was just coming into somewhat free bloom, while the sandwort showed only here and there a stray flower, and the geum was only in bud. The dwarf paper birch (trees of no one knows what age, matting the ground) was in blossom, with large handsome catkins, while Cutler's willow was already in fruit, and the crowberry likewise. The willow, like the birch, has learned that the only way to live in such a place is to lie flat upon the ground and let the wind blow over you. The other flowers noted at the summit were one of the blueberries (*Vaccinium uliginosum*), Bigelow's sedge, and the fragrant alpine holy-grass (*Hierochloa alpina*). Why should this sacred grass, which Christians sprinkle in front of their church doors on feast-days, be scattered thus upon our higher mountain-tops, unless these places are indeed, as the Indian and the ancient Hebrew believed, the special abode of the Great Spirit?

But the principal interest of this my second ascent of Mount Lafayette was to be, not botanical, but ornithological. We had seen nothing noteworthy on the way up (I was not alone this time, though I have so far been rude enough to ignore my companion); but while at the Eagle Lakes, on our return, we had an experience that threw me into a nine days' fever. The other man — one of the botanists of last year's crew — was engaged in collecting viburnum specimens, when all at once I caught sight of something red in a dead spruce on the mountain-side just across the tiny lake. I leveled my glass, and saw with perfect distinctness, as I thought, two pine grosbeaks in bright male costume, — birds I had never seen before except in winter. Presently a third one, in dull plumage, came into view, having been hidden till now behind the bole. The trio remained in sight for some time, and then dropped into the living spruces underneath, and disappeared. I lingered about, while my companion and

the black flies were busy, and was on the point of turning away for good, when up flew two red birds and alighted in a tree close by the one out of which the grosbeaks had dropped. But a single glance showed that they were not grosbeaks, but white-winged crossbills! And soon they, too, were joined by a third bird, in female garb. Here was a pretty piece of confusion! I was delighted to see the crossbills, having never before had the first glimpse of them, summer or winter; but what was I to think about the grosbeaks? "Your determination is worthless," said my scientific friend, consolingly; and there was no gainsaying his verdict. Yet by what possibility could I have been so deceived? The birds, though none too near, had given me an excellent observation, and as long as they were in sight I had felt no uncertainty whatever as to their identity. The bill alone, of which I had taken particular note, ought in all reason to be held conclusive. So much for one side of the case. On the other hand, however, the second trio were unmistakably crossbills. (They had been joined on the wing by several others, as I ought to have mentioned, and with their characteristic chattering cry had swept out of sight up the mountain.) It was certainly a curious coincidence: three grosbeaks — two males and a female — had dropped out of a tree into the undergrowth; and then, five minutes later, three crossbills — two males and a female — had risen out of the same undergrowth, and taken almost the very perch which the others had quitted! Had this strange thing happened? Or had my eyes deceived me? This was my dilemma, on the sharp horns of which I tried alternately for the next eight days to make myself comfortable.

During all that time, the weather rendered mountain climbing impracticable. But the morning of the 28th was clear and cold, and I set out forthwith for the Eagle Lakes. If the grosbeaks were

there, I meant to see them, though I should have to spend all day in the attempt. My botanist had returned home, leaving me quite alone at the hotel; but, as good fortune would have it, before I reached the Profile House, I was overtaken unexpectedly by a young ornithological friend, who was himself half decided to climb Lafayette. We were creeping laboriously up the long, steep shoulder beyond the Eagle Cliff gorge, and drawing near the lakes, when all at once a peculiarly sweet, flowing warble fell upon our ears. "A pine grosbeak!" said I, in a tone of full assurance, although this was my first hearing of the song. The younger man plunged into the forest, in the direction of the voice, while I, knowing pretty well how the land lay, hastened on toward the lakes, in hopes to find the singer visible from that point. Just as I ran down the little incline into the open, a bird flew past me across the water, and alighted in a dead spruce (it might have been the very tree of nine days before), where it sat in full sight, and at once broke into song, — "like the purple finch's," says my note-book; "less fluent, but, as it seemed to me, sweeter and more expressive. I think it was not louder." Before many minutes, my comrade came running down the path in high glee, calling, "Pine grosbeaks!" He had got directly under a tree in which two of them were sitting. So the momentous question was settled, and I commenced feeling once more a degree of confidence in my own eyesight. The loss of such confidence is a serious discomfort; but, strange as it may seem to people in general, I suspect that few field ornithologists, except beginners, ever succeed in retaining it undisturbed for any long time together. As a class, they have learned to take the familiar maxim, "Seeing is believing," with several grains of allowance. With most of them, it would be nearer the mark to say, Shooting is believing.

My special errand at the lakes being thus quickly disposed of, there was no reason why I should not accompany my friend to the summit. Lafayette gave us a cold reception. We might have addressed him as Daniel Webster, according to the time-worn story, once addressed Mount Washington; but neither of us felt oratorically inclined. In truth, after the outrageous heats of the past few days, it seemed good to be thrashing our arms and crouching behind a boulder, while we devoured our luncheon, and between times studied the landscape. For my own part, I experienced a feeling of something like wicked satisfaction; as if I had been wronged, and all at once had found a way of balancing the score. The *diapensia* was already quite out of bloom, although only nine days before we had thought it hardly at its best. It is one of the prettiest and most striking of our strictly alpine plants, but is seldom seen by the ordinary summer tourist, as it finishes its course long before he arrives. The same may be said of the splendid Lapland azalea, which I do not remember to have found on Mount Lafayette, it is true, but which is to be seen in all its glory upon the Mount Washington range, in middle or late June; so early that one may have to travel over snow-banks to reach it. The two flowers oftenest noticed by the chance comer to these parts are the Greenland sandwort (the "mountain daisy"!) and the pretty geum, with its handsome crinkled leaves and its bright yellow blossoms, like buttercups.

My sketch will hardly fulfill the promise of its title; for our June in Franconia included a thousand things of which I have left myself no room to speak: strolls in the Landaff Valley and to Sugar Hill; a walk to Mount Agassiz; numerous visits — by the way, and in uncertain weather — to Bald Mountain; several jaunts to Lonesome Lake; and wanderings here and there in the path-

less valley woods. We were none of us of that unhappy class who cannot enjoy doing the same thing twice.

I wished, also, to say something of sundry minor enjoyments: of the cinnamon roses, for example, with the fragrance of which we were continually greeted, and which have left such a sweetness in the memory that I would have called this essay "*June in the Valley of Cinnamon Roses*," had I not despaired of holding myself up to so poetic a title. And with the roses the wild strawberries present themselves. Roses and strawberries! It is the very poetry of science that these should be classified together. The berries, like the flowers, are of a generous turn (it is a family trait, I think), loving no place better than the roadside, as if they would fain be of refreshment to beings less happy than themselves, who cannot be still and blossom and bear fruit, but are driven by the Fates to go trudging up and down in dusty highways. For myself, if I were a dweller in this vale, I am sure my finger-tips would never be of their natural color so long as the season of strawberries lasted. On one of my solitary rambles I found a retired sunny field, full of them. To judge from appearances, not a soul had been near it. But I noticed that, while the almost ripe fruit was abundant, there was scarce any that had taken on the final tinge and flavor. Then I began to be aware of faint, sibilant noises about me, and, glancing up, I saw that the ground was already "preempted" by a company of cedar-birds, who, naturally enough, were not a little indignant at my poaching thus on their preserves. They showed so much concern (and had gathered the ripest of the berries so thoroughly) that I actually came away the sooner on their account. I began to feel ashamed of myself, and for once in my life was literally hissed off the stage.

Even on my last page I must be per-

mitted a word in praise of Mount Cannon, of which I made three ascents. It has nothing like the celebrity of Mount Willard, with which, from its position, it is natural to compare it; but to my thinking it is little, if at all, less worthy. Its outlook upon Mount Lafayette is certainly grander than anything Mount Willard can offer, while the prospect of the Pemigewasset Valley, fading away to the horizon, if less striking than that of the White Mountain Notch, has some elements of beauty which must of necessity be lacking in any more narrowly circumscribed scene, no matter how romantic.

In venturing upon a comparison of this kind, however, one is bound always to allow for differences of mood. When I am in tune for such things, I can be happier on an ordinary Massachusetts hilltop than at another time I should be on any New Hampshire mountain, though it were Moosilauke itself. And, truly, Fortune did smile upon our first visit to Mount Cannon. Weather conditions, outward and inward, were right. We had come mainly to look at Lafayette from this point of vantage; but, while we suffered no disappointment in that direction, we found ourselves still more taken with the valley prospect. We lay upon the rocks by the hour, gazing at it. Scattered clouds dappled the whole vast landscape with shadows;

the river, winding down the middle of the scene, drew the whole into harmony, as it were, making it in some nobly literal sense picturesque; while the distance was of such an exquisite blue as I think I never saw before.

How good life is at its best! And in such

"Charm'd days,
When the genius of God doth flow,"

what care we for science or the objects of science, — for grosbeak or crossbill (may the birds forgive me!), or the latest novelty in willows? I am often where fine music is played, and never without being interested; as men say, I am pleased. But at the twentieth time, it may be, something touches my ears, and I hear the music within the music; and, for the hour, I am at heaven's gate. So it is with our appreciation of natural beauty. We are always in its presence, but only on rare occasions are our eyes anointed to see it. Such ecstasies, it seems, are not for every day. Sometimes I fear they grow less frequent as we grow older.

We will hope for better things; but, should the gloomy prognostication fall true, we will but betake ourselves the more assiduously to lesser pleasures, — to warblers and willows, roses and strawberries. Science will never fail us. If worse comes to worst, we will not despise the moths.

Bradford Torrey.

THE KINGBIRD'S NEST.

To study a nest is to make an acquaintance. However familiar the bird, unless the student has watched its ways during the only domestic period of its life, — nesting time, — he has still something to learn. In fact, he has almost everything to learn, for into those few weeks is crowded a whole lifetime of

emotions and experiences which fully bring out the individuality of the bird. Family life is a test of character, no less in the nest than in the house. Moreover, to a devotee of the science that some one has aptly called Ornithography, nothing is so attractive. What hopes it holds out! Who can guess

" at mysteries shall be disclosed, what interesting episodes of life shall be seen about that charmed spot?

To find a newly built nest is the first June work of the bird-student, and this year a particularly inviting one presented itself, on the top branch of a tall oak-tree near my "inn of rest." It was in plain sight from the veranda. The builder evidently cared nothing for concealment, and relied, with reason, upon its inaccessible position for safety. To be sure, as days went by and oak leaves grew, a fair screen for the little dwelling was not lacking; but summer breezes were kind, and often blew them aside, and, better still, from other points of view the nest was never hidden.

To whom, then, did the nest belong? I hoped to the kingbird, who at that moment sat demurely upon the picket fence below, apparently interested only in passing insects; and while I looked the question was answered by Madame Tyrannis herself, who came with the confidence of ownership, carrying a beakful of building material, and arranging it with great pains inside the structure. This was satisfactory, for I did not know the kingbird in domestic life.

For several days it seemed uncertain whether the kingbirds would ever really occupy the nest, so spasmodic was the work upon it. Now one of the pair came with a bit of something, placed it, tried its effect this way and that, and then disappeared, while for hours every day both might be seen about the place, hunting insects and taking their ease on the fence as if no thought of nesting ever stirred their wise little heads. The last addition to the domicile was curious: a soft white feather from the poultry yard, which was fastened up on the edge, and stood there floating in the breeze; a white banner of peace flung out to the world from her castle walls.

Peace from a kingbird? Direful tales are told of this bird: "he is pugnacious," says one writer; "he fights everybody,"

adds another; "he is a coward," remarks a third. Science has dubbed him tyrant (*Tyrannis*), and his character is supposed to be settled. But may there not be two sides to the story? We shall see. One kingbird, at least, shall be studied sympathetically; we shall try to enter his life, to judge him fairly, and shall above all

"bring not

The fancies found in books,
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch our own."

Nearly two months that small dwelling on the oak was watched, day after day, early and late, in storm and in sunshine; now I know at least one family of kingbirds, and what I know I shall honestly tell, "nothing extenuating."

The house was built, the season was passing, yet housekeeping did not begin. The birds, indeed, appeared to have abandoned the tree, and days went by in which I could not see that either visited it. But the nest was not deserted, for all that; the curiosity and impertinence of the neighbors were simply amazing. (Perhaps the kingbird has some reason to be pugnacious!) No sooner was that tenement finished than, as promptly as if they had received cards to a house-warming, visitors began to come. First to show himself was an orchard oriole, who was in the habit of passing over the yard every day and stopping an hour or more in the neighborhood, while he scrambled over the trees, varying his lunches with a rich and graceful song. Arrived this morning in the kingbird tree, he began his usual hunt over the top branch, when suddenly his eye fell upon the kingbird cradle. He paused, cast a wary glance about, then dropped to a lower perch, his singing ended, his manner guilty. Nearer and nearer he drew, looking cautiously about and moving in perfect silence. Still the owner did not come, and at last the stranger stood upon the edge. What joy! He looked that mansion over from foundation to

banner fluttering in the wind; he examined closely its construction; with head turned over one side, he criticised its general effect, and apparently did not think much of it; he gratified to the full his curiosity, and after about one minute's study flew to the next tree, and resumed his singing.

The next arrival was a pewee, whose own nest was nearly built, in a wild cherry-tree not far off. The fence under the oak was his usual perch, and it was plain that he made his first call with "malice aforethought;" for, disdainful the smallest pretense of interest in it, he flew directly to the nest, hovered beneath it, and pulled out some part of the building material that pleased his fancy, — nothing less than pure thievery.

Among the occasional visitors to the yard were two American goldfinches, or thistle-birds, in bright yellow and black plumage, both males. They also went to the new homestead in the oak, inspected it, chatted over it in their sweet tones, and then passed on. It began to look as though the nest were in the market for any one to choose, and the string of company was not yet ended.

Soon after the goldfinches had passed by, there alighted a gay Baltimore oriole, who, not content with looking at the new castle in the air, must needs try it. He actually stepped into the nest and settled down as if sitting. Who knows but he was experimenting to see if this simple, wide-open cradle would n't do as well for oriole babies as for kingbirds? Certainly it was a curious performance. It made an impression on him too, for the next day he came again; and this time he picked at it, and seemed to be changing its interior arrangement, but he carried nothing away when he flew. Even after sitting began, this oriole paid two more visits to the nest which so interested him. On the first occasion, the owner was at home, and gave him instant notice that the place was no longer on view. He retired, but, being no

coward, and not choosing to submit to dictation, he came again. This time, fly-up together, a clinch in the air, with loud and offensive remarks, cured him of further desire to call.

More persistent than any yet mentioned was a robin. Heretofore, strange to say, the guests had all been males, but this caller was the mother of a young brood in the next yard. She came in her usual way, alighted on a low branch, ran out upon it, hopped to the next higher, and so proceeded till she reached the nest. The kingbird happened to be near it himself, and drove her away in an indifferent manner, as if this interloper were of small account. The robin went, of course, but returned, and, perching close to the object of interest, leaned over and looked at it as long as she chose, while the owner stood calmly by on a twig and did not interfere. I know he was not afraid of the robin, as later events proved; and it really looked as if the pair deliberately delayed sitting to give the neighborhood a chance to satisfy its curiosity; as if they thus proclaimed to whom it might concern that there was to be a kingbird household, that they might view it at their leisure before it was occupied, but after that no guests were desired. Whatever the cause, the fact is that, once completed, the nest was almost entirely abandoned by the builders for several days, during which this neighborhood inspection went on. They even deserted their usual hunting-ground, and might generally be seen at the back of the house, awaiting their prey in the most unconcerned manner.

However, time was passing, and one day Madame Tyrannis herself began to call, but fitfully. Sometimes she stayed about the nest one minute, sometimes five minutes, but was restless; picking at the walls, twitching the leaves that hung too near, rearranging the lining, trying it this way and that, as if to see how it fitted her figure, and how she should

like it when she was settled. First she tried sitting with face looking toward the bay; then she jerked herself around, without rising, and looked awhile toward the house. She had as much trouble to get matters adjusted to her mind as if she had a houseful of furniture to place, with carpets to lay, curtains to hang, and the thousand and one "things" with which we bigger housekeepers cumber ourselves and make life a burden. This spasmodic visitation went on for days, and finally it was plain that sitting had begun. Still the birds of the vicinity were interested callers, and I began to think that one kingbird would not even protect his nest, far less justify his reputation by tyrannizing over the feathered world. But when his mate had seriously established herself, it was time for the head of the household to assume her defense, and he did.

As usual, the kingbird united the characters of brave defender and tender lover. To his spouse his manners were charming. When he came to relieve her of her care, to give her exercise or a chance for luncheon, he greeted her with a few low notes, and alighted on a small leafless twig that curved up about a foot above the nest, and made a perfect watch-tower. She slipped off her seat and disappeared for about six minutes. During her absence he stayed at his post, sometimes changing his perch to one or other of half a dozen leafless branchlets in that part of the tree, and there sitting, silent and watchful, ready to interview any stranger who appeared. Upon her return he again saluted her with a few words, adding to them a lifting of wings and spreading of his beautiful tail that most comically suggested the bowing and hat-lifting of bigger gentlemen. In all their life together, even when the demands of three infants kept them busy from morning till night, he never forgot this little civility to his helpmate. If she alighted beside him on the fence, he rose a few inches above

his perch, and flew around in a small circle while greeting her; and sometimes, on her return to the nest, he described a larger circle, talking (as I must call it) all the time. Occasionally, when she approached, he flew out to meet and come back with her, as if to escort her. Could this bird, to his mate so thoughtful and polite, be to the rest of the world the bully he is pictured? Did he, who for ten months of the year shows less curiosity about others and attends more perfectly to his own business than any bird I have noticed, suddenly, at this crisis in his life, become aggressive, and during these two months of love and paternity and hard work make war upon a peaceful neighborhood?

I watched closely. There was not an hour of the day, often from four A. M. to eight P. M., that I had not the kingbird and his nest directly in sight, and hardly a movement of his life escaped me. There he stood, on the fence under his tree, on a dead bush at the edge of the bay, or on the lowest limb of a small pear-tree in the yard. Sometimes he dashed into the air for his prey; sometimes he dropped to the ground to secure it; but oftenest, especially when baby throats grew clamorous, he hovered over the rank grass on the low land of the shore, wings beating, tail wide spread, diving now and then for an instant to snatch a morsel; and every thirty minutes, as punctually as if he carried a watch in his trim white vest, he took a direct line for the home where his mate sat waiting.

A few days after the little dame took possession of the nest, the kingbird had succeeded, without much trouble, in making most of his fellow-creatures understand that he laid claim to the upper branches of the oak, and was prepared to defend them against all comers, and they simply gave the tree a wide berth in passing. The robin, it is true, with the persistence of his family, called twice

after that, and was chased away. The most troublesome meddler was, as might be expected, an English sparrow. From the time when the first stick was laid till the babies were grown and had left the tree, that bird never ceased to intrude and annoy. He visited the nest when empty; he managed to have frequent peeps at the young; and notwithstanding he was driven off every time, he still hung around, and his prying ways were so exasperating that he deserved a thrashing, and I wonder he did not get it. He was driven away repeatedly, and he was "picked off" from below, and pounced upon from above, but he never failed to return.

Another visitor of whom the kingbird seemed suspicious was a purple crow blackbird, who every day passed over. This bird and the common crow were the only ones he drove away without waiting for them to alight; and if half that is told of them be true, he had reason to do so.

With none of these intruders had the kingbird any quarrel when away from his nest. The blackbird, to whom he showed the most violence, hunted peacefully beside him on the grass all day; the robin alighted near him on the fence, as usual; the orioles scrambled over the neighboring trees, singing and eating, as was their custom; even the English sparrow carried on his vulgar squabbles on his own branch of the oak all day: but to none of them did the kingbird pay the slightest attention. He simply and solely defended his own household.

In the beginning the little dame took sitting very easy, fidgeting about in the nest, standing up to dress her feathers, stretching her neck to see what went on in the yard below, and stepping out upon a neighboring twig to rest herself. After a few days she settled more seriously to work, and became very quiet and patient. Her mate never brought food to her, nor did he once take her place in the nest; not even during a

furious northeast gale that turned June into November, and lasted thirty-six hours, most of the time with heavy rain, when the top branch bent and tossed, and threatened every moment a catastrophe. In the house, fires were built and books and work brought out; but the bird-student, wrapped in heavy shawls, kept close watch from an open window, and noted well the bad-weather manners of *Tyrannis*. Madame sat very close, head to the northeast, and tail, narrowed to the width of one feather, pressed against a twig that grew up behind the nest. All through the storm, I think the head of the family remained in a sheltered part of the tree, but he did not come to the usual twigs which were so exposed. I know he was near, for I heard him, and occasionally saw him standing with body horizontal instead of upright, as usual, the better to maintain his position against the wind. At about the ordinary intervals the sitter left her nest, without so much as a leaf to cover it, and was absent perhaps half as long as common, but not once did her mate assume her post.

How were this pair distinguished from each other, since there is no difference in their dress? First, by a fortunate peculiarity of marking, the male had one short tail feather, that, when he was resting, showed its white tip above the others, and made a perfectly distinct and (with a glass) plainly visible mark. Later, when I had become familiar with the very different manners of the pair, I did not need this mark to distinguish the male, though it remained *en évidence* all through the two months I had them under observation.

During the period of sitting life went on with great regularity. The protector of the nest perched every night in a poplar-tree across the yard, and promptly at half past four o'clock every morning began his matins. Surprised and interested by an unfamiliar song, I rose one day at that unnatural hour to trace it

home. It was in that enchanting time when men are still asleep in their nests, and even "My Lord Sun" has not arisen from his; when the air is sweet and fresh, and as free from the dust of man's coming and going as if his tumults did not exist. It was so still that the flit of a wing was almost startling. The water lapped softly against the shore; but who can

"Write in a book the morning's prime,
Or match with words that tender sky"?

The song that had called me up was a sweet though simple strain, and it was repeated every morning while his mate was separated from him by her nest duties. I can find no mention of it in books, but I had many opportunities to study it, and thus it was. It began with a low kingbird "Kr-r-r" (or rolling sound impossible to express by letters), without which I should not have identified it at first, and it ended with a very sweet call of two notes, five tones apart, the lower first, after a manner suggestive of the phœbe, — something like this: "Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé! Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé!" In the outset, and I think I heard the very first attempt, it resembled the initial efforts of cage-birds, when spring tunes their throats. The notes seemed hard to get out; they were weak, uncertain, fluttering, as if the singer were practicing something quite new. But as the days went by they grew strong and assured, and at last were a joyous and loud morning greeting. I don't know why I should be so surprised to hear a kingbird sing, for I believe that one of the things we shall discover, when we begin to study birds alive instead of dead, is that every one has a song, at least in spring, when, in the words of an enthusiastic bird-lover, "the smallest become poets, often sublime songsters." I have already heard several sing that are set down as lacking in that mode of expression.

To return to my kingbird, struggling with his early song. After practicing

perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, he left his perch, flew across the yard, and circled around the top bough, with his usual good-morning to his partner, who at once slipped off and went for her breakfast, while he stayed to watch the nest.

This magic dawn could not last. It grew lighter; the sun was bestirring himself. I heard oars on the bay; and now that the sounds of man began, the robin mounted the fence and sang his waking song. The rogue! — he had been "laughing" and shouting for an hour. "Awake! awake!" he seemed to say; and on our dreamy beds we hear him, and think it the first sound of the new day. Then, too, came the jubilee of the English sparrow, welcoming the appearance of mankind, whose waste and improvidence supply so easily his larder. Why should he spend his time hunting insects? The kitchen will open, the dining-room follows, and crumbs are sure to result. He will wait, and meanwhile do his best to waken his purveyor.

I found this to be the almost invariable programme of kingbird life at this period: after matins, the singer flew to the nest tree, and his spouse went to her breakfast; in a few seconds he dropped to the edge of the nest, looked long and earnestly at the contents, then flew to one of his usual perching-places near by, and remained in silence till he saw the little mother coming. During the day he relieved her at the intervals mentioned, and at night, when she had settled to rest, he stayed at his post on the fence till almost too dark to be seen, and then took his way, with a good-night greeting, to his sleeping-place on the poplar.

Thus matters went on through June till the 29th, when, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, there was an unusual stir about the kingbird castle. I saw that something had happened, and this must open a new chapter. But before

beginning the chronicle of the kingbird babies, I should like to give my testimony about *one* member of the family. As a courteous and tender spouse, as a devoted father and a brave defender of his household, I know no one who outranks him. In attending to his own business and never meddling with others, he is unexcelled. In regard to his fighting, he has driven many away from his tree, as do all birds, but he never picked a quarrel; and the only cases of anything like a personal encounter were with the two birds who insisted on annoying him. He is chivalrous to young birds not his own, as will appear in the story of his family. He

is, indeed, usually silent, perhaps even solemn, but he may well be so; he has an important duty to perform in the world, and one that should bring him thanks and protection instead of scorn and a bad name. It is to reduce the number of man's worst enemies, the vast army of insects. What we owe to the flycatchers, indeed, we can never guess, although, if we go on destroying them, we may have our eyes opened most thoroughly. Even if the most serious charge against the kingbird is true, that he eats bees, it were better that every bee on the face of the earth should perish than that his efficient work among other insects should be stopped.

Olive Thorne Miller.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

FIFTY-THREE years ago certain American and British authors petitioned Congress for an act to establish what is now known as International Copyright. These petitions were referred to a committee, and in due time the committee reported in favor of the legislation prayed for. Very few committee reports in our history can show such a list of distinguished names among their signers as this first report on international copyright; for the chairman of the committee who drew the report was Henry Clay, and his four associates were Daniel Webster, James Buchanan, William C. Preston, of South Carolina, and Thomas Ewing. One would have thought that the support of five such men would have sufficed of itself to carry any measure which, like this, was wholly outside of party politics; and yet the very opposite happened. The little men and selfish interests long since forgotten were too powerful for the well-remembered big men of enlarged views, and the report served only to show that the five states-

men who signed it were ahead of their time and their civilization,—a distinction in leadership which apparently they still continue to enjoy on this subject, in regard to our time and our civilization of the present year of grace.

Without tracing the history of international copyright during the half century which has come and gone since Henry Clay wrote his now famous report, it is enough to say that within recent years the movement in behalf of honesty in copyright has taken on new life and has been pushed with fresh vigor. Conflicting interests for some time prevented action, but finally they were reconciled, and in the last Congress the House committee were able to say in their report that, "for the first time, authors, publishers, type-setters, electrotypers, booksellers, and all others engaged in making and distributing books have with singular unanimity agreed upon a bill which they ask us to pass." To this list may be added the association of American newspaper publishers who,

on February 13, 1890, gave their hearty approval to the demand of American authors for the fuller security of literary property, and who commended the bill for international copyright as "in the interest of the national honor and welfare." The bill, thus powerfully supported by interests so diverse, and as important as they are intelligent, came to a vote in the House of Representatives on May 2, 1890, and was defeated. In recent years a similar bill has passed the Senate, but the question has never before come to a vote in the House. The vote by which the bill was defeated and the arguments made in opposition to it are not a little depressing; and even if the reconsideration which is still open should succeed, there would be no reason to change this criticism. If it had been a matter of annual failure, the vote would not have been nearly so important, for the result would merely have marked the comparative progress or decline of the movement; but it is disappointing to the last degree to know that after half a century's discussion a bill providing for international copyright should come for the first time to a vote in the House of Representatives and suffer a serious defeat. International copyright is one of those rare questions where it is very difficult to discover more than one side, and for this reason it is not easy to argue in its behalf with proper coolness and discretion. The only way, however, to deal with any question is to practice patience, and to understand the arguments, or what pass for arguments, against a measure demanded alike by common honesty and common sense.

Let it be said frankly, at the outset, that international copyright is not a panacea for all existing wrongs, or a solution of any considerable number of the problems which disturb humanity. Like all measures of improvement, it excites among those most interested much enthusiasm, and its ardent supporters give

to it a reach and importance which no single legislative measure ever has possessed or ever will possess. It is well that this should be the case; for if the movement did not excite just such enthusiasm, its chances of life and of success would be small indeed. At the same time, it must be remembered that the zealous claim of the earnest supporters of any proposition, no matter how well founded, are sure to arouse resentment, while human nature is constituted as it is now and always has been. Hotspur was but the type of humanity when he was wroth with the dapper courtier who told him, weary from the fight, that

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise."

Harry Percy's natural and proper instinct was undoubtedly to reply that people hitherto had always got along very well with mutton tallow, and that he was opposed to "*parmaceti*;" but as there were other circumstances of irritation, his answer was even less considerate. It is important, therefore, — more important than many persons realize, — to place any measure of reform on the exact ground which belongs to it, and which will be found in the end to be the strongest. It is seldom worth while to enter into a discussion of natural rights or the immutable principles of abstract justice; for the things which pass under those names are usually anything but natural or immutable, being almost invariably the fruits of much hard fighting and debate, slowly established by man in his long journey, through the centuries, over the rough and dusty road which has brought the race from the dim lands of savagery to the point we have reached to-day. The best, surest, and most convincing way to argue this or any similar question is to stick to the facts and conditions which now confront us, and to prove by them that the cause we advocate rests on grounds of right and justice much stronger than anything which nature or abstract reasoning can give.

This is especially true of international copyright; for international copyright is a question of property of a very refined sort, and property rights, more truly than almost anything else, have been the results of much painful human labor, and of much argument drawn from expediency and from the illogical logic of facts. Property in its origin is a simple question of force. The famous line that "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," sums up the earliest conception of property rights. As men emerged from barbarism, and began to form communities and states and to establish governments, organized society intervened to protect its members in their enjoyment of the property rights which each man had maintained before by the strength of his own right hand. Thus the title deed replaced the sword as an evidence of ownership, and the lawyer superseded the man at arms as its defender. Property in land and in things visible and corporeal is now of great antiquity, and the same idea has been extended more recently to evidences of property as well as to the property itself. During this development, however, the rights of property advanced in another direction. At first, they were admitted and guarded only among the members of the community or of the state which made the protecting law. The property rights of the alien and the stranger were not recognized in the beginning; they have been only slowly and grudgingly acknowledged, and they did not become complete until comparatively recent times. The last step of all to be taken was that which recognized property in ideas, and which gave to the inventor and the writer an owner's legal right in the product of their brains. By the Statute of Anne, property in literature, or copyright, received its legal recognition in the English-speaking world; and when the framers of the Constitution came together, they too recognized the rights of the

inventor and the writer by giving to Congress the power to pass patent and copyright laws. As in the case of other property rights, the next step was to accord to the foreigner and outsider the same legal protection in the matter of ideas which was given to the natives of the state. This has now been done by all nations of high civilization except the United States. In this country, we recognize property, both personal and real, and protect it by law; and we offer the same protection to the real and personal property of the stranger within our gates as to that of our own citizens. We also give protection to our own authors, but there we stop. We say in effect to the outsider, "Your pocket-book and your merchandise are as safe here, under our laws, as the pocket-book or the merchandise of the American citizen, and those who take them from you without warrant of law shall be punished according to law. To your ideas, however, — a species of property which we, in common with the rest of the civilized world, recognize as such among our own citizens, — we will give no protection and no recognition: these ideas and thoughts of yours we will take; we will pay you nothing for them, and you shall have no redress." That is a plain statement of the case as it stands to-day. We steal the literary property of foreign authors, and decline to give up the engaging practice. No effort has ever been made to controvert the statement that we rob the foreign author, but it appears to have little effect on those who advocate literary piracy. Apparently, it is necessary to argue with these persons on this point, although it seems preposterous, at this stage of the world's history, to make a very detailed argument in behalf of the eighth commandment. The proposition that it is not right to steal has been established so long that most persons have got out of the way of thinking it necessary to support it with elaborate reasoning; yet this very proposition, that it is

not right to steal from the foreign author and thinker, is one that the opponents of international copyright brush aside, with a fine disregard which gives one a respect for their audacity, whatever may be thought of their morals or their understanding.

When one's opponent, however, says in substance that he does not care whether the taking of the property of foreign authors is right or wrong, according to the principles of right and wrong accepted among all civilized men, it is at least obvious that it is a waste of time to attempt to argue with him on that ground. The only thing to do is to meet him on his own ground, and deal there with what he is pleased to call his argument. That which he puts forward under this honorable name consists of two parts, — a misstatement of facts and an appeal to prejudice.

The opponent declares that international copyright ought not to be permitted because it will make literature dear, and thus injure the American people at a most important point; and this is all he says, although he says it at great length and with many rhetorical decorations. The attack can be answered as briefly as it is made. The statement that international copyright would make literature dear is a mere assertion, with no fact to warrant it. Whether books shall be published in cheap or in expensive editions depends entirely on the character of the book and the conditions of the market. The United States, with its vast reading population, demands cheap books of the popular kind; and the people of the United States, accordingly, will have cheap books, whether there is international copyright or not, for an inexorable law obliges the seller of anything to meet the demands of his market. The English system of the three-volume novel, published at a high price and obtained through circulating libraries, is peculiar to England, is as clumsy as the English

currency, and would have been done away with long ago were it not for the intense conservatism of the English people. It is a thoroughly bad system, and never could and never would be transferred to any other country. France and Germany both have international copyright, and both furnish the people with cheaper books than any we have ever been able to produce in this country. The French and the Germans have their "libraries" or "series" just as we have, and they are sold as low as five, and even two, cents a number. But there is one marked and painful difference between the cheap publications of France and Germany and our own: they are made up of all that is best in the literature of their respective countries and of the world, while at least ninety per cent. of our publications of a similar character contain what is worst and most trivial in literature. The reason for this poor quality in the cheap publications of America is the absence of international copyright. The publishers who make their living from cheap publications, being tempted by the desire for novelty, and by the fact that they can get the latest works of foreign authors without paying anything in return, are led to confine themselves almost exclusively to current foreign publications. The result, of course, is that the great mass of these reprints consists of fiction; and as the amount of good fiction is extremely limited, while the demands of these cheap libraries are incessant, it comes to pass that the vast majority of these publications are novels of the poorest class, either absolutely vicious or hopelessly debilitating to the mind. If an international copyright law were passed, the cheap libraries would go on, because the market requires them, and literature would be no dearer, although the profits of the publisher might be less. But instead of reprinting all the trash that comes from the presses of London and Paris, the pub-

lishers, having to pay copyright to every writer, would print only the best books, because they would desire to have, so far as possible, something intrinsically valuable for their money; and at the same time they would take the work of the American writer more quickly than that of the foreigner. In other words, under international copyright we should have just as much cheap literature as at present, but there would no longer be a temptation to discriminate against the American author and against decent literature generally, in order to reprint anything foreign, no matter how bad or how poor, merely because it cost nothing. In fact, the temptation would be reversed. Publishers would be encouraged to reprint in cheap forms only the best of modern books, upon which it was worth while to pay copyright, or the best of those books on which copyright had expired, for the simple reason that only the best, in this latter instance, would survive.

So much for the argument that international copyright would make literature dear to the people. It is so false that it is difficult to discuss it patiently. International copyright would leave the price of popular literature just where it is, and at the same time would improve its standard enormously.

Now for the second part of that which the foes of international copyright call their argument, but which is in reality a mere appeal to prejudice. It is said by them that the measure is in the interests of the publishers, so that they may form a trust, and raise the price of literature for their own benefit, and incidentally for the benefit of a few American authors and of foreign authors generally. Like most appeals to prejudice, this allegation is absolutely untrue. The only trust in books that has come to light thus far is one which has been proposed in foreign reprints, and that which promotes a trust is the present restriction upon the American

author. It is not profitable to print an American author's works, no matter how popular, in a cheap form, because it is necessary to pay him copyright, while the works of the foreign writer can be obtained for nothing. Thus the American writer is deprived of his right to copyright in other countries, is shut out from the best part of his own market, is sometimes shut out from his own market entirely, and is always severely discriminated against, while the great body of the American people are driven to read the works of foreign writers, and are not permitted, on account of the price, to read those of their own.

It is untrue, therefore, that this bill would benefit the publishers or would create trusts. It is perfectly true that it would benefit the American author. It would enable him to secure copyright in other countries where his works are reprinted, and, what is of infinitely more importance, it would give him a fair chance in his own market, and not subject him to the ruinous competition of stolen goods. It is also true that it would benefit the foreign author. The royalty which belongs to the foreign author, and of which we now deprive him would, under international copyright, go into his pocket instead of into the pocket of the American publisher; for it is a complete delusion to suppose that the fruits of this stealing go to the American people. Robin Hood, we are told in various pleasant ballads and legends, took from the rich to give to the poor; but it is to be feared that robbery has degenerated since that time, or else that the accounts which we get of ancient thieving are like many other attractive traditions, largely mythical. The modern robber, so far as observation teaches us, does not, as a rule, distribute the fruits of his theft among his less fortunate fellow-citizens. In accordance with the enlightened selfishness which lies at the bottom of modern civilization, he puts the product of his labors into his

own pocket; and in accordance with this same principle, the men who rob the foreign author of his copyright put that copyright into their pockets, and not into the pockets of those to whom they sell the spoils of their victims.

One hesitates to offer any argument in behalf of international copyright other than that which is contained in the simple statement that it is right and honest. Nevertheless, there are many cogent arguments resting upon the foundation of expediency and good sense. If we establish international copyright, we shall benefit American authors, who surely deserve fair play at the hands of the American people. The writers of the United States, the journalists, the essayists, the novelists, and the historians, all men who work with their pen, would be benefited by this law; and that which helps one class of the community without injuring another helps all. The writers of the United States do not ask Congress for subsidies or subventions, for bounties or protection. They ask simply for a fair field and justice. They ask that American publishers shall not be offered a premium to buy the writings of outsiders. To this they are entitled, and their character and importance among an intelligent and free people demand that the justice which cannot long be refused shall be speedily accorded. To the men who share with the writers in the making of books, to the printers who set the type and pass the sheets through the press, to the binders, the electrotypers, and the rest, the bill which has been under discussion would be of great benefit, for it would enlarge at once the amount of work involved in book-making. All foreign books, practically, for which there was any demand would be reprinted here, and many works which it now does not pay to reprint, and which are sold in foreign editions, under international copyright, would be made and printed in the United States. Moreover, the

United States has the largest number of readers of any nation in the world, and international copyright would surely make New York the centre for the publication of books written in the English language, because business will always concentrate in the largest market.

More important than any of these considerations is the fact that international copyright would go far to shut out the flood of cheap foreign fiction with which we are now deluged. By our existing laws, we force into the hands of the boys and girls, of the young men and women, of America, at the most impressionable age, when the mind is especially touched by works of the imagination, a mass of fiction which presents a set of ideas, social, moral, and political, utterly different from our own, and in most respects much worse. By our barbarous discrimination against the American writer and against good literature, we compel them to read the "scrofulous French novel on gray paper, with blunt type," and second-rate English fiction, devoted to describing the British aristocracy from the point of view of the footman and the lady's-maid. Let us have a system which shall encourage the publication, in the cheapest possible forms, like that of France and Germany, of the best literature in the world, and which shall also encourage the cheap publication of the works of American writers who are in sympathy with American ideas and American thought.

The world owes a greater debt to its writers of books, probably, than to any other men who have lived. In the noble words of Dr. Johnson, they are the men who "help us to enjoy life, or teach us to endure it." It is an insult to the most generous people on earth to suppose that they would grudge to the men and women who minister to their amusement and their instruction, who comfort them in the hour of sickness or weariness, with whom they have laughed and cried, and shuddered and rejoiced, the

small percentage which is awarded to the author upon each copy of his book. The American people are more than ready to do this act of justice, and the trusts and combinations so much cried out against will be found, not on the side of the American author, but against him, — among the news companies and the publishers of cheap reprints, who stimulate and sustain the opposition made against international copyright in the name of the people, and who cannot be convinced even of the truth of Dr. Franklin's maxim, that honesty is the best policy, if nothing more.

For the sake of the American author who is now robbed, for the sake of the

foreign author who is now plundered, for the sake of that vast body of people who read books in the United States, and upon whom we now force all the worst and cheapest stuff that the presses of the world pour forth, a bill for international copyright ought to be passed. Most of all, it ought to be passed for the sake of the country's honor and good name. It does not become the United States, holding high place in the forefront of the nations, to stand like a highway robber beside the pathway of civilization, and rob the foreign author of his property with one hand, while it deprives the American author of his rights with the other.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

HAVERHILL.

1640-1890.

READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY, JULY 2, 1890.

O RIVER winding to the sea!
We call the old time back to thee;
From forest paths and water-ways
The century-woven veil we raise.

The voices of to-day are dumb,
Unheard its sounds that go and come;
We listen, through long-lapsing years,
To footsteps of the pioneers.

Gone steepled town and cultured plain,
The wilderness returns again,
The drear, untrodden solitude,
The gloom and mystery of the wood!

Once more the bear and panther prowl,
The wolf repeats his hungry howl,
And, peering through his leafy screen,
The Indian's copper face is seen.

We see, their rude-built huts beside,
Grave men and women anxious-eyed,

And wistful youth remembering still
Dear homes in England's Haverhill.

We summon forth to mortal view
Dark Passaquo and Saggahew,—
Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway
Of wizard Passaconaway.

Weird memories of the border town,
By old tradition handed down,
In chance and change before us pass
Like pictures in a magic glass,—

The terrors of the midnight raid,
The death-concealing ambuscade,
The winter march through deserts wild,
Of captive mother, wife, and child.

Ah! bleeding hands alone subdued
And tamed the savage habitude
Of forests hiding beasts of prey,
And human shapes as fierce as they.

Slow from the plough the woods withdrew
Slowly each year the corn-lands grew;
Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound
Was lack of sturdy manhood found,
And never failed the kindred good
Of brave and helpful womanhood.

That hamlet now a city is,
Its log-built huts are palaces;
The cow-path, which the founders knew,
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue.

And far and wide it stretches still,
Along its southward sloping hill,
And overlooks on either hand
A rich and many-watered land.

And, gladdening all the landscape, fair
As Pison was to Eden's pair,
Our river to its valley brings
The blessings of its mountain springs.

And Nature holds, with narrowing space,
From mart and crowd, her old-time grace,

And guards with fondly jealous arms
The wild growths of outlying farms.

Her sunsets on Kenoza fall,
Her autumn leaves by Saltonstall;
No lavished gold can richer make
Her opulence of hill and lake.

Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their household fires,
And share the large content of all
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years on years advance,
We prize the old inheritance,
And feel, as far and wide we roam,
That all we seek we leave at home.

Our palms are pines, our oranges
Are apples on our orchard trees;
Our thrushes are our nightingales,
Our larks the blackbirds of our vales.

No incense which the Orient burns
Is sweeter than our hillside ferns;
What tropic splendor can outvie
Our autumn woods, our sunset sky?

If, where the slow years came and went,
And left not affluence, but content,
Now flashes in our dazzled eyes
The electric lights of enterprise;

And if the old idyllic ease
Seems lost in keen activities,
And crowded workshops now replace
The hearth's and farm-field's rustic grace;

No dull, mechanic round of toil
Life's morning charm can quite despoil;
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Will always find enchanted land.

No task is ill where hand and brain
And skill and strength have equal gain
And each shall each in honor hold,
And simple manhood outweigh gold.

Earth shall be near to Heaven when all
That severs man from man shall fall,

For, here or there, salvation's plan
Alone is love of God and man.

O dwellers by the Merrimack,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown,
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage,
But let the free thought of the age
Its light and hope and sweetness add
To the stern faith the fathers had.

Adrift on Time's returnless tide,
As waves that follow waves, we glide.
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some waif of good it lacked before;

Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth;
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay,
So may we live our little day
That only grateful hearts shall fill
The homes we leave in Haverhill.

The singer of a farewell rhyme,
Upon whose outmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,
I pray, God bless the good old town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SOME RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.¹

M. HENRI LAVEDAN, one of the later aspirants for fame in the ranks of French fiction, — at this distance from Paris we hesitate to use the word "new" in the superlative, — was introduced to English

¹ *Les Inconsolables*. Par HENRI LAVEDAN. Paris: Ernest Kolb.

Sire. Par HENRI LAVEDAN. Paris: Librairie Moderne.

Une Gageure. Par VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Paris: Librairie Hachette.

readers some months ago by the Baroness Blaze de Bury, in the Fortnightly Review. He is a stylist and a cynic; his credentials and the insignia of his art are a picked vocabulary and a drop of

Les Trois Cœurs. Par EDOUARD ROD. 3me édition. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

Idylle et Drame de Salon. Par HENRI RABUSSON. 3me édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Pierrille. Par JULES CLARETIE (de l'Académie Française). Paris: E. Dentu.

Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

gall. Among the "giddy offenses that he hath taxed the whole race withal" — for both sexes come under the lash — "there are none principal." His aptitude for condensation and keen sense of form necessitate, however the selection as a theme of some special phase or crisis, and in both the stories before us he has poured his generalization into the mould of the particular by making his observations at that point where a man puts off the garment of his folly, which his successor dons in tribute to his memory. A funeral, to M. Lavedan, is the scene in which human pretensions and human results are measured back to back, and in which the disproportion is greatest between the sentiments which people actually experience and those which they are supposed or suppose themselves to have. Upon this scene he accordingly expends the better part of the talent entrusted to him, and the strength of his drop of bitterness. His forte may be said to lie in "a nice derangement of epitaphs." A sense of the unreality of funerals is not confined to moralist or cynic. The merest child, seeing in the acting of his elders a grief which he feels he ought to feel, and knows he does n't, is haunted by it. The most sincere mourner is in presence of a mystery which interposes a void between his sorrow and its object. Man playing his little part before the mirror of death is a sufficient subject for observer, humorist, or poet; a spectacle for amusement, pity, or it may be reverence. M. Lavedan's gifts have not the amplitude essential to poetry or humor; he has a suggestion of these qualities, attenuated in the one case to picture-making, in the other to satire. Of his qualifications as an observer it would be unfair to judge from two stories which deal but little either with the manners of the day or the development of character.

In *Les Inconsolables* the personages are but two, and they are of the ordinary type which has been elaborated to the

last degree of finish by a host of clever writers of comedy and vaudeville, and now stands ready for hire in the French literary market. It is their situation which is novel, and it is not rendered less amusing by the conventionality of the actors, who are excellent histrions in their line. They meet before an open grave, each in the capacity of husband of the deceased: the one being recently widowed, the other bereaved some years previously by divorce. The not unnatural embarrassment of the first moment having worn off, they discover that a common grief is a bond of union, take up their abode together, and vie with each other in dual manifestations of woe, which in the end are duly and dually laid aside for a rivalry in neutral tints and hues of festivity. It is a comedy in *crape*, which, if presented to us in English, would be termed a farce. The treatment which M. Lavedan bestows upon it, skillful as it is, can hardly be said to remove it from that category; and the production seems rather commonplace for so delicate a writer, though the ironic intention which runs through it and the bit of cenotaphic word-painting in the first pages are of finer grain.

We can engage to call nothing common in *Sire*, though there are passages which prevent us from carrying out the remainder of the injunction. The costuming, decoration, and adjective-hunting suggest an apprenticeship to Gautier, though a certain joy in these occupations, which generally managed to get into the pages of the master, is conspicuously absent. Here, again, the cast includes but two leading characters: the Countess of Saint-Salbi, rich and no longer young, who, reared in the monarchical cult, and leading a narrow, solitary life, has fastened her atom of mind with all the tenacity and fanaticism of weakness upon one idea, — that of the existence and possible restoration of Louis XVII.; and an ex-postilion, who, provided with the requisite costume and

snuff-box, is introduced to her as Louis XVII., incognito, and secures her fortune by amorganatic marriage. Pending the day when the king shall claim his own, they reside in an old castle belonging to the countess, where "le Roy" seeks relief from *ennui* in the society of the bottle and the laundrymaid; while his spouse, recognizing as part of the tradition a royal license in the matter of pleasure, is consumed with mortification that the object of a king's passion should be of lower rank than a marquise. This tale of imitation royalty is adorned with touches of a mock symbolism, and with the resources of a style of which the most noticeable feature is its power of giving relief to objects suggestive of plastic rather than literary effects. The sun and the moon lend their glory to the illusion, and are decorated for their services with capital letters. The *dramatis personæ* have little responsibility beyond that of contributing to the general rococo character of the scene: the countess is a graceful, faded outline in tapestry; the impostor swaggers with an ancient air even in the privacy of his actual character. Of living, human interest there is none; the book is not a representation of life, but an epigram on it. There is a flight from Paris, made in the strictest incognito, with no retinue save a coachman; his Majesty is lost in thought, or some other medium, while the countess, respecting "this silence of a surety filled with the most poignant recollections," thinks, "It is Varennes over again." There is a death-bed scene, in which the impostor makes full confession, and the victim for an instant sees the whole fabric of her religion totter. But *noblesse oblige*; she is true to her faith, sets aside the confession as an utterance of delirium, and in all the etiquette of court mourning devotes herself to the obsequies and memory of "le Roy."

"That night, the next day, and the second night following the catastrophe,

madame, refusing all food, gaining from her grief all the strength that came to her, remained by the bedside of the prince, who lay in full dress on a bed of state, with *rouge de Portugal* on his cheeks and white gloves, in the supreme irony of his royal attire. She could not take her eyes from the face, from which the usual element of vulgarity, invisible to her alone, had disappeared, now that it lay like a block of marble on the cushions of blue velvet. Illuminated thus by the wavering lights of torches and candelabra, the head of le Roy, clear cut and firm, with holes of shadow about the temples and in the hollow of the jaws, seemed the ready-modeled head of his own statue. . . . Shortly before the body was transferred to the bier, the countess, worn out, sat down by the window, which was wide open on the chill dawn of a late November day. . . . In the sky, the very night clouds had erected, in honor of the sovereign who had yielded his soul to God, an immense catafalque, with its foreground and background, its framework, its vault, and its hangings of darkness. It was still lit as by pale candles with a last few stars; a smoke rose at its corners as from half-extinguished torches, and long shredded veils, each a rûle of black tulle, floated gently, like funeral scarfs. But all at once the fragile, colossal machine trembled and split; its steps gave way; the wind blew out the candles, overturned the columns, demolished the great triumph of mortuary art, and its warped remains soon vanished to the northward, driven by a slow, heavy cloud shaped like a giant dung-cart. And madame sat still in her place. Hypnotized in a fashion by a spectacle in which she longed to find some prophetic token, she suddenly comprehended, as by intuition, looking through a momentary vista of the future, that an end had come to that undefined and glorious essence which is called monarchical Prestige. The monarchy itself could never have expired with him

who lay ready for burial; it would still live for ages and prosper in that France which owed to it her indestructible greatness. In spite of revolutions which should break its power in the morning, to demand it again at night, it would rise ever stronger and more complete from its ashes, but without Prestige; without the charm, the glamour, and the grace which once embroidered and adorned it; without that flower of etiquette, its powdered, ever watchful politeness; without the worship and religious adoration of a whole people."

This is a great outlay of talent to convince one poor lady of a small fraction of truth; and even looking over her shoulder and seeing many things disappear with the capitalized Prestige, we cannot help feeling that the sun and the moon and M. Lavedan have been at great pains to tell us very little. Man the little and Death the flat-nosed, la Camarde, — these are the actual hero and heroine, the real personages, of these stories; but it is hardly necessary to a proper mortuary culmination to eliminate so carefully as M. Lavedan has done all traces of life; and though it is doubtless the correct thing artistically to sit upon velvet cushions and discourse of the nothingness of man, we prefer, as plain novel-readers, to have his existence sufficiently taken for granted to insure a likeness.

M. Cherbuliez comes back to us with his old interest in the intricacies of character and his old belief in the efficacy of literary machinery as fresh as ever. He is an established favorite with American readers of French novels, and *Une Gageure* shows no falling off in cleverness, though it is less translatable than its predecessors, and, while by no means immoral in tone, may better be left to its native yellow covers, and to an audience of novel-readers more mature than our usual American one. There are two writers perceptible in M. Cherbuliez, and he is a great deal too fond of

contrast and paradox to make any attempt to reconcile them. There is a story-teller, who has the talent and the vice of ingenuity, who relies on trap-doors and coincidence, and gives us mysterious staccato personages of the Count Kostia order; and there is also an analyst, who proceeds by finer and more subtle methods, — who initiates us into plausible and intricate workings of the human mind, and introduces us to a set of characters who, if they never existed, have at least acquired a sort of intellectual right to do so. Each of these writers has merit in his special line of a high, though by no means of the highest order. Our own preference is for the Cherbuliez of *Prosper* and the creator of Didier Randoce, that clever study in idiosyncrasy, which came so near to being, and to being so admirable. It is the analytical Cherbuliez who is uppermost in *Une Gageure*, and Mademoiselle Claire Vionnaz, with her docile intelligence, her ignorance of the world, and her ready-made conceptions, her capacity for loving and her exaggerated ideal of friendship, is one of his best achievements. The tale of her vow of celibacy, of her marriage, of her subsequent revulsion of feeling on being told, in the interval between the civil and religious ceremony, that her husband does not love her, and of the wooing that follows, is an interesting one, in which the story-teller as well as the analyst is in good trim, though he now and then grates upon our sensibilities by an excess of zeal. We like Claire far too well not to regret that the gifts which she wears with such modesty and grace should include a turn for forgery, a talent of so little practical service to her that it might easily have been dispensed with. Any other tool would have done as well to force the *dénoûment*, which is really brought about very pleasantly and naturally by her love for her husband, and by the attitude of self-assertion to which she is forced at the last. Her friend,

the Duchesse d'Armanches, who as an amateur artist was so brilliant that she could never discover why she failed of reaching the highest professional standard, is less carefully and truly worked out, but admirable as a conception.

"The Duchesse d'Armanches had not the faculty for combining and driving abreast her undertakings, so as to leave no one of them at a disadvantage. This superior woman, intellectually so rich and so fired with ambitions and endowed with diverse talents, was incapable of caring for two things at once, or of being interested in two persons at one and the same time. It is only large hearts which can give themselves freely without being exhausted, and in her organization everything was on a large scale except the heart. A mother with ten children can give her whole soul to each one of them; but the duchess was destined never to know maternal love, or anything resembling it. Whatever occupation she took up, she gave herself completely to it, and was then obliged to take herself completely back again in order to bestow herself anew. When she had a picture in hand, the universe suddenly disappeared, and she created around her a solitude to which Mademoiselle Vionnaz alone was admitted. There were whole weeks, and even months, in which she cared for nothing but music: song appeared to her the only language worth speaking, — the one in which to pour out one's secrets, to reveal one's inmost being; she was in love with her golden voice, and despised her paintbrush. In her attacks of worldliness, she belonged wholly to the world. A clever woman of business, she sometimes gave herself up to speculating, which generally turned out successfully; it was done only as an amusement, but it was an amusement which had the character of a fever. Then, if the fancy for travel seized her, she left all, and forbade her broker to write to her save in a case of the utmost extremity. Thus one nail

drove out another, and burning passions were followed by long periods of forgetfulness, of mortal indifference. She was a person of great distinction, but she was also a very incomplete one, and she suffered secretly from that fact."

The complications of the story are brought about by the fact that when the duchess gives herself to lying, she is like Méta Holdenis, and can "lie to the grave." She is one of those characters whom the author delights to pursue and to prove in the wrong. The impartiality of novelists who treat all their personages alike is not for M. Cherbuliez. But we will not defend the duchess, who is a type, not an individual, and represents that attitude of art without heart which would soon rule the world were it capable of producing anything that could count as a masterpiece.

We hear a good deal of talk nowadays about the impropriety of novelists taking upon themselves to explain their art instead of leaving it to be divined by their readers. But the phenomenon is not very surprising, after all, save in a country where the interest in literature is largely of an unliterary sort. True, we have not the authority of the older writers for such a proceeding, but with each generation customs arise which Moses omitted either to enjoin or prohibit. Literature is the natural medium for the expression of ideas upon literature, and the fullness with which writers nowadays take readers into their confidence results from the quickening on both sides of a conscious interest in the means by which literary works are produced, and in the relation which they bear to life. The critic, at least, cannot afford to censure; for a criticism which has for its primary object the perception and disclosure of an author's meaning will be ready to accept any aid in arriving at that object, even from so direct a source. In France, it is no new thing for an author to set forth his methods and convictions, or to presuppose an

interest in them on the part of his readers. M. Edouard Rod's chapter of literary autobiography, given as a preface to *Les Trois Cœurs*, is by no means the least interesting part of the book. M. Rod set out, as he tells us, ten years ago, as an enthusiastic naturalist, — more enthusiastic than natural, we suspect; and now, at a considerable distance from the camp, he retraces the steps by which he left it. He characterizes his own naturalism as a matter of conviction rather than of temperament, and notes the existence throughout the school, and by his own confession in Zola himself, of a *levain romantique*. Our own acquaintance with the novels of M. Rod had not, we regret to say, begun, in the days when he was a naturalist; but, judging from the present book, and making full allowance for the rebound of a convert, it is difficult to imagine that his achievements in the realistic line can ever have been great. The first intellectual doubts came to him from the founder of the faith. Zola's theory of the experimental novel, substituting a potential for an indicative mood, and placing a larger executive responsibility in the hands of the novelist, was seized by his disciple as an escape from the novel of observation, of which the limitations — or the requirements — had proved irksome to some of the younger members of the school.

"It will not do to forget that there were developing within us cravings which naturalism could not satisfy; being in its essence limited, self-satisfied, materialistic; interesting itself in manners rather than in souls. We were — and we were destined to become in a still higher degree — restless minds, smitten with a longing for the infinite; idealists, careless of manners, and looking through appearances to man."

To disaffection within the ranks were joined beguiling voices from without. We will mention only two of the literary influences felt by M. Rod: that of

the Russian novelists and that of Dante Rossetti. Having proceeded from naturalism to symbolism without, so far as we can perceive, experiencing any very radical change, M. Rod has set himself to discover a method of novel-writing by which he can embody some of his new convictions; and, while recognizing the fact that there have been too many attempts at schools in France, and that it requires "a unilateral faith" to believe implicitly in terms, he has erected for himself a sort of provisional government under the name "intuitivism."

What is an intuitive novel, and how does it differ from other novels whose writers may be supposed to have been blessed now and then with intuitions? Intuitivism M. Rod defines as inward observation; the study of self, not as an end, "but as a key to the mysteries of the human mind." With this key Shakespeare no doubt unlocked more hearts than his own, though he has left us no record of having done so. "Look into thine own heart and write" is no new maxim, and it is one which would have been pretty sure to be followed in some fashion or other, if it had never been formulated; for we comprehend the minds of others by our own, as we see through the eyes bestowed upon us. But the programme of intuitivism as set forth by M. Rod is a more special matter. It does away with most of the materials which are accumulated by other than intuitional methods. "I have sought, in this little book, to disengage the novel from some of the tares which prevent it from developing in the way that I have indicated: to free it, in the first place, from description, which appears to me affected and often illusory, since it takes up a great deal of space, says little, and explains nothing; secondly, from retrospective narrative, which, intended simply to introduce the characters, has become in time a stereotyped discussion on childhood, youth, and education, and which, when signifi-

cant, has the drawback of making the outline too precise; and, finally, — though not to as great an extent as I could have wished, — from ‘scenes,’ which have always an artificial and theatrical air.” Theoretically, these are steps in a right direction, though the old-fashioned novel-reader may be tempted to inquire what is left after this wholesale elimination. After an attentive reading of *Les Trois Cœurs*, we cannot say that we think there is much left. M. Rod might almost have included conversation among his omissions, for we get very little of it, except of a new order, which we might call solitary conversation, if we had not the better word “intuitive” supplied to us.

In his inward investigations, M. Rod has not failed to note the fact that, alongside of our active life, there takes place a sort of drama of idleness; that much of our existence is passed among imaginary scenes and conversations. The mind anticipates events, shapes them at its own will, and produces those castles in the air erroneously assumed to be the exclusive property of youth; those inward dialogues in which we ourselves shine so brilliantly, and the other party becomes a mere echo. One of the most striking points in the Russian novels, to one curious of methods in novel-writing, is the place given to this double action of the mind. Those men of the steppe know all the elves and demons by which solitude is peopled. Tolstoi and Turgenieff, with their rich storehouse of experience, gleaned from within and without, are observers, psychologists, realists, and idealists in one. But in France the differentiation of talent is carried, nowadays, to such excess that we meet with novelists apparently endowed, like M. Cherbuliez’s duchess, with an incapacity for beholding two things at once. In *Les Trois Cœurs*, we are introduced to the hero, Richard Noral, and his wife, as they sit at their fireside, each carrying on a line of meditation, from which

we get alternate passages, making a sort of unspoken dialogue. When a man dreams in a style too generally ascribed by novelists to members of the weaker sex, — “I have never loved enough! . . . Whenever a new feeling beat within my heart, I have driven it away by reason. I have never let myself go. I have analyzed all my desires. I have known no intoxication;” when he is filled with “*un ardent soif d’inconnu*,” and aspires “*à des mystères d’âme et de chair*,” and his wife thinks, “He is unhappy, and my love for him is vain; I can do nothing for his happiness,” — there are rocks ahead, as any novel-reader can tell. This inward drama not only serves as the exclusive medium through which we watch M. Rod’s characters; it also dominates and shapes their action. Richard Noral, egoist and dreamer, breaks three women’s hearts in his attempts at an outward realization of his rather commonplace aspirations, and is rewarded by a momentary contact with the real aspect of things, and by the discovery that in pursuing the shadow he has let the substance flee. The scene of the book is an interior one. The inward, invisible symbol is substituted for the outward and visible fact. Were it not for the incident which disposes of the American adventuress, whose name M. Rod has sought across the Channel rather than on this side of the Atlantic, we should have been allowed to hope that M. Noral’s misdemeanors and attractions had been taken a little too seriously by the author as well as by himself, and that the hearts of Hélène, Rose-Mary, and Madame d’Hays might be susceptible of recovery in a clearer atmosphere. But the breaking of hearts is a question which a prudent critic will forbear to meddle with. M. Rod’s experiment in novel-writing has interested us more than his novel. No large result in fiction could ever be obtained by looking at life in sections, but we may reason-

ably expect interesting studies from such an undertaking. There are, no doubt, many lives wrecked upon unsubstantial reefs, and the life of an egoist, intuitively viewed, may bring to light a number of truths, of however unpleasant a variety. But M. Rod's intuitions play as persistently upon the surface as if his subject were contemporary manners. They give us no real insight, no new fact. His intuitive novel is neither realistic nor in any true sense ideal, but a slice of the conventional French fiction dipped in a solution of Rossetti. Even among his own countrymen, Rossetti has not always been happy as an influence, and an imitation House of Life is tolerably sure to meet with the fate of a house built upon sand.

M. Rabusson has no subtleties to unfold, no psychological investigations to make; he is content with the outside of things, likes his personages to be strong and well, and tells their story in a straightforward manner. There is a certain English element in M. Rabusson's books; at least, it is one not common in French fiction. He is at his best in scenes of outdoor and country-house life; his heroines are bright-eyed, athletic, independent beings, and he makes a hearty plea for more air and exercise in the training of young France, contrasting town and country, with an allegiance to the latter almost as uncompromising as Cowper's. The present book is a protest against society influences and surroundings for young girls, but the moral is not too prominent. M. Rabusson preaches by story rather than essay, and chooses his examples without exaggeration. Mademoiselle Béatrix de Laverdun has just enough high spirits and love of pleasure to excuse the uneasiness of her lover, and leave room for a shade of doubt as to the result of a struggle between hereditary tendency and influence, on the one hand, and education and early surroundings, on the other. She is submissive and conven-

tional to a degree which would rarely be reached by or expected from American girls, yet she preserves an amount of independence which does great credit to her original force of character. She is, in short, a nice fellow, and so is her boy lover; and, though an English-speaking reader may wish that the author had omitted, in describing their good points, to mention all the unwholesome sentiments which they might have entertained, but did not, it is perhaps too much to ask of the author of a virtuous French novel that it should refrain from showing off its virtue. The parlor idyl of these two young people is joined to the drama of their elders in a way that is well indicated and in the end very happy, and the double story makes a readable and pleasant, though not particularly powerful novel.

Pierrille is a veritable idyl, with its scene laid as far as possible from the madding crowd, and its prose loitering within the borders of poetry. It was M. Claretie's first book, and won him a cordial recognition from George Sand. The reprint before us, with its graceful little French pictures, which tell us so much in the corner of a page, will be a delightful acquisition to students of French, for the charm and simplicity of the style. It was written in 1859, — the year, by the way, in which *Mirèio* appeared, — and the scene, which is laid in Périgord, is southern enough to recall the Provençal poem to readers of Miss Preston's translation. Among the peasant feasts and customs, we find mention of a corn-husking, which is like a bit of our own country; but the peasants in M. Claretie's tale, with their affectionate expansion and overflowing emotions, are very unlike anything in the Bay State or Granite Hills. They are pleasant *bonnes gens* to read of, and the courtesy and native breeding which they display make of this rustic idyl, as compared with many rural pictures, almost an *idylle de salon*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Last
Friend of
Napoleon.

THERE may still be octogenarians who as children remember seeing Napoleon, but Madame Thayer, who passed away in December, 1889, at Paris, was possibly the last survivor of those who had conversed with him. She was herself of Anglo-French, and her husband of American extraction. Her father was General Bertrand, Napoleon's most faithful follower; her mother was Françoise Elisabeth Dillon, daughter of General Arthur Dillon. The Dillons, between 1688 and 1789, were divided in nationality and allegiance; their hearts were in France, but their estates were in Ireland. Arthur, son of the eleventh Viscount Dillon, though born in Berkshire, was colonel of the Irish-French regiment bearing his family name. He had been a courtier, but he sympathized with the Revolution, fought against the Prussian invaders in 1792, and was intimate with Desmoulins. He was guillotined at Paris in 1794 as the leader of the pretended prison plot, his real offense being a correspondence with Lucile Desmoulins with a view to effecting her husband's escape.

The Bertrands had one daughter, Hortense, born at Paris in 1810. She was not merely the namesake, but the god-daughter, of Queen Hortense, Napoleon III.'s mother. She accompanied her parents to Elba and to St. Helena. After a time they became uneasy as to her education, and Bertrand asked Napoleon for a few months' leave of absence, that he might take her to France and place her in a school. The Emperor died, however, as they were on the eve of starting, and the whole family returned to France. In 1836, a Catholic pamphleteer, Beauterne, represented Napoleon as having held long conversations on religion with Bertrand, and as having

been convinced by his arguments of the divinity of Christ. The fact was, as Bertrand publicly protested, that such topics were never touched upon, nor did Napoleon, as alleged by Beauterne, ever advise little Hortense to be a good Catholic and to learn her catechism.

In 1828, Hortense married Amédée Gourey Williams Thayer. Thayer was born at Orleans in 1799. He was the son, by a rich and accomplished Englishwoman from Suffolk, of James Williams Thayer, — an American, claiming descent from Roger Williams, — who had settled in France during the Revolution. James Thayer had an uncle John, a Boston clergyman, who, after visiting England and France, went to Rome, and there joined the Catholic Church. He went back to Boston as a priest, but spent the latter part of his life in Ireland, where he died in 1815, aged sixty. James Thayer was an enterprising merchant and speculator. In 1793, a Genoese ship chartered by him was fired upon by a French coast battery, and to avoid sinking had to run ashore. The convention awarded him 40,751 francs compensation. Apparently removing to Paris, where a second son, Edward James, was born in 1802, he bought part of the gardens of the Hôtel de Montmorency, adjoining the site of the Bourse, and built the Passage des Panoramas, one of the covered passages then in favor, and still standing. This yielded him a handsome profit. After his death his widow remained in Paris, and her receptions were frequented by many notabilities, including Rossini, Malibran, Sontag, and other musicians. It was a grief to her when her sons, both married to daughters of Napoleonic generals, became Catholics.

Amédée had been trained for the bar, but never practiced. He inherited his

mother's taste for painting and music, and studied art for seven years under Gros. When scarcely of age, he and his brother visited Italy, and spent six months in England. He married Hortense Bertrand in 1828; was mayor of Drancey in 1837-8; became, after his change of faith, an active member of Catholic societies; sympathized with the new liberal school; and was intimate with Lacordaire, Ravignan, and Montalembert. He took his wife and son, on account of ill health, to Rome, where they were graciously received by Gregory XVI. The son died there. Thayer also interested himself in agriculture, his wife having inherited from her uncle an estate at Touvent. When Louis Napoleon, in 1852, created the Senate, Thayer was nominated a member of it, and when the Pope's temporal power was in danger he spoke in its defense. He again visited Rome, and had a flattering reception from Pius IX. He died in Paris, from paralysis, July 6, 1868. According to a brief French biography, he left bequests to his father's kindred in America and to his mother's in England.

Edward Thayer, more of a politician and less of a theologian than his brother, was in early life a zealous Freemason, and in 1826 published two addresses delivered at his lodge. He married the only daughter of General Arrighi, Duke of Padua, a young lady whom Louis Napoleon had at one time thought of marrying. "If," wrote the future Emperor to his father in 1834, "I persist in matrimonial designs, the best thing I can do is to fix my eyes on Mademoiselle de Padone." In June, 1848, as a captain in the National Guard, Edward Thayer was severely wounded while combating the socialist insurgents. When Louis Napoleon was elected President of the republic, he placed Thayer at the head of the post office. In 1852 he became a member of the Council of State, and in the following year a Sena-

tor, so that the two Americans sat together in the Upper House. Both brothers were noted for their liberality. Edward died at Fontenay les Baies, Seine-et-Oise, in 1859.

Both died childless, and with the death of Amédée's widow the name of Thayer becomes extinct in France. Madame Thayer has bequeathed to Prince Victor Bonaparte her share of the Napoleon relics brought from St. Helena, and divided, on Bertrand's death, in 1844, between his son and daughter. (The son's share had already been left to the prince by his widow.) These include the red velvet robe worn by Napoleon on grand occasions, such as the Te Deum at Notre Dame in honor of the Concordat; the saddle and holsters used at Austerlitz; a cashmere shawl fastened round his waist at the battle of the Pyramids; an osier chair from his bedroom at St. Helena; the teapot, sugar basin, and candlestick which stood on his table when he died; the sheet and pillow-case on which he breathed his last; the handkerchief with which his face was wiped when he was dying; and the box of mathematical instruments which he took with him in all his campaigns. It does not appear, unfortunately, that Madame Thayer, in daily contact with Napoleon from her fourth to her eleventh year, had written down her recollections of him. It would have been interesting to know his manners and habits from a child's standpoint, after his fall and at the close of a life of such vicissitudes.

Another Side — The Contributor who, in *of Rural Life*, the May number of *The Atlantic*, writes of *The Sadness of Rural Life* leaves with the reader a mournful impression indeed. To one who not only "knows something more of country life than appears on the surface to the eyes of the summer sojourners in our pleasant New England villages," but has lived in one of these villages most of his years, and known of its life inti-

mately, as no "spectator" could know, the dark side of country life seems not so dark, and its bright side much brighter than this Contributor would believe.

It is generally granted that all beings are capable of enjoyment just in proportion as they are capable of suffering. Then, either the country dweller suffers no more from the "joyless monotony" of his existence than he enjoys from the delights which call the summer sojourner, or he appreciates his happinesses as keenly as the man of more culture, though he might not tell you so as felicitously, and bears the loneliness and sorrow of his lot much as other human beings might. Is it possible that quiet peacefulness and "joyless monotony" might seem one and the same to a spectator?

Let me tell something of what *I* know of life in one village, one of the prettiest to be found among our New England hills. In this, too, "the houses of the more well-to-do" are more or less pleasing and tasteful; and about even the poorer sort bloom in charming array, or often in more charming disarray, the old-fashioned posies our grandmothers loved. I could not say that "the lives of the inmates are seldom cheerful ones."

In a large white house set back from the street live a family moderately well-to-do. The mother is an invalid, who suffers much and requires much care; yet a sweeter and happier face one must look far to find. She has for every comer a pleasant, sparkling word, often a serious, thoughtful one, never a complaining one. No one can go out from her presence without feeling that he has been lifted up. An unmarried daughter lives at home, and gives her loving service to her mother's need, never once thinking it a burden. The only son manages the estate, and he is — a cripple. A handsome, vigorous young man at twenty-eight, with a wife and one little son, he was visited by a long, serious illness, which resulted in many months

of life in a wheel-chair. He now goes about on crutches, prematurely aged and bowed. Yet he has his mother's happy temperament and "pluck," and never once have I heard a complaint fall from his lips. His "acquiescence" is far from "spiritless," though, and his life anything but a "stupid" one. I often contrast in thought this life with that of a young man I have known in one of our largest cities, likewise a cripple, and compelled to live in a wheel-chair. He has all that wealth can give, a negro servant to wait on him and wheel him about; but a sad soul looks from his eyes, and life appears to him utterly purposeless. In this country home, at least there is happiness; and the child-life in it is natural and unburdened.

When sorrow has found us out, I wonder if oftener in the city mansion than in the country home the older inmates bravely take up their bereaved and saddened lives, so as to deprive the children of none of the gladness that belongs to them. Is it easier to do this in the city, with its bustling, unresponsive life, or in the country, with its calm solitudes and stillnesses that speak comfort to the aching heart?

I have in mind another home, where there is an only son. The father and mother do not absolutely need him, as they are neither very old nor feeble, but they cling to him with the more absorbing affection as he is all there is left to them. It had been an ardent dream of the young man to go West. But his father wanted him. That settled it, though not until after a sharp struggle. But that son is to-day by far the stronger and nobler man for his sacrifice. He has come nearer to securing happiness, too, that most elusive possession that is found not by direct seeking. After all, life becomes heroic only as it presents difficulties to be overcome.

Not far away lives an old lady of ninety-three, of enfeebled body, but keen and active mind. Her faculties scarcely

impaired, she takes as great an interest in the life about her as she ever did. Bright and entertaining, she and her daughter have many visitors; and I can fancy her amused surprise if any one spoke of her lot as a "dreary" one.

Scores of homes I know, where recent books and magazines, helpful friends, happy and healthful pursuits, absorbing — hobbies, if you will, occasional outings and social pleasures, bind old and young together in a state which seems far indeed from "stupid, spiritless acquiescence in the inevitable miscalled content."

I should fancy there must be few places, city or village, where there is no "poverty of the proud and independent kind." A life not of absolute want or pauperism, but somewhat limited and restricted as to means, develops wonderfully ingenuity and genius, often talents that in a life of luxury might have remained dormant. Too many men whom America delights to call great — poets and statesmen, national leaders and heroes — have received their training in this proud and independent school for us to speak regretfully of its existence.

Is it true that "the young women of superior intelligence and refinement have no escape but by marriage"? Suppose some do not consider country life as a state one should long to escape

from! If one does, do you fancy her superior intelligence shows her no other than this one avenue of escape? I imagine the emphatic dissent of the army of countrywomen in our larger towns and cities, successfully proving their own ability and independence. As to their marrying, it is true that "their superiority limits their choice." I am wondering if the fact that our girls are cultivating more and more the higher intellectual powers, while our boys so often neglect them in the mad race for money, might not partially explain the large numbers of unmarried women in city and country.

But, after all, what makes a cheerful, a happy life? What is the best our infinitely varied sensibilities can give to us for enjoyment? Let me quote from Dr. Hopkins: "This good (or enjoyment) may come from the action upon our organization of those surroundings God has so wonderfully correlated to it: or from our independent activity; or from the interaction of our minds with other minds; or, which is highest of all, from such spiritual revelations as God can make of himself directly, and not through his works."

Our happiness depends mostly upon ourselves; yet surroundings modify it wonderfully. And I have yet to be convinced that a rural life offers its help more grudgingly than a city life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. Characteristics of Volcanoes, with contributions of facts and principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including a historical review of Hawaiian volcanic action for the past sixty-seven years, a discussion of the relations of volcanic islands to deep-sea topography, and a chapter on volcanic-island denudation, by James D. Dana. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This work is the result of studies extending over nearly sixty years, and including personal travel

both in the volcanic regions of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and in the Hawaiian Islands. Professor Dana makes large use also of the observations of the missionaries in Hawaii; he looks upon the volcanic disturbances of the Pacific islands as more productive of ideas than the better known volcanoes of Europe, and not only gives in full the result of his own studies, but sketches in outline the possible investigations which remain to be made. The

volume is a striking testimony to the freshness of interest and continuous labor of this veteran physicist. — At the same time with this publication, the publishers issue a new edition, uniform with it, of Professor Dana's classic work on Corals and Coral Islands. The author has made important additions and changes, with special reference to the recent discussion on the Darwinian theory of coral reefs. — *Falling in Love, with Other Essays on More Exact Branches of Science*, by Grant Allen. (Appleton.) A score of lively papers, in which a man of taste in science, as another might be a man of taste in literature, discourses lightly upon fractions of subjects. He is usually entertaining, sometimes even when he is flippant, and his scraps of information have an air of veracity about them; so that if one wishes a jaunty companion in the outskirts of the scientific world, he may go farther and fare worse. — *The Physical Properties of Gases*, by Arthur L. Kimball. (Houghton.) The second of a new series entitled the Riverside Science Series, and discriminated from similar series, so far as we can make out, by a special attention to the practical application to modern life of the fundamental scientific facts. This cannot be asserted emphatically of the book before us, which is, however, a plain, clear exposition of a subject which lies close to the fundamentals of science, and presents with force the latest conclusions rather than the latest guesses of investigators. — *Garden and Forest; a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry*. Conducted by Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard College, etc. (The Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York.) The two volumes thus far published, covering the years 1888 and 1889, indicate well the scope and high character of this publication. It represents the interests of intelligent students of nature, whether deriving their living from gardening or only their pleasure. It pays special attention to the subject of public parks, to the encouragement of beautifying highways, to the enrichment of gardens, and to the discovery of the treasures of the byways of nature. The lover of nature does not need to be a specialist or a professional person to get great enjoyment out of the work, any more than one necessarily must be an architect to enjoy *The American Architect*. Both journals are conducted by those who know their professions, but the appeal is to educated taste. — *The Village Community*, with special reference to the origin and form of its survivals in Britain, by George Laurence Gomme. (Scribner & Welford.) Mr. Gomme's strong antiquarian interest stands him in good stead in this work, since it leads him to look closely

into those vestiges of ancient Britain which really form the basis of all scientific investigation of village communities. His book is thus a contribution to the general subject of early forms of society, and not a mere reproduction of Germanic studies. The American student will find some of his own researches illustrated in an interesting fashion. Mr. Gomme makes no reference to the reappearance of these early forms in American colonial life, but we repeat, he is not engaged in confirming a theory, but in collecting facts which shall serve as a bottom for theories. — *Heat as a Form of Energy*, by Robert H. Thurston. (Houghton.) The third in the new Riverside Science Series. Professor Thurston gives the reader a good introduction to the subject by a rapid survey of the philosophers' ideas of heat, after which he outlines the science of thermodynamics, then treats of heat transfer and the world's industries, and finally, in succession, air and gas engines and the development of the steam engine. He writes with fluency and clearness, and is so genuinely interested in his subject, of which he takes a broad, comprehensive view, that he is quite sure to communicate his interest to his readers. — In the general Bibliography of the *More Important Contributions to American Economic Entomology*, prepared by authority of the Secretary of Agriculture, by Samuel Henshaw (Government Printing Office), Part III. is devoted to the more important writings of Dr. C. V. Riley, and contains fifteen hundred and fifty-four titles, from contributions to newspapers to large volumes. We wonder how much Dr. Riley's less important writings would swell the total. — *The Suppression of Consumption*, by Dr. G. W. Hambleton, is the first of a series of small books entitled *Fact and Theory Papers*. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) This is an English production, but the writer seems familiar with American conditions. His theory is that "consumption is the direct result of the reduction of the breathing surface of the lungs below a certain point in proportion to the remainder of the body, and is solely produced by conditions that tend to reduce the breathing capacity." His remedy is a recourse to physical development, the reduction of the restraints of a refined civilization as respects modes of life, and a deliberate cultivation of expansion of the breathing apparatus.

Sport. *The Modern Chess Instructor*, by W. Steinitz. (Putnams.) The first part of an extended work on chess by a player of great distinction. It is, in the words of the author, "the theoretical application of new principles and of the reasoning by analogies of positions which have been my guide in practice, especially during the last twenty years." — *The*

Art of Dancing, by Judson Sause. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A manual of popular dances, together with chapters on the benefit and the history of dancing. It is odd how awkward diagrams of dancers who are not dancing appear. The men, especially, have an anxious look about their legs.

Humor. The Golden Age of Patents, a Parody on Yankee Inventiveness, by Wallace Peck. (Stokes.) Rampant fun, which needed only to be less extravagant to be more witty. — Said in Fun, by Philip H. Welch. (Scribners.) Entertaining drollery, with capital pictures. If our society papers were made up of pleasantry of this sort, the world could afford to pay the bills. — Three Men in a Boat, by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) An English extravaganza upon the American model, the boat journey being up the Thames, and the characters young men who had received their intellectual training principally through a course of Mark Twain. — Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, a book for an idle holiday, by the same author (Holt), is a more entertaining book. The writer slouches along, with premeditation to be sure, but hits off clever things from time to time, and, being free from the necessity of constructing persons, can give his whole mind to the more familiar task of constructing paragraphs. — Stage-Land; Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants. Described by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) Much the most successful of this writer's *jeux d'esprit*. In it, the hero, the villain, the heroine, the servant-girl, the good old man, the Irishman, the detective, and the other familiar figures of the modern conventional stage are capably characterized in a mock-serious fashion. What could be better, unless it be the picture that accompanies it, than the description of the hero's method of making love? "He always does it from behind. The girl turns away from him when he begins (she being, as we have said, shy and timid), and he takes hold of her hands and breathes his attachment down her back."

Books for Young People. Little Miss Weezy's Sister, by Penn Shirley. (Lee and Shepard.) A bright little book, with the kind of brightness which results from a very highly polished reflector behind the light of actual childhood. Penn Shirley belongs to the school of the author of Little Prudy. — English Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Elizabeth to Anne, by Donald G. Mitchell. (Scribners.) The second in a short series, which, though not addressed distinctively to the young, is from its manner of chief value to them. Mr. Mitchell saunters through English history with a literary rather than a topical guide in his hand, and stops now and then to point out parallelisms between earlier and later writers, as be-

tween Cowley and Tennyson, Butler and Trumbull. He is always genial, and if his work is not very profound it accomplishes what it intends, an agreeable introduction to history and literature, by one who holds a friendly position toward the reader rather than a critical one toward his subject. — Java, by Mrs. S. J. Higginson. (Houghton.) A little volume in the Riverside Library for Young People. Mrs. Higginson writes from a personal knowledge of Java, and has endeavored conscientiously to present the salient features of that interesting island; but we wish she had interjected more of her own personal experience, since we think it would have served to humanize the matter of her book and to fix the facts more surely in the minds of the young. Too much impersonality in books for the young is to be deprecated. — Girls and Women, by E. Chester, in the same series, is an exceptionally wise book for girls. The author draws apparently from a wide experience, and her advice and suggestions are so sane, so generous, and so free from a merely conventional or a timid view of life that her readers will instinctively recognize their value. The young naturally look askance at books of advice, but they know an honest, frank, and wise friend when they meet such.

Bibliography and Books of Reference. American Notes and Queries, Volume II. (The Westminster Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) Modeled on its English prototype, this work is by no means confined to American subjects, nor do we think they predominate. If the communications seem to proceed from a less scholarly class than that which interests itself in the earlier, more famous serial, the range of topics is considerable, and the work only needs to maintain a good standing to become gradually the general receptacle of the odds and ends of literature, history, science, and folk-lore. — Bulletin of the Boston Public Library. (Printed for the Trustees by Rockwell & Churchill.) The present Number 4 completes the eighth volume of this useful serial, and besides the regular lists of books, under convenient classifications, gives Judge Chamberlain's very interesting report on the alleged Shakespeare signature which has come into the possession of the Library. He reaches cautiously the conclusion that "the Library autograph presents many reasons in favor of its genuineness, and too few objections to warrant an adverse judgment." Several plates are added containing copies of Shakespeare's signature, from which the careless observer would draw the natural inference that we had very few examples of the great dramatist's handwriting because it nearly broke his back just to write his name. — The Library of Harvard Univer-

sity also issues a serial, not of accessions, but of bibliographical studies. Number 34 is devoted to the Dante Collections in Harvard College and Boston Public Libraries, by W. C. Lane, including a note on portraits of Dante. Number 37 is a Bibliography of William Hogarth, by Frank Weitenkampf, of the Astor Library. — The Annual Index to Periodicals for 1888, being Number 7 of Cumulative Indexes. (W. M. Griswold, Bangor, Me.) This index, which is much less complicated than a single glance would lead one to think, is of great convenience to one who is hunting down some special subject, and wishes to know what has been published in the most important American periodicals above the grade of weeklies. — The Oxford Dictionary, as it is sometimes called, more exactly A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society, and edited by James A. H. Murray, has reached Part V., covering the words between "Cast" and "Clivy." (Macmillan.) As the editor points out, the number is especially interesting from the variety of material gathered upon the words formed upon "Christ." We are pleased to see that there once was a real Christmas-box, made of earthenware. Running our eye over the pages, we notice that "to chance" it is not a bit of American slang, as we had supposed; that "cem'ent," a noun, has almost given place to "cement," after the verbal form, though we thought the penultimate accent, which dates from the fourteenth century, was rather gaining ground; that "chaff" is still on probation as a correct social word; that the term "Civil Service" originated with its use in the East India Company. There is a long and very interesting article on Church, and another on City. Indeed, the old jest of the disconnected character of dictionary stories hardly applies to this number, for in the historical treatment of these important words a most attractive narrative is made of the development and variation of ideas. — The second volume of The Century Dictionary is also at hand (The Century Co.), covering the words from "Conocephalus" to "Fz," which we leave the reader to look out to gratify his curiosity. The special feature which attracts one in Murray is the pedigree of uses of words, the tracing of shades of meaning from the earliest English use to the present day. The Century Dictionary also has illustrative quotations, but its strength lies in other directions, — in the fullness of its vocabulary, in its defining pictures, in its wide reference to technical uses. Occasionally it seems to emulate Murray in the detail of its treatment, as in its account of "do." It is not so interesting to take up and read steadily as its English

rival, but its arrangement is so clear, and it aims at such compactness of presentation, that it at once impresses the user as a capital book of reference. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States, compiled and published by G. H. Wilson. (152 Tremont St., Boston.) This annual for the season of 1888-1889 is the sixth in the series, and contains a very convenient record of concerts and festivals, with an excellent index, by which one can gauge the popularity of composers. — The April Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, published by the Trustees, contains, besides a classified list of the books placed in the Library from June to December, 1889, with author and subject indexes, a valuable list of the bibliographies of special subjects, and an index to notes upon books and reading to be found in library catalogues, in periodicals and other publications. The Public Library throws its treasures open to the public in a double sense when it gives free access to its books and sets up these inestimable guides to its great store. — Records of Living Officers of the United States Army, by William H. Powell. (L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia.) The list is alphabetical in order, and covers the names of more than twenty-seven hundred officers. By the use of convenient abbreviations, a good deal of space is saved, and the biographical statements are as a rule concise. In some instances, however, it looks as if the editor had allowed the vanity of his correspondent to get the better of him. — The Records of Living Officers of the United States Navy and Marine Corps, compiled from official sources by Lewis Randolph Hamersly. (Hamersly.) The arrangement in this volume is by rank, and in each instance by seniority. A full index obviates the difficulty of reference which otherwise might occur. The narratives are fuller, and are in effect in many cases readable biographical sketches. For bibliographical as well as biographical reasons, it is a pity that the editors of these two useful volumes had not made a persistent effort to secure full names. — Volume V. of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) extends from Friday to Humanitarians. The first article, we regret to say, is devoted to the day, not to the man, Friday. We should like to know something more about the man. A valuable feature of this encyclopædia is the summary of authorities at the close of each article of importance. The articles are not colorless. A good deal of forcible characterization, for instance, may be found in some of the biographical articles. Henry George, by the way, contributes the brief article on himself. It is a little doubtful, to our thinking, whether it is wise for an encyclopædia, to which one goes for facts, to assume the function of

a critical journal, and pass upon the qualities of men, especially living men, as is done in the case of several papers. There are signs of great contemporaneousness, as where, in the article on Harvard University, the very recent gift to the Semitic Museum is recorded. This volume sustains well the reputation of the work for compactness in the presentation of large subjects, as is evidenced by such papers as those on Greece and the Greek Church, the Gypsies, which indeed is fuller than we should look for, and Great Britain. The cuts are modest, the maps clear and effective.

Education and Text-Books. Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb, by W. W. Goodwin. (Ginn.) This is a new edition of a standard text-book. Mr. Goodwin made his mark with the editions of 1860 and 1865, and now, almost a generation later, he offers what is practically a new book, his original positions being enlarged by a wealth of illustration and discriminated by delicate distinctions. It is not too much to say that American classical scholarship has in this work a more world-wide fame than in any other. The three copious indexes add greatly to the practical value of the book as a work of reference. — The Teacher's Manual of Geography, by Jacques W. Redway. (Heath.) This little work is in two parts: the first containing Hints to Teachers; the second, Modern Facts and Ancient Fancies. It is interesting to see how a specialist in teaching is pretty sure to make his particular subject the centre of all knowledge. Thus in this book geography includes mineralogy, climatology, geology, astronomy, and history. It is not a text-book, but a convenient hand-book of suggestions to teachers. The second part is a rambling, discursive account of various matters of interest to those who are working up the subject of geography in the class-room. — Topics in Geography, by W. F. Nichols. (Heath.) A book of somewhat similar intent, but more systematic and detailed. By means of it, the teacher who knows everything may carry a class without a text-book all over the globe. — An Elementary Treatise upon the Method of Least Squares, with Numerical Examples of its Applications, by George C. Comstock. (Ginn.) Intended for students of physics, astronomy, and engineering, as an aid in their computations. — Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Sci-

ence, by Dr. Gustav Adolf Lindner; authorized translation by Charles De Garmo. (Heath.) An interesting application of psychology as based upon psycho-physics to the needs of teachers. If any writer can make a real connection between psychology and pedagogy, he will win the gratitude of American teachers who have a vague feeling that there ought to be such a connection, but have been left largely to make it for themselves after patient study of Bain or Sully. — The School Room Guide to Methods of Teaching and School Management, by E. V. De Graff. (Bardeen.) The author is an institute-conductor. The fact that "seventieth edition" is on the title-page leads the unprofessional critic to hesitate about expressing an opinion unfavorable to the book, but it strikes us that there is a good deal of unnecessary fiddling work in it, as in the minute instruction how to gum a postage-stamp on an envelope, and the reasons for the same; also that there is an air of hurry about the method, as if the compiler had ten minutes allotted for each subject. Analysis, moreover, is carried *ad nauseam*, as where a commonplace, sentimental little poem is given, and the commonplace and the sentiment are then studiously dug out, as if they were precious ore.

Oratory. Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew. (Cassell.) The versatility of Mr. Depew is noticeable in this volume, and the reader looks for further explanation of his attractiveness as a speaker. We think it is to be found largely in the offhand character of his speeches. There is no great distinction between the set speeches and those given after dinner. If one who has something to say can cultivate the art of speaking in the first person without being egotistic, he will be likely to have Mr. Depew's effectiveness. Of wit there is no great amount, but plenty of badinage and easy-going clatter. — Political Orations from Wentworth to Macaulay, edited, with an introduction, by William Clarke. (Walter Scott, London.) Although three centuries are covered, seven eighths of the book is devoted to the last hundred years, and about two thirds to the period covered by Chatham, Burke, Erskine, and Fox. It would be foolish to say that political oratory is a lost art, but certainly the conditions, both in England and in this country, are not now favorable to its cultivation.